STEAM TACTICS—By RUDYARD KIPLING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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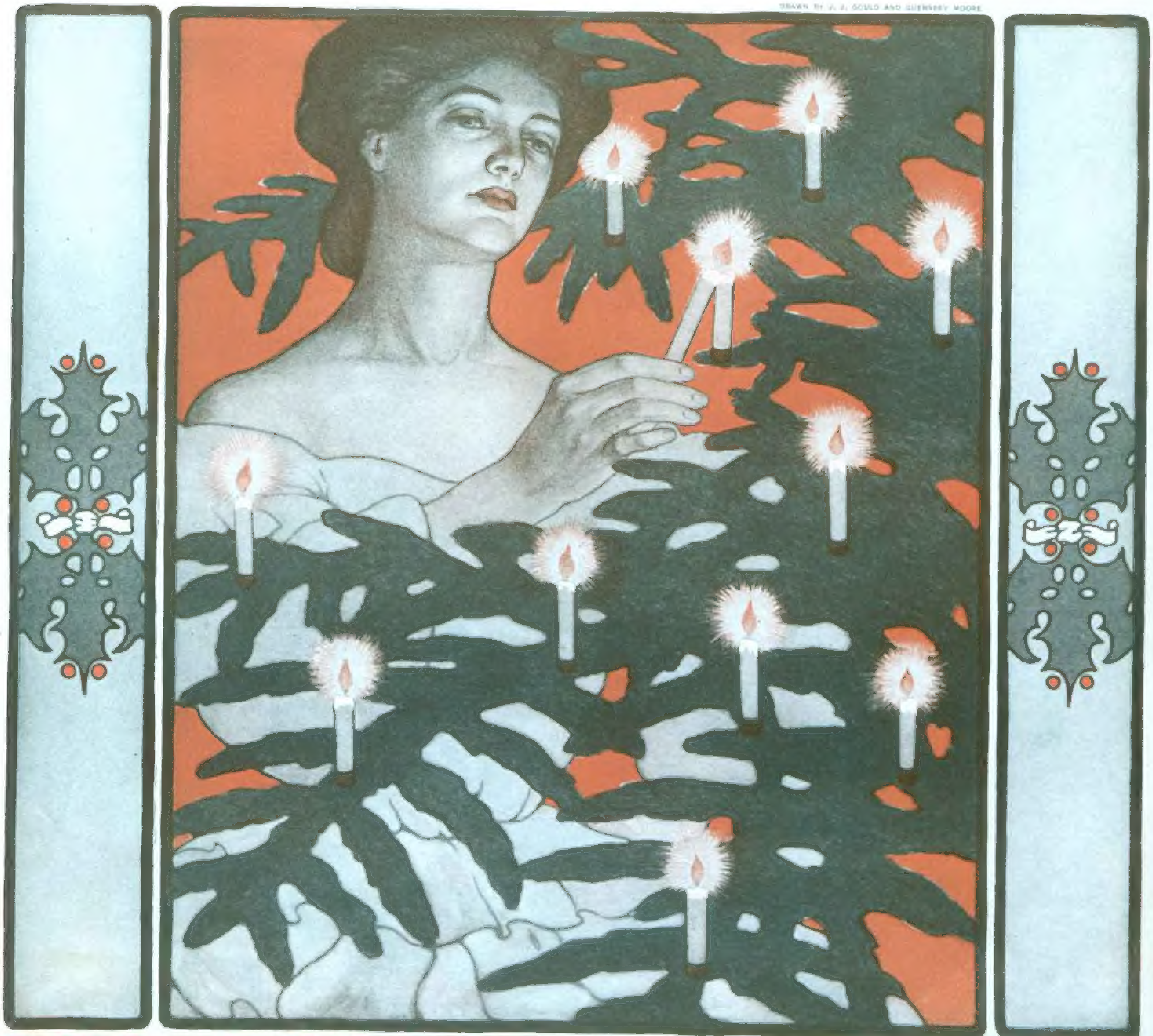

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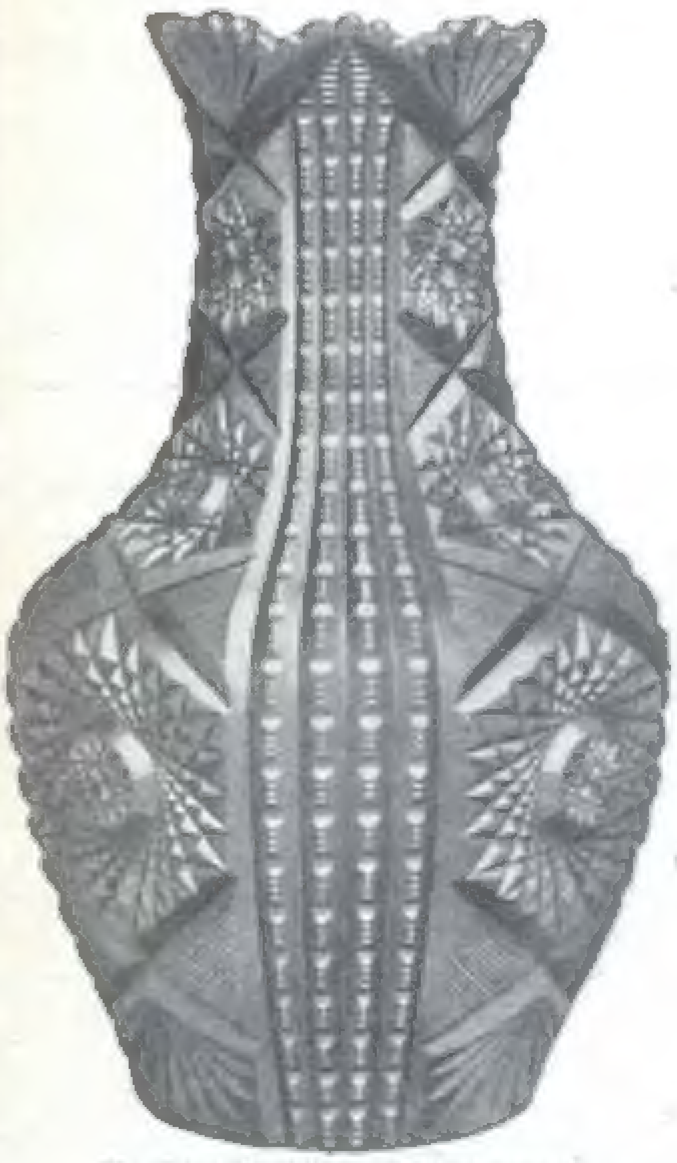

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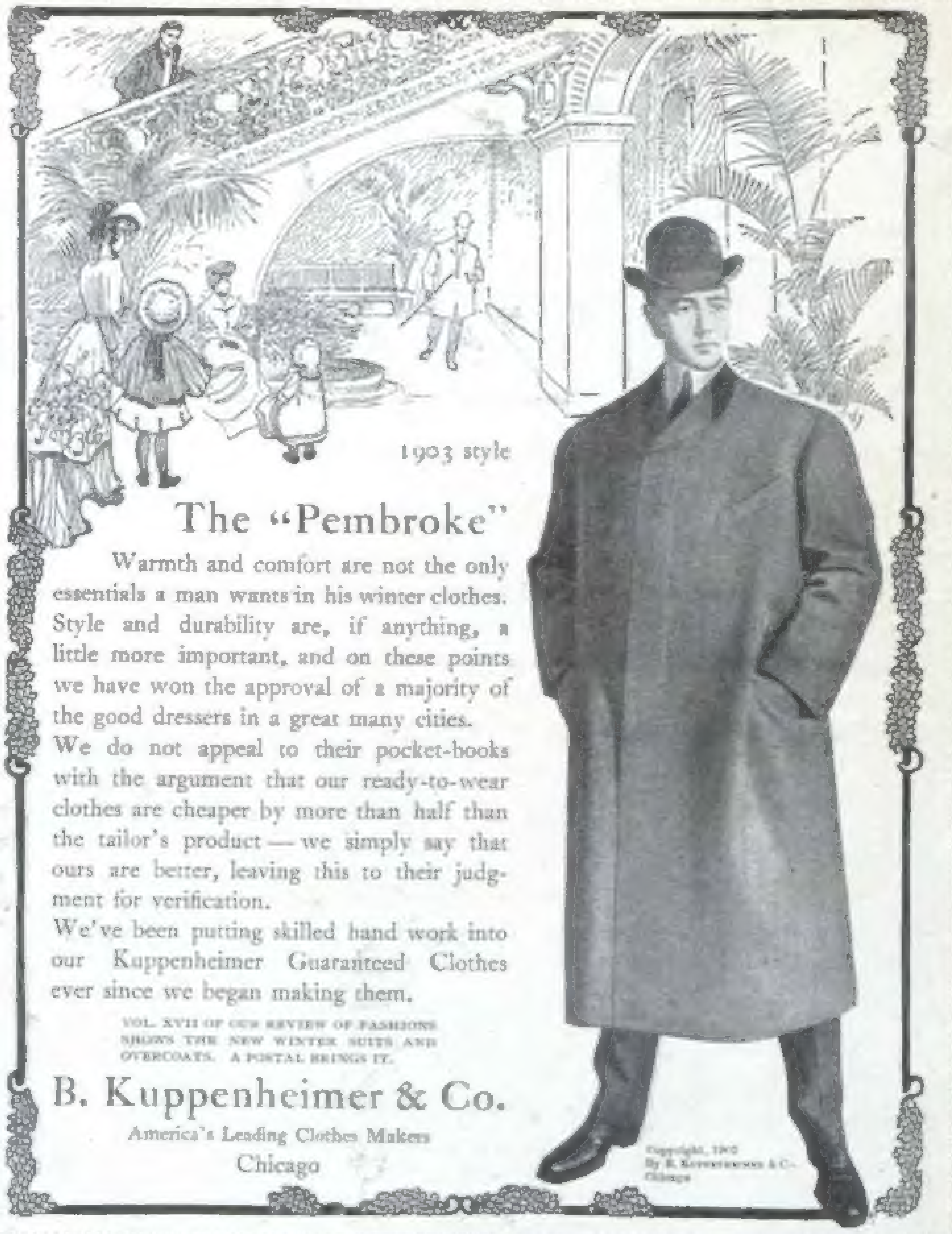

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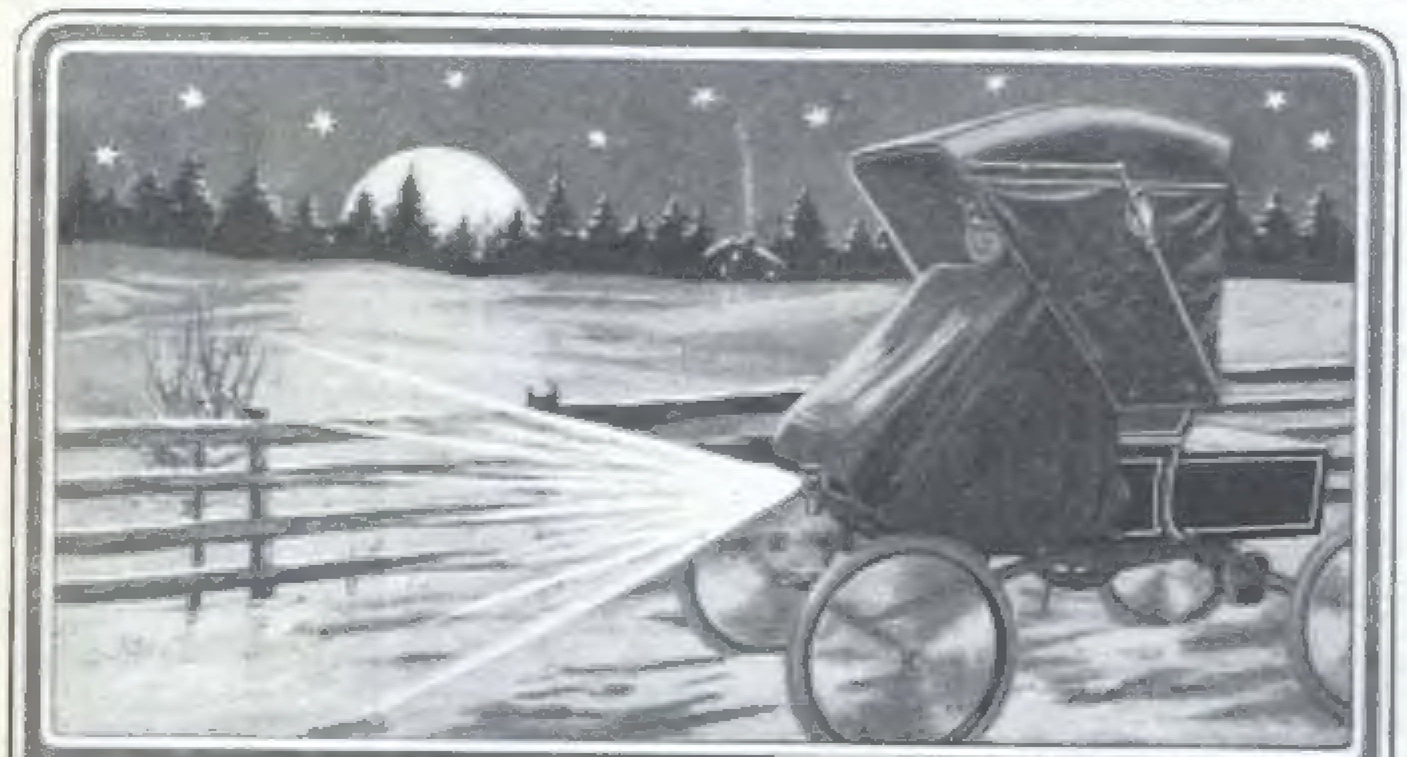

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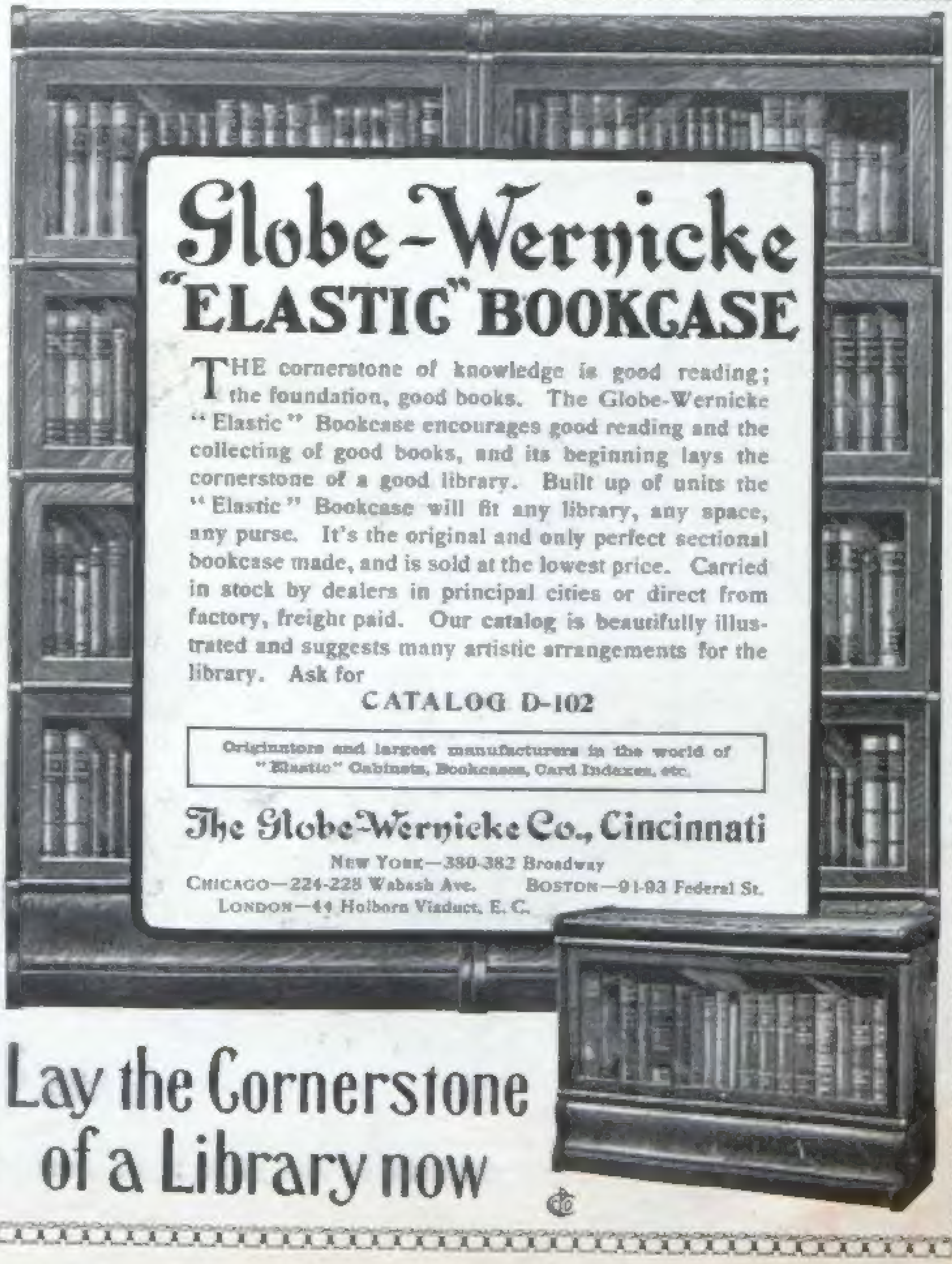

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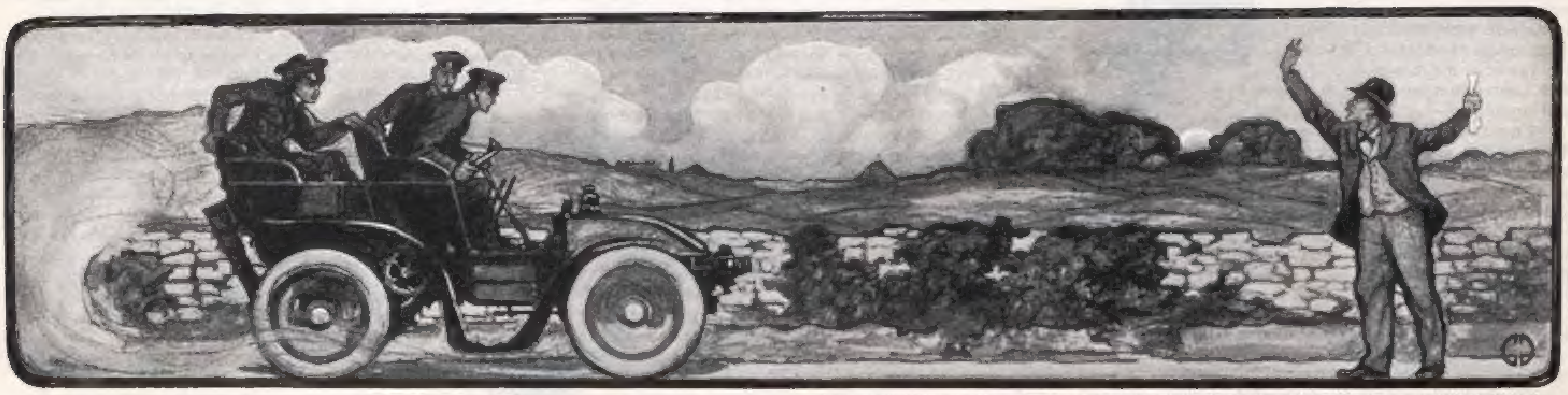
STEAM TACTICS



"OH, 'EAVENS!" SAID HINCHCLIFF. "SHALL I STOP, OR SHALL I CUT 'IM DOWN?"

By Rudyard Kipling

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"To P. O. EMANUEL PYECROFT,
"Cape Station: H. M. S. *Postulant.*

"DEAR PYECROFT—This should reach you about the time you turn over to the *Hierophant* at Zanzibar, and I hope finds you as fit as when we parted. I always thought, as you said three years ago, that it would be a sin and a shame not to make a story out of some of the things that have happened between you and Hinchcliff and me, every time we met.

"Now I have written out some of the tales. Of course, I ought to have stuck to what I knew would go down quietly; but one thing leading to another, I put it all in, and it made six Number One tales. I put in about the reply-telegram at Wool—when you and Cordery tried to help the dumb girl with the pig; I put in about the Plymouth baby—the night after the *Belligerent* paid off; and I put in about Portland Station and the Captain, and the penny-piece which we saw. Nevertheless, when it was all done, a man that I can trust in the literary line said that, to go down at all, those three last numbers would have to be translated into French; and he recommended me to hand them over to a captain in the French Navy called Loti. I did not care to accede to this, so I took them out and laid them by till happier times, and now people will never know what they have lost. However, enough residuum remains to amuse, if not to instruct; and I can always put the rest into a large, fine book.

"Hinchcliff had the *Djinn* at the Coronation Review. I met him on the beach afterwards, and I got him to check the story of our trips in the motors. He said he could guarantee your being agreeable to it, if I cut out all about what happened on the Cramberhurst Road, as it would hurt Agg's feelings. I know, from what you said at the time, that you didn't care about Agg's feelings; so I suppose Hinchcliff and Agg have made it up.

"The other two tales you checked yourself, *vivâ voce*, before last Manœuvres; but I put some more to them on my own later, and it is very likely that I have not got all the Navy *minutiæ* quite right. About Antonio, you were not then in a condition to be accurate all through; and about No. 267, I was then in strange surroundings and rather excited myself. Therefore there may be much that is not technically true; but Hinchcliff says I have got the spirit all correct. You will see, as these stories come out, the care that I have taken to disguise your name and rating, and everything else that might reflect upon you. Unless you care to give yourself away, which I have never known you do yet, detection is quite impossible for you or Hinchcliff. Hence I am writing freely, and though accused of extravaganzas by some people, can rest confident that there is much more in these literary efforts of mine than meets the casual eye.

"Yours as before,
"RUDYARD KIPLING.

"P.S.—Since writing the above there has been a hitch about the Antonio tale and the proceedings of No. 267; it being freely alleged that Antonio won't go down, because it is a bit too thick (this shows how much people know), and 267 would be subversive to discipline as well as likely to annoy admirals. Consequently I have had to begin at the wrong end—with the motor trips—which is about the same as securing arms at the beginning of G. Q.'s, if I am right in my technical inferences. Both you and Hinchcliff will thus suffer from being presented to the public manœuvring upon the land, which is not your natural element, instead of upon the sea, which is. Me, being an author, am not supposed to have any feelings."

. . . .

I CAUGHT sight of their faces as we came up behind the cart in the narrow Sussex lane; but though it was not eleven o'clock, they were both asleep.

That the carrier was on the wrong side of the road made no difference to his language when I rang my bell. He said aloud of motor-cars, and specially of steam ones, all the things which I had read in the faces of superior coachmen. Then he pulled slantwise across me.

There is a vociferous steam air-pump attached to my car which can be applied at pleasure. . . .

The cart was removed about a bowshot's length in seven and a quarter seconds, to the accompaniment of parcels clattering.

At the foot of the next hill the horse stopped and the two men came out over the tailboard. My engineer backed and swung the car, ready to move out of reach.

"The blighted egg-boiler has steam up," said Mr. Hinchcliff, pausing to gather a large stone. "Temporise with the beggar, Pye, till the sights come on!"

"I can't leave my 'orse," cried the carrier; "but bring 'em up 'ere, an' I'll kill 'em all over again."

"Good-morning, Mr. Pyecroft," I called cheerfully. "Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

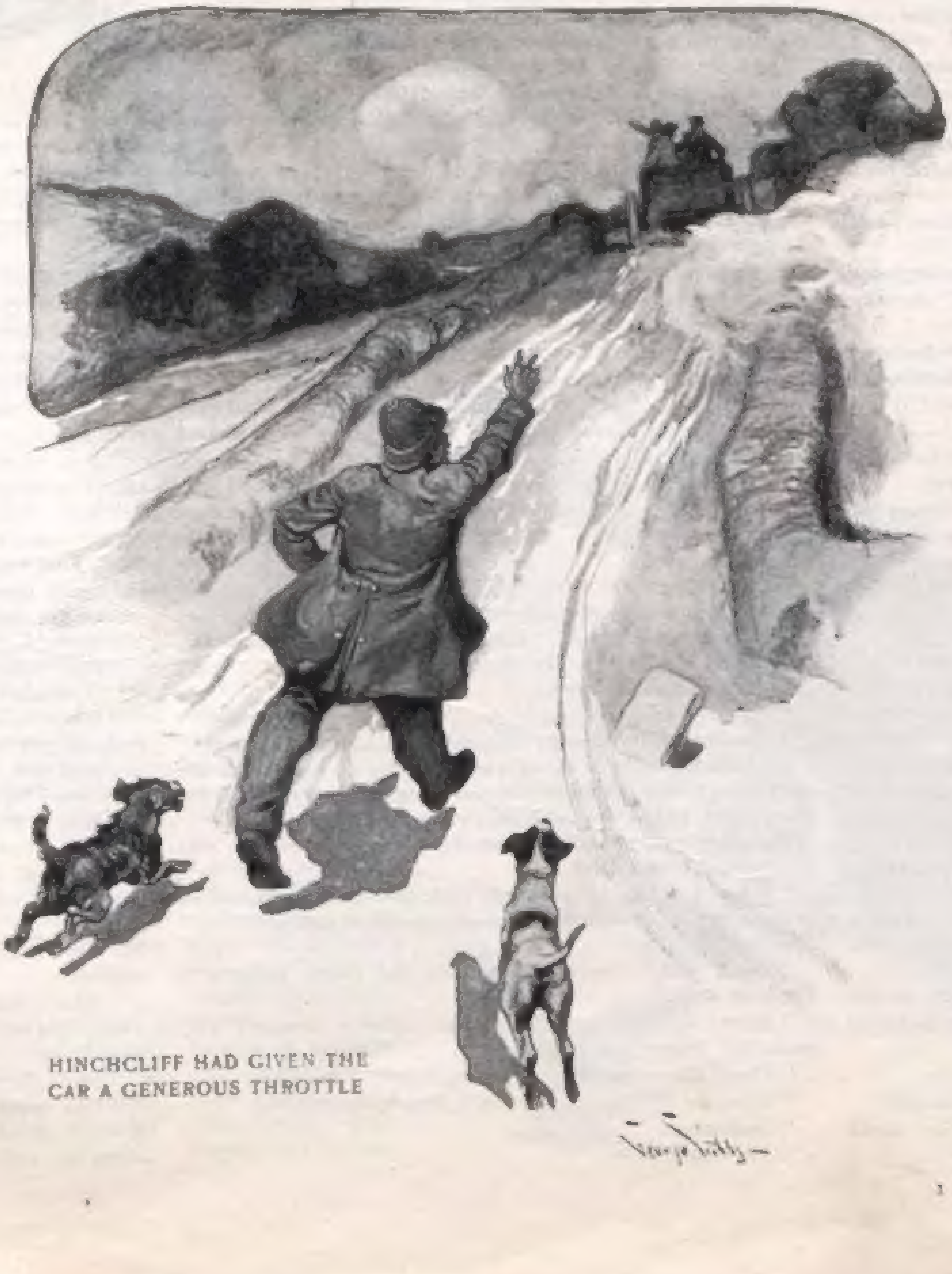
The attack broke up round my fore wheels.

"Well, we *do* 'ave the knack o' meeting *in puris naturalibus*, as I've so often said." Mr. Pyecroft wrung my hand. "Yes, I'm on leaf. So's Hinch. We're visiting friends among these kopjes."

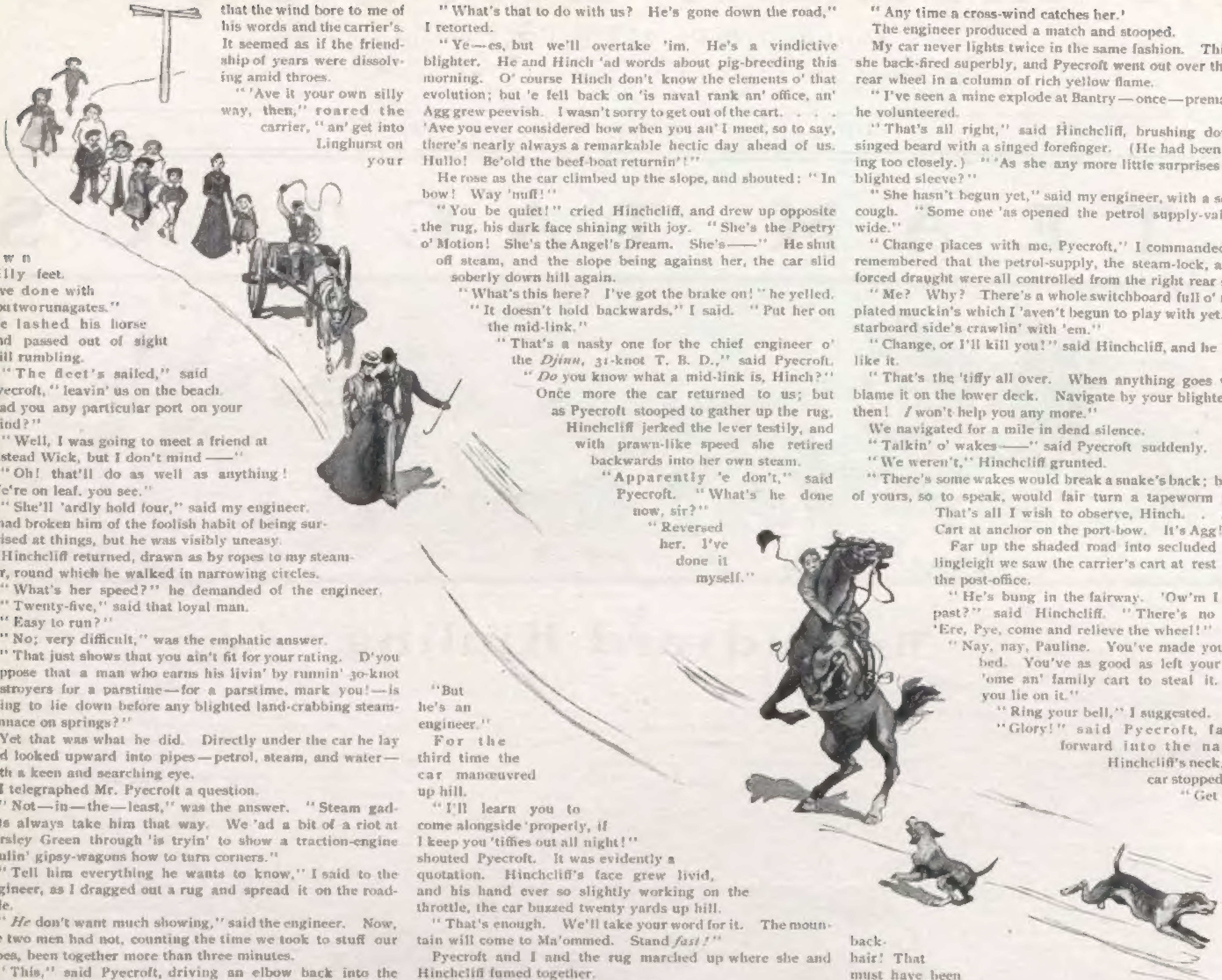
A monotonous bellowing up the road persisted, where the carrier was still calling for corpses.

"That Agg. He's Hinch's cousin. You aren't fortunit in your fam'ly connections, Hinch. 'E's usin' language in derogation of good manners. Go and abolish 'im."

Henry Salt Hinchcliff stalked back to the cart and spoke to his cousin. I recall much



HINCHCLIFF HAD GIVEN THE CAR A GENEROUS THROTTLE



that the wind bore to me of his words and the carrier's. It seemed as if the friendship of years were dissolving amid throes.

"'Ave it your own silly way, then," roared the carrier, "an' get into Linghurst on your own silly feet. I've done with you two runagates."

He lashed his horse and passed out of sight still rumbling.

"The fleet's sailed," said Pyecroft, "leavin' us on the beach. Had you any particular port on your mind?"

"Well, I was going to meet a friend at Instead Wick, but I don't mind ——"

"Oh! that'll do as well as anything! We're on leaf, you see."

"She'll 'ardly hold four," said my engineer. I had broken him of the foolish habit of being surprised at things, but he was visibly uneasy.

Hinchcliff returned, drawn as by ropes to my steam-car, round which he walked in narrowing circles.

"What's her speed?" he demanded of the engineer.

"Twenty-five," said that loyal man.

"Easy to run?"

"No; very difficult," was the emphatic answer.

"That just shows that you ain't fit for your rating. D'you suppose that a man who earns his livin' by runnin' 30-knot destroyers for a parstime—for a parstime, mark you!—is going to lie down before any blighted land-crabbing steam-pinnace on springs?"

Yet that was what he did. Directly under the car he lay and looked upward into pipes—petrol, steam, and water—with a keen and searching eye.

I telegraphed Mr. Pyecroft a question.

"Not—in—the—least," was the answer. "Steam gadgets always take him that way. We 'ad a bit of a riot at Parsley Green through 'is tryin' to show a traction-engine haulin' gipsy-wagons how to turn corners."

"Tell him everything he wants to know," I said to the engineer, as I dragged out a rug and spread it on the roadside.

"*He* don't want much showing," said the engineer. Now, the two men had not, counting the time we took to stuff our pipes, been together more than three minutes.

"This," said Pyecroft, driving an elbow back into the mallow and the scabious of the hedge-foot, "is a little bit of all right. Hinch, I shouldn't let too much o' that 'ot muckings drop in my eyes. Your leaf's up in a fortnight, an' you'll be wantin' 'em."

"Here!" said Hinchcliff, still on his back, to the engineer. "Come here and show me the lead of this pipe." And the engineer lay down beside him.

"That's all right," said Mr. Hinchcliff, rising. "But she's more of a bag of tricks than I thought. Unship this superstructure aft"—he pointed to the back seat—"and I'll 'ave a look at the forced draught."

The engineer obeyed with alacrity. I heard him volunteer the fact that he had a brother an artificer in the Navy.

"They couple very well, those two," said Pyecroft critically, while Hinchcliff sniffed round the asbestos-lagged boiler and turned on gay jets of steam.

"Now take me up the road," he said. My man, for form's sake, looked at me.

"Yes, take him," I said. "He's all right."

"No, I aren't," said Hinchcliff of a sudden—"not if I'm expected to judge my water out of a blighted shaving-glass."

The water-gauge of a steam-car is reflected on a mirror to the right of the dashboard. I also have found it inconvenient.

"Throw up your arm and look at the gauge under your armpit. Only mind how you steer while you're doing it, or you'll get ditched!" I cried, as the car ran down the road.

"I wonder!" said Pyecroft, musing. "But, after all, it's your steamin' gadgets he's usin' for his libretto, as you might put it. He said to me after breakfast only this mornin' 'ow he thanked 'is Maker, on all fours, that he wouldn't see nor smell nor thumb a blighted bulgine till the nineteenth prox. Now look at 'im! Only look at 'im!"

We could see, down the long slope of the road, my driver surrendering his seat to Hinchcliff while the car flickered generously from hedge to hedge.

"What happens if he upsets?"

"The petrol will light up and the boiler may blow up."

"'Ow rambunkshus! And"—Pyecroft blew a slow cloud—"Agg's about three hoops up this mornin', too."

"What's that to do with us? He's gone down the road," I retorted.

"Ye—es, but we'll overtake 'im. He's a vindictive blighter. He and Hinch 'ad words about pig-breeding this morning. O' course Hinch don't know the elements o' that evolution; but 'e fell back on 'is naval rank an' office, an' Agg grew peevish. I wasn't sorry to get out of the cart. . . . 'Ave you ever considered how when you an' I meet, so to say, there's nearly always a remarkable hectic day ahead of us. Hullo! Be'old the beef-boat returnin'!"

He rose as the car climbed up the slope, and shouted: "In bow! Way 'nuff!"

"You be quiet!" cried Hinchcliff, and drew up opposite the rug, his dark face shining with joy. "She's the Poetry o' Motion! She's the Angel's Dream. She's ——" He shut off steam, and the slope being against her, the car slid soberly down hill again.

"What's this here? I've got the brake on!" he yelled.

"It doesn't hold backwards," I said. "Put her on the mid-link."

"That's a nasty one for the chief engineer o' the *Djinn*, 31-knot T. B. D.," said Pyecroft. "*Do* you know what a mid-link is, Hinch?"

Once more the car returned to us; but as Pyecroft stooped to gather up the rug, Hinchcliff jerked the lever testily, and with prawn-like speed she retired backwards into her own steam.

"Apparently 'e don't," said Pyecroft. "What's he done now, sir?"

"Reversed her. I've done it myself."

"But he's an engineer."

For the third time the car manœuvred up hill.

"I'll learn you to come alongside properly, if I keep you 'tiffies out all night!" shouted Pyecroft. It was evidently a quotation. Hinchcliff's face grew livid, and his hand ever so slightly working on the throttle, the car buzzed twenty yards up hill.

"That's enough. We'll take your word for it. The mountain will come to Ma'ommed. Stand *fast!*"

Pyecroft and I and the rug marched up where she and Hinchcliff fumed together.

"Not as easy as it looks—eh, Hinch?"

"It is dead easy. I'm going to drive her to Instead Wick—aren't I?" said the first-class engine-room artificer. I thought of his performances with No. 267 and nodded. After all, it was a little thing to accord to pure genius.

"But my engineer will stand by—at first," I added.

"An' you a family man, too," muttered Pyecroft, swinging himself into the right rear seat. "Sure to be a remarkably hectic day when we meet."

We adjusted ourselves and, in the language of Marryat's immortal doctor, paved our way towards Linghurst, distant by mile-post 11¾ miles.

Mr. Hinchcliff, every nerve and muscle braced, talked only to the engineer, and that professionally. I recalled the time when I, too, enjoyed the rack on which he voluntarily extended himself.

And the County of Sussex slid by in slow time.

"'Ow cautious is the 'tiffy-bird!" said Pyecroft.

"Even in a destroyer," Hinch snapped over his shoulder, "you ain't expected to con and drive simultaneous. Don't address any remarks to *me!*"

"Pump!" said the engineer. "Your water's droppin'."

"*I* know that. Where the 'Eavens is that blighted by-pass?"

He beat his right or throttle hand madly on the side of the car till he found the bent rod that more or less controls the pump, and, neglecting all else, twisted it furiously.

My engineer grabbed the steering-bar just in time to save us lurching into a ditch.

"If I was a burnin' peacock, with two 'undred bloodshot eyes in my shinin' tail, I'd need 'em all on this job!" said Hinch.

"Don't talk! Steer! This ain't the North Atlantic!" Pyecroft replied.

"Blast my stokers! Why, the steam's dropped fifty pounds!" Hinchcliff cried.

"Fire's blown out," said the engineer. "Stop her!"

"Does she do that often?" said Hinch, descending.

"Sometimes."

"Any time?"

"Any time a cross-wind catches her.'

The engineer produced a match and stooped.

My car never lights twice in the same fashion. This time she back-fired superbly, and Pyecroft went out over the right rear wheel in a column of rich yellow flame.

"I've seen a mine explode at Bantry—once—prematoor," he volunteered.

"That's all right," said Hinchcliff, brushing down his singed beard with a singed forefinger. (He had been watching too closely.) "'As she any more little surprises up her blighted sleeve?"

"She hasn't begun yet," said my engineer, with a scornful cough. "Some one 'as opened the petrol supply-valve too wide."

"Change places with me, Pyecroft," I commanded, for I remembered that the petrol-supply, the steam-lock, and the forced draught were all controlled from the right rear seat.

"Me? Why? There's a whole switchboard full o' nickel-plated muckin's which I 'aven't begun to play with yet. The starboard side's crawlin' with 'em."

"Change, or I'll kill you!" said Hinchcliff, and he looked like it.

"That's the 'tiffy all over. When anything goes wrong, blame it on the lower deck. Navigate by your blighted self, then! *I* won't help you any more."

We navigated for a mile in dead silence.

"Talkin' o' wakes——" said Pyecroft suddenly.

"We weren't," Hinchcliff grunted.

"There's some wakes would break a snake's back; but this of yours, so to speak, would fair turn a tapeworm giddy. That's all I wish to observe, Hinch. . . . . Cart at anchor on the port-bow. It's Agg!"

Far up the shaded road into secluded Bromlingleigh we saw the carrier's cart at rest before the post-office.

"He's bung in the fairway. 'Ow'm I to get past?" said Hinchcliff. "There's no room. 'Ere, Pye, come and relieve the wheel!"

"Nay, nay, Pauline. You've made your own bed. You've as good as left your 'appy 'ome an' family cart to steal it. Now you lie on it."

"Ring your bell," I suggested.

"Glory!" said Pyecroft, falling forward into the nape of Hinchcliff's neck, as the car stopped dead.

"Get out o' my back-hair! That must have been the blighted brake I touched off," Hinchcliff muttered, and repaired his error tumultuously.

We passed the cart as though we had been all Bruges belfry. Agg, from the post-office door, regarded us with a too pacific eye. I remembered later that the pretty postmistress looked on us pityingly.

Hinchcliff wiped the sweat from his brow and drew breath. It was the first vehicle that he had passed, and I sympathised with him.

"You needn't grip so hard," said my engineer. "She steers as easy as a bicycle."

"Ho! You suppose I ride bicycles up an' down my engine-room?" was the answer. "I've other things to think about. She's a terror. She's a whistlin' lunatic. I'd sooner run the old South Easter at Simon's Town than 'er!"

"One of the nice things they say about her," I interrupted, "is that no engineer is needed to run this machine."

"No. They'd need about seven."

"'Common sense only is needed,'" I quoted.

"Make a note of that, Hinch. Just common sense," Pyecroft put in.

"And now," I said, "we'll have to take in water. There isn't more than a couple of inches in the tank."

"Where d'you get it from?"

"Oh!—cottages and such-like."

"Yes, but that being so, where does our much advertised twenty-five miles an hour come in. Ain't a fly more to the point?"

"If you want to go anywhere, I suppose it would be," I replied.

"*I* don't want to go anywhere special. I'm thinkin' of you who've got to live with her. She'll burn her tubes if she loses her water?"

"She will."

"I've never scorched yet, and I ain't goin' to begin now." He shut off steam firmly. "Out you get, Pye, an' shove 'er along by 'and."

"Where to?"

"The nearest water-tank," was the reply. "An' Sussex is a dry county."

"She ought to 'ave drag-ropes—little pipe-clayed ones," said Pyecroft.

We got out and pushed under the hot sun for half a mile till we came to a cottage, sparsely inhabited by one child who wept.

"All out haymakin', o' course," said Pyecroft, thrusting his head into the parlor for an instant. "What's the evolution now?"

"Skirmish till we find a well," I said.

"Hmm! But they wouldn't 'ave left that kid without a chaperon, so to say . . . I thought so! Where's a stick?"

A bluish and silent beast of the true old sheep-dog breed glided from behind an outhouse and without words fell to work.

Pyecroft kept him at bay with a rake-handle while our party, in rallying-square, retired along the box-bordered brick-path to the car.

At the garden gate the dumb devil halted, looked back on the child, and sat down to scratch.

"That's 'is three-mile limit, thank Heaven!" said Pyecroft. "Fall in, push-party, and proceed with land-transport of pinnace. I'll protect your flanks in case this sniffin' flea-bag is tempted beyond 'is strength."

We pushed off in silence. The car weighs 1200 lbs., and even on ball-bearings is a powerful sudorific. From somewhere behind a hedge we heard a gross rustic laugh.

"Those are the beggars we lie awake for, patrollin' the high seas. There ain't a port in China where we wouldn't be better treated. Yes, a Boxer 'ud be ashamed of it."

A cloud of fine dust boomed down the road.

"Some 'appy craft with a well-found engine-room! 'Ow different!" panted Hinchcliff, bent over the starboard mudguard.

It was a claret-coloured petrol car, and it stopped courteously, as good cars will at sight of trouble.

"Water, only water," I answered in reply to offers of help.

"There's a lodge at the end of these oak palings. They'll give you all you want. Say I sent you. Gregory—Michael Gregory. Good-bye!"

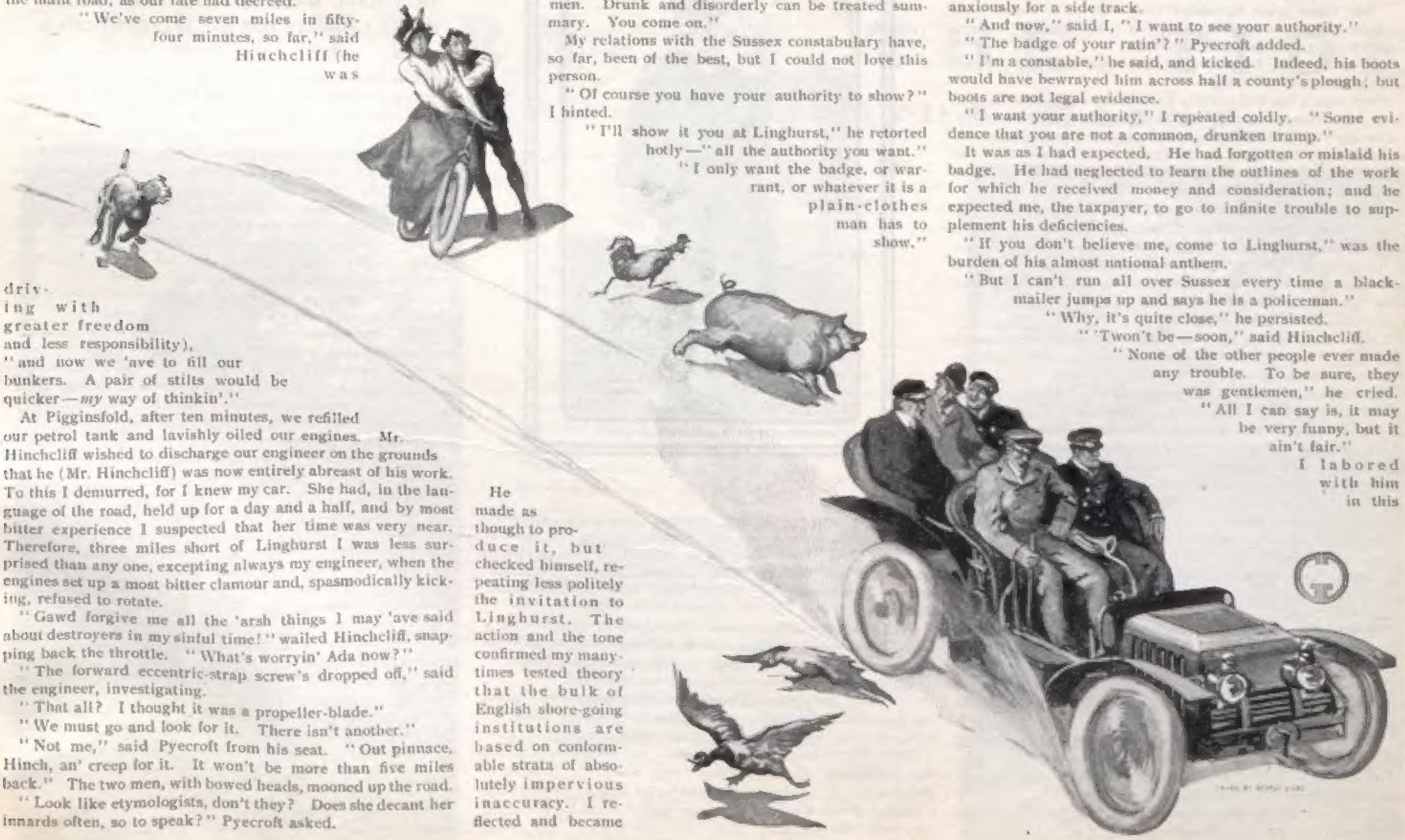
"Ought to 'ave been in the Service. Prob'ly is," was Pyecroft's comment.

At that thrice-blessed lodge our water-tank was filled (I dare not quote Mr. Hinchcliff's remarks when he saw the collapsible rubber bucket with which we did it) and we re-embarked. It seemed that Sir Michael Gregory owned many acres, and that his park ran for miles.

"No objection to your going through it," said the lodge-keeper. "It'll save you a goodish bit to Instead Wick."

But we needed petrol, which could be purchased at Pigginfold, a few miles further up, and so we held to the main road, as our fate had decreed.

"We've come seven miles in fifty-four minutes, so far," said Hinchcliff (he was driving with greater freedom and less responsibility), "and now we 'ave to fill our bunkers. A pair of stilts would be quicker—*my* way of thinkin'."



At Pigginsfold, after ten minutes, we refilled our petrol tank and lavishly oiled our engines. Mr. Hinchcliff wished to discharge our engineer on the grounds that he (Mr. Hinchcliff) was now entirely abreast of his work. To this I demurred, for I knew my car. She had, in the language of the road, held up for a day and a half, and by most bitter experience I suspected that her time was very near. Therefore, three miles short of Linghurst I was less surprised than any one, excepting always my engineer, when the engines set up a most bitter clamour and, spasmodically kicking, refused to rotate.

"Gawd forgive me all the 'arsh things I may 'ave said about destroyers in my sinful time!" wailed Hinchcliff, snapping back the throttle. "What's worryin' Ada now?"

"The forward eccentric-strap screw's dropped off," said the engineer, investigating.

"That all? I thought it was a propeller-blade."

"We must go and look for it. There isn't another."

"Not me," said Pyecroft from his seat. "Out pinnace, Hinch, an' creep for it. It won't be more than five miles back." The two men, with bowed heads, mooned up the road.

"Look like etymologists, don't they? Does she decant her innards often, so to speak?" Pyecroft asked.

I told him the true tale of a race-full of ball bearings, strewn four miles along a Hampshire road, and by me recovered in detail. He was profoundly touched.

"Poor Hinch! Poor—poor Hinch!" he said. "And that's only one of her little games, is it? He'll be 'omesick for the Navy by night."

When the search-party doubled back with the missing screw, it was Hinchcliff who replaced it in less than five minutes, while my engineer looked on admiringly.

"Your boiler's only seated on four little paper-clips like," he said, crawling from beneath her. "She's a wicker, willow lunch-basket below. She's a runnin' miracle! 'Ave you 'ad this combustible spirit-lamp long?"

I told him.

"And yet you was afraid to come into the *Nightmare's* engine-room when we was runnin' trials!"

"It's all a matter of taste," Pyecroft volunteered. "But I will say for you, Hinch, you've certainly got the hang of her steamin' gadgets in quick time."

He was driving her very sweetly, but with a worried look in his eye and a tremor in his arm.

"She don't seem to answer her 'elm, somehow," he said.

"There's a lot of play to the steering-gear," said my engineer. "We generally tighten it up every few miles."

"Like me to stop now? We've run as much as one mile and a half without incident," he replied tartly.

"Then you're lucky," said my engineer, bristling in turn.

"They'll wreck the whole turret out o' nasty professional spite in a minute," said Pyecroft. "That's the worst o' machinery. Man dead ahead, Hinch—semaphorin' like the flagship in a fit!"

"Oh, 'Eavens!" said Hinchcliff. "Shall I stop, or shall I cut 'im down?"

He stopped, for full in the centre of the Linghurst Road stood a person in pepper-and-salt raiment (ready made) with a brown telegraph envelope in his hands.

"Twenty-three and a half miles an hour," he began, weighing a small beam-engine of a Waterbury in one red paw. "From the top of the hill over our measured quarter-mile—twenty-three and a half."

"You manurial gardener——" Hinchcliff began. I prodded him warningly from behind, and laid the other hand on Pyecroft's stiffening knee.

"Also—on information received—drunk and disorderly in charge of a motor-car—to the common danger—two men like sailors in appearance," the man went on.

"'Like sailors'! . . . That's Agg. No wonder he smiled at us," said Pyecroft.

"I've been waiting for you some time," the man concluded, folding up the telegram. "Who's the owner?"

I indicated myself.

"Then I want you as well as the two seafaring men. Drunk and disorderly can be treated summary. You come on."

My relations with the Sussex constabulary have, so far, been of the best, but I could not love this person.

"Of course you have your authority to show?" I hinted.

"I'll show it you at Linghurst," he retorted hotly—"all the authority you want."

"I only want the badge, or warrant, or whatever it is a plain-clothes man has to show."

He made as though to produce it, but checked himself, repeating less politely the invitation to Linghurst. The action and the tone confirmed my many-times tested theory that the bulk of English shore-going institutions are based on conformable strata of absolutely impervious inaccuracy. I reflected and became aware of a drumming on the back of the front seat that Pyecroft, bowed forward and relaxed, was tapping with his knuckles. The hardly checked fury on Hinchcliff's brow had given place to a greasy imbecility, and he nodded over the steering-bar. In longs and shorts, as laid down by the pious and immortal Mr. Morse, Pyecroft tapped out: "Sham drunk. Get him in the car."

"I can't stay here all day," said the constable.

Pyecroft raised his head. Then was seen with what majesty the British sailor-man envisages a new situation.

"Met gennelman heavy sheeway," said he. "Do' tell me British gelman can't give 'ole Brish Navy lif' own blighted ste' cart. Have another drink!"

"I didn't know they were as drunk as all that when they stopped me," I explained.

"You can say all that at Linghurst," was the answer. "Come on."

"Quite right," I said. "But the question is, if you take these two out on the road they'll fall down or start killing you."

"Then I'd call on you to assist me in the execution o' my duty."

"But I'd see you further first. You'd better come with us in the car. I'll turn this passenger out." (This was my engineer, sitting quite silent.) "You don't want him, and, anyhow, he'd only be a witness for the defence."

"That's true," said the constable. "But it wouldn't make any odds—at Linghurst, you see."

My engineer skipped into the bracken like a rabbit. I bade him cut across Sir Michael Gregory's park, and if he caught my friend, to tell him I should probably be rather late for lunch.

"I ain't going to be driven by *him*." Our destined prey pointed at Hinchcliff with apprehension.

"Of course not. You take my seat and keep the big sailor in order. He's too drunk to do much. I'll change places with the other one. Only be quick; I want to pay my fine and get it over."

"That's the way to look at it," he said, dropping into the left rear seat. "We're making quite a lot out o' you motor gentry." He folded his arms judicially as the car gathered way under Hinchcliff's stealthy hand.

"But *you* aren't driving!" he cried, half rising.

"No. He ain't," said Pyecroft, and embraced him with one anaconda-like left arm.

"Don't kill him," said Hinchcliff briefly. "I want to show him what twenty-three and a quarter is." We were going a fair twelve, which is about her limit.

The passenger said something and then groaned.

"Hush, darling!" said Pyecroft, "or I'll 'ave to 'ug you."

The main road, white under the noon sun, lay broad before us, running north to Linghurst. We slowed and looked anxiously for a side track.

"And now," said I, "I want to see your authority."

"The badge of your ratin'?" Pyecroft added.

"I'm a constable," he said, and kicked. Indeed, his boots would have bewrayed him across half a county's plough; but boots are not legal evidence.

"I want your authority," I repeated coldly. "Some evidence that you are not a common, drunken tramp."

It was as I had expected. He had forgotten or mislaid his badge. He had neglected to learn the outlines of the work for which he received money and consideration; and he expected me, the taxpayer, to go to infinite trouble to supplement his deficiencies.

"If you don't believe me, come to Linghurst," was the burden of his almost national anthem.

"But I can't run all over Sussex every time a blackmailer jumps up and says he is a policeman."

"Why, it's quite close," he persisted.

"'Twon't be—soon," said Hinchcliff.

"None of the other people ever made any trouble. To be sure, they was gentlemen," he cried. "All I can say is, it may be very funny, but it ain't fair."

I labored with him in this

dense fog, but to no end. He had forgotten his badge, and we were villains for that we did not cart him to the pub or barracks where he had left it.

Pyecroft listened critically as we spun along the hard road.

"If he was a concentrated Boer, he couldn't expect much more," he observed. "Now, suppose I'd been a lady in a delicate state o' health—you'd ha' made me very ill with your doings."

"I wish I 'ad. 'Ere! 'Elp! 'Elp! Hi!"

The man had seen a constable in uniform fifty yards ahead, where a lane ran into the road, and would have said more but that Hinchcliff jerked her up that lane with a wrench that nearly capsized us as the constable came running heavily.

It seemed to me that both our guest and his fellow-villain in uniform smiled as we fled down the road easterly betwixt the narrowing hedges.

"You'll know all about it in a little time," said our guest. "You've only yourselves to thank for runnin' your 'ead into a trap," and he whistled ostentatiously.

We made no answer.

"If that man 'ad chose, 'e could have identified me," he said.

Still we were silent.

"But 'e'll do it later, when you're caught."

"Not if you go on talking. 'E won't be able to," said Pyecroft. "I don't know what traverse you think you're workin', but your duty till you're put in cells for a highway robber is to love, honour, an' cherish *me* most special—performin' all evolutions signalled in rapid time. I tell you this, in case o' anything turnin' up."

"Don't you fret about things turnin' up," was the reply.

Hinchcliff had given the car a generous throttle, and she was well set to work, when, without warning, the road—there are two or three in Sussex like it—turned down and ceased.

"Holy Muckins!" he cried, and stood on both brakes as our helpless tires slithered over wet grass and bracken—down and down into forest—early British woodland. It was the change of a nightmare, and that all should fit, fifty yards ahead of us a babbling brook barred our way. On the far side a velvet green ride, sprinkled with rabbits and fern, gently sloped upwards and away, but behind us was no hope. Forty-horse power would never have rolled wet tires up that verdurous cliff we had descended.

"H'm!" Our guest coughed significantly. "A great many cars think they can take this road; but they all come back. We walks after 'em at our convenience."

"Meanin' that the other jaunty is now pursuin' us on 'is lily feet?" said Pyecroft.

"*Precisely.*"

"An' you think," said Pyecroft (I have no hope to render the scorn of the words), "*that'll* make any odds? Get out!"

The man obeyed with alacrity.

"See those spars up-ended over there? I mean that wickyup-thing. 'Op-poles, then, you rural blighter! Keep on fetching me 'op-poles at the double."

And he doubled, Pyecroft at his heels, for they had arrived at a perfect understanding.

There was a stack of hurdles a few yards down stream, laid aside after sheep-washing; and there were stepping-stones in the brook. Hinchcliff rearranged these last to make some sort of causeway; I brought up the hurdles; and when Pyecroft and his subaltern had dropped a dozen hop-poles across the stream, laid them down over all.

"Talk o' the Agricultur'l 'All?" he said, mopping his brow, "'tisn't in it with us. The approach to the bridge must now be paved with 'urdles owin' to the squashy nature o' the country. Yes, an' we'd better 'ave one or two on the far side to lead her on to *terror fermior*. Now, Hinch! Give her full steam and 'op along. If she slips off, we're done. Shall I take the wheel?"

"No. This is my job," said the first-class engine-room artificer. "Get over the far side, and be ready to catch me if she jibs on the uphill."

We crossed that elastic structure and stood ready amid the bracken. Hinchcliff gave her full steam and she came like a destroyer on her trial. There was a crack, a flicker of white water, and she was in our arms fifty yards up the slope; or, rather, we were behind her pushing her madly towards a patch of raw gravel whereon her wheels could bite. Of the bridge remained only a few wildly vibrating hop-poles, and those hurdles which had been sunk in the mud of the approaches.

"She—she kicked out all the loose ones be'ind her, as she finished with 'em," Hinchcliff panted.

"At the Agricultural 'All they would 'ave been fastened down with ribbons," said Pyecroft. "But this ain't Olympia."

"She nearly wrenched the tiller out of my 'and. Don't you think I conned 'er like a cock-angel, Pye?"

"*I* never saw anything like it," said our guest propitiatingly. "And now, gentlemen, if you'll let me go back to Linghurst, I promise you you won't hear another word from me."

"Get in," said Pyecroft, as we puffed out on to a metalled road once more. "We 'aven't begun on *you* yet."

"A joke's a joke," he replied. "I don't mind a little bit of a joke myself, but this is going beyond it."

"Miles an' miles beyond it, if this machine stands up. We'll want water pretty soon."

Our guest's countenance brightened, and Pyecroft perceived it.

"Let me tell you," he said earnestly, "I won't make any difference to you whatever happens. Barrin' a dhow or two Tajurrah way, prizes are scarce in the Navy. 'Ence we never abandon 'em."

There was a long silence. Pyecroft broke it suddenly.

"Robert," he said, "'ave you a mother?"

"Yes."

"'Ave you a big brother?"

"Yes."

"An' a little sister?"

"Yes."

"Robert. Does your mamma keep a dog?"

"Yes. Why?"

"All right, Robert. I won't forget it."

I looked for an explanation.

"I saw 'is blighted photograph in full uniform on the mantelpiece o' that cottage before faithful Fido turned up," Pyecroft whispered. "Ain't you glad it's all in the family somehow?"

We filled with water at a cottage on the edge of St. Leonard's Forest and, despite our increasing leakage, made shift to climb the ridge above Instead Wick. Knowing her as I did, I felt sure that final collapse would not be long delayed. My sole concern was to run our guest well into the wilderness before that came.

On the roof of the world—a naked plateau clothed with young heather—she retired from active life in floods of tears. Her feed-water-heater (Hinchcliff blessed it and its maker for three minutes) was leaking beyond hope of repair; she had shifted most of her packing, and her water-pump would not lift.

"If I 'ad a bit of piping, I could disconnect this tin cartridge-case an' feed direct into the boiler. It 'ud knock down her speed, but we could get on," said he, and looked hopelessly at the long dun ridges that hove us above the panorama of Sussex. Northward we could see the London haze. Southward, between gaps of the whale-backed downs, lay the Channel's zinc-blue. But all our available population in that vast survey was one cow and a kestrel.

"It's down hill to Instead Wick. We can run her there by gravity," I said at last.

"Then he'll only have to walk to the station to get 'ome. Unless we take off his boots first," Pyecroft replied.

"That," said our guest earnestly, "would be theft atop of assault, and very serious."

"Oh, let's 'ang him an' be done," Hinchcliff grunted. "It's evidently what he's sufferin' for."

Somehow murder did not appeal to us that warm noon. We sat down to smoke in the heather, and presently out of the valley below came the thick beat of a petrol-motor ascending. I paid little attention to it till I heard the howl of a horn that has no duplicate in all the home counties.

"That's the man I was going to lunch with!" I cried. "Hold on!" and I ran down the road.

It was a big, black, black-dashed, tonneaued twelve-horse Octopod; and it bore not only Kysh my friend, and Salmon his engineer, but my own man, who for the first time in our acquaintance smiled.

"Did they get you? What did you get? I was coming into Linghurst as witness to character—your man told me what happened—but I was stopped near Instead Wick myself," cried Kysh.

"What for?"

"Leaving car unattended. An infernal swindle, when you think of the loose carts outside every pub in the county. I was jawing with the police for an hour, but it's no use. They've got it all their own way, and we're helpless."

Hereupon I told him my tale, and for proof, as we topped the hill, pointed out the little group round my car.

All supreme emotion is dumb. Kysh put on the brake and hugged me to his bosom till I groaned. Then, as I remember, he crooned like a mother returned to her suckling.

"Divine! Divine!" he murmured. "Command me."

"Take charge of the situation," I said. "You'll find a Mr. Pyecroft on the quarter-deck. I'm altogether out of it."

"He shall stay there. Who am I but the instrument of vengeance in the hands of an overruling Providence? (And

(*Continued on Page 28*)

UNCLE JOE CANNON

By Forrest Crissey

SOME OF THE PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS THAT HAVE MADE HIM THE MOST PROMINENT CANDIDATE FOR THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH G. CANNON

GOOD sense—shrewd, plain, practical, seasoned common-sense—is the keynote to the character of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, who bids fair to become the next Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Sentiment has little sway over his deliberate decisions.

I felt the force of this view of the man in hearing his quick reply, at a recent luncheon, to a facetious suggestion from Congressman Tawney. Turning to Representative Burke, of South Dakota, the Minnesota statesman remarked:

"If Uncle Joe will simply give me his place at the head of the Appropriations Committee for the short session I'll agree to do all I can for him in this Speakership campaign."

"No, Jim," laughingly responded the man who has been the Watchdog of the Treasury ever since the passing of Holman. "If I didn't know your tastes and if I hadn't been a reader of old Æsop's Fables, perhaps I might be wheedled into that kind of a deal. But that book's a sort of Bible of common-sense to me, and I can't forget the fable of the dog that was crossing a stream. He had a good bone in his mouth, but he made a grab at the reflection of it mirrored in the water, for the reflection looked a heap bigger than the real bone between his teeth! If I handed you over the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, Jim, you'd be the next Speaker and I'd be sniffling along down stream watching for the bone that I'd dropped to show up."

At the same luncheon Mr. Cannon turned to the writer and inquired: "Young man, were you raised on a farm?"

When answered in the affirmative his shrewd blue eyes sparkled with evident pleasure as he exclaimed:

"Good! Then you've handled the dash of a big churn and kept it going until every bone in your body ached?

"Well, this Speakership business reminds me of the days when mother used to tie a big checked apron round my neck and set me to doing the churning. If I had no particular pleasure in prospect for the day, there was no trouble about the butter—it would come right away; but just so sure as there was a circus in town it seemed as if the cream wouldn't congeal in all eternity!

"I'd keep pounding away until it felt as if my arms were breaking off at the shoulder, and I was certain I'd be too late for the parade.

"Finally, in sheer desperation, I'd call out to mother to come and do something to help bring the churning to a point. Of course she knew just what was wanted, and if the day was a hot one she would go to the well and bring back a quart dipper full of nice cool water and turn it into the churn, letting it trickle down the dash.

"'Now just keep up your grit and churn real brisk,' she'd say, 'and you'll bring the butter right away.'

"And she was always right, too. That quart of cool or hot water, according to the season, never failed to bring the churning to a point.

"I've thought about those churnings a hundred times since this Speakership fight began, and I can tell you right now I'm looking for the dipperful of cold water that will make the situation just the right temperature to bring it to the congealing point. And I'm going to get it, too."

If Mr. Cannon does not land the Speakership it will not be for sleeping on his rights and leaving the hard work of his campaign to others. When Mr. Cannon wants anything, either for a constituent or himself, he goes after it hard. Nothing illustrates the irrepressible push of the man better than the manner in which he won the first lawsuit he ever tried.

Almost immediately after he was admitted to the practice of law, at Tuscola, he was astonished to have a case of some considerable importance, from the viewpoint of a beginner, placed in his hands. Never in his years of service as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee has he worked harder on a bill disposing of millions of dollars than he did on that initial case. He knew what each witness on his side would swear to and he had the law bearing on the case so thoroughly in mind that he could almost repeat it from memory. When he appeared in court his knees smote together, but he had the consolation that nothing was left undone that might help to win his case.

One after another the witnesses came in and seated themselves on the benches at the side of the old courtroom. But the main witness on the young lawyer's side failed to appear. Eagerly he watched the door, the while keeping a sharp eye on the judge. As the minutes dragged on his anxiety grew, and when the judge finally called the court to order the room was crowded with spectators who had "come to see Joe try his first case," cause enough in itself for a good case of stage-fright, without the added embarrassment of a missing witness.

"Gentlemen, are you ready to proceed with this case?" inquired the judge, after the title of the cause had been read.

The opposing attorney promptly answered "Yes," but, with one eye still on the doorway, young Cannon answered:

"Your Honor, I'm all ready except for my main witness. But he'll come, sure; he promised he would."

"Well, young man," responded the judge, wiping his spectacles and simulating a look of great sternness, "this court is now convened and is ready to . . . "

Grasping his hat from the table about which the lawyers were gathered, young Cannon sprang to his feet.

"Judge," he cried, "just hold on a minute and *I'll fetch that witness!*"

Without waiting for the court's reply he dashed out of the room, knocking over a chair and a stack of law books in his haste, and bolted for the old-fashioned "grocery" beside the depot. There he found his chief witness deliberately drinking a cup of rum and molasses.

There was not a word said, not a moment lost. The hand of the young lawyer went straight to the collar of the delinquent's coat, the witness was whirled about, shoved through the grocery door and "walked turkey" to the courtroom, where the pair was welcomed with a burst of laughter and cheers.

"A motion has been made," gravely stated the judge, "to dismiss this case because of the absence of the attorney for the complainant. But the court holds that any lawyer who has the energy of our young brother will make a valuable officer of the court if the furniture holds out. Gentlemen, proceed with the case."

There was a round of laughter; but the awkward young lawyer carried his cause to success, as he did almost everything to which he applied his keen, far-sighted mind and his unflagging energies.

Some of the more polished and fastidious members of Congress have intimated that "Uncle Joe" is almost too rough a diamond to shine in the chair of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and have further insinuated that his sense of dignity is not sufficient for so great and conspicuous a place. A little knowledge of the man, however, is sufficient to indicate that, whatever he may lack in social polish he makes up in that native dignity which one colleague describes as "good honest starch." The same Congressman, who has seen long service in the House, tells this story as showing the heights of dignity to which "Uncle Joe" can rise when the occasion requires:

A Good Instance of "Presence"

"Just as soon as the genial Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, found out that, like himself, Mr. Cannon came of sound old Quaker stock, these two men became fast friends. One fall, when Butterworth was up for reëlection, the fight was so close he needed all the help he could get to pull through. Consequently he sent for 'Uncle Joe' to come over into Macedonia and help him.

"Of course the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee cheerfully responded. As they were driving to a big rally Butterworth took the precaution to throw out a hint to the effect that the meeting would probably be largely attended by Friends, who had a large settlement in that community, and that a little different line of argument would be needed to appeal to these Quaker constituents than would be used to catch the average crowd of free-and-easy prairie farmers.

"From the moment the Watchdog of the Treasury reached the gathering his rugged face expressed a depth of solemnity that it does not always wear in the cloakroom of the Capitol, when he relaxes in the companionship of his chosen friends. After the speech was over and the handshaking was in progress, the most influential member of the Quaker settlement drew Butterworth aside and reproachfully declared:

"'Benjamin, I wish thee was as *good* a man as thy friend Joseph, but—*I fear thee is not!*'

"Among the Friends of Butterworth's old district in Ohio there is no fear that 'Uncle Joe' will lack the dignity required of the traditions of the Chair."

If this forceful and eccentric character secures the Speakership the cartoonists will find a ready target for their shafts in the long, bony index finger of his left hand, for Mr. Cannon never speaks without wielding it in the face of his opponents. Once in a fiercely contested debate when the fun-loving "Sunset" Cox had the floor, "Uncle Joe" desired to interrupt him with an explanation.

"I will yield to the gentleman from Illinois," said Mr. Cox, "so long as he will keep his left hand in his pocket."

Mr. Cannon accepted this peculiar condition and arose to address the House, with both his hands thrust deep into his pockets. But before he had been speaking five minutes his left hand was suddenly withdrawn and the irrepressible index finger was suddenly aimed, with menacing directness, toward the humorist from Indiana.

"Time! Time!" called Mr. Cox. "The gentleman has violated the condition." And "Uncle Joe" reluctantly sat down while the members made the House ring with their laughter.

There is a tang and sometimes a sting to the tongue of "Uncle Joe" not wholly unlike that of the brilliant and caustic "Tom" Reed. This quality made itself felt when a certain member interrupted him in the first speech he ever delivered in the House. In defending the bill, from the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, which established the present system of pound rates on second-class mail matter, Mr. Cannon chanced to call a certain member by name. Instantly that gentleman arose and corrected the young member for his violation of "Congressional courtesy."

At once Mr. Cannon ceremoniously replied: "I beg to assure the House that my error was one of ignorance and inexperience. And I beg to assure the distinguished gentleman from Iowa of my profound consideration and *delicately* and *humbly* to *intimate* to the gentleman that he lies—in error!"

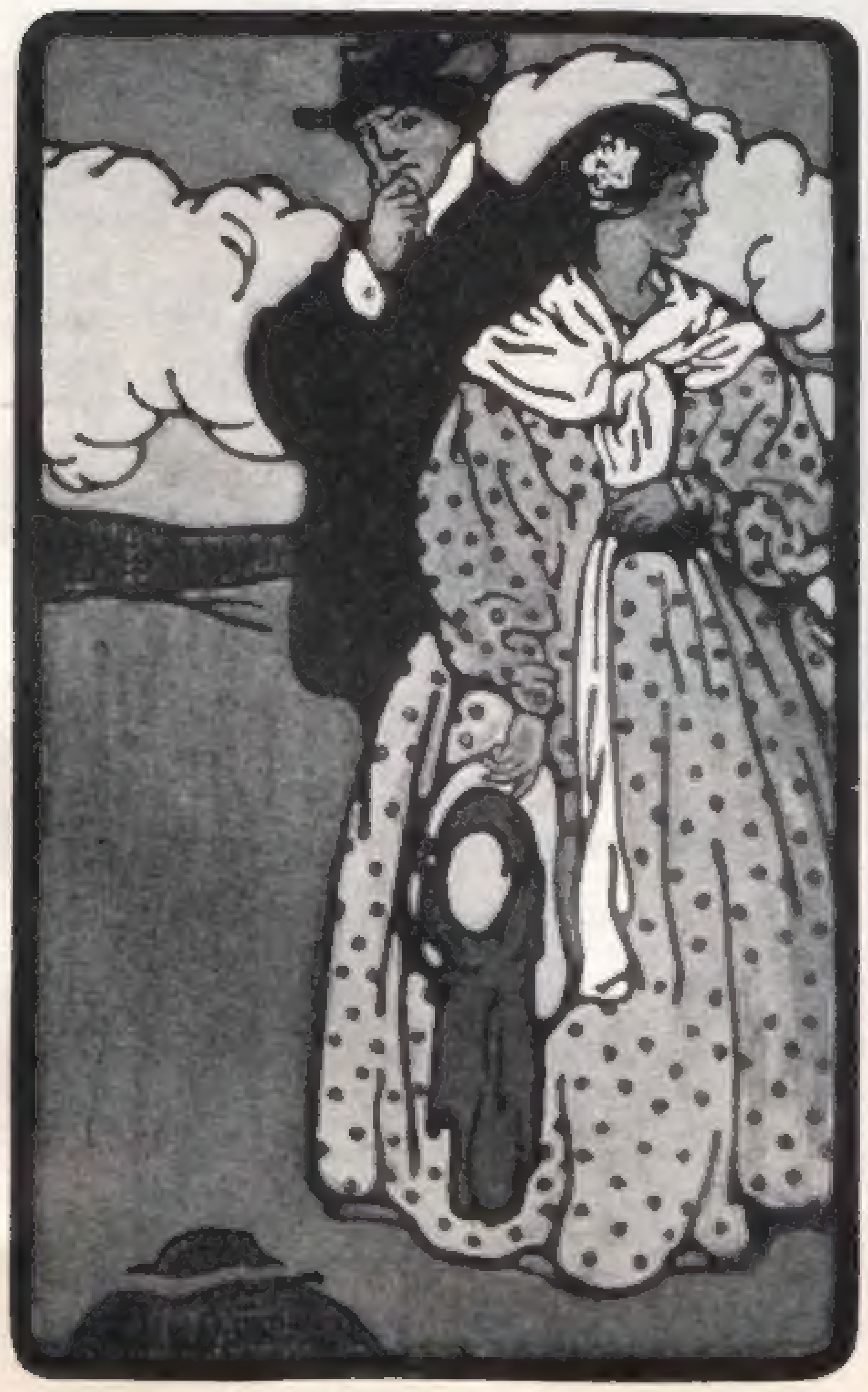
The House heartily appreciated the point of the jibe and never again did the member in question venture to instruct Mr. Cannon in the code of Congressional courtesy.

What "Uncle Joe" lacks in sentiment he makes up in a keen sense of humor, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, a broad and firm grasp of affairs and an industry that is untiring.

These characteristics, with an experience of twenty-eight years of Congressional service, are urged as constituting ample qualification for the high position of Speaker of the House of Representatives.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy



NOW, it befell, on a windy day,
In a waste and barren place,
That I met my love in a turn of the way,
And met her face to face.

And never a single word spake she,
Nor ever looked at me,
For her eyes were set afar, far off,
Over the open sea.

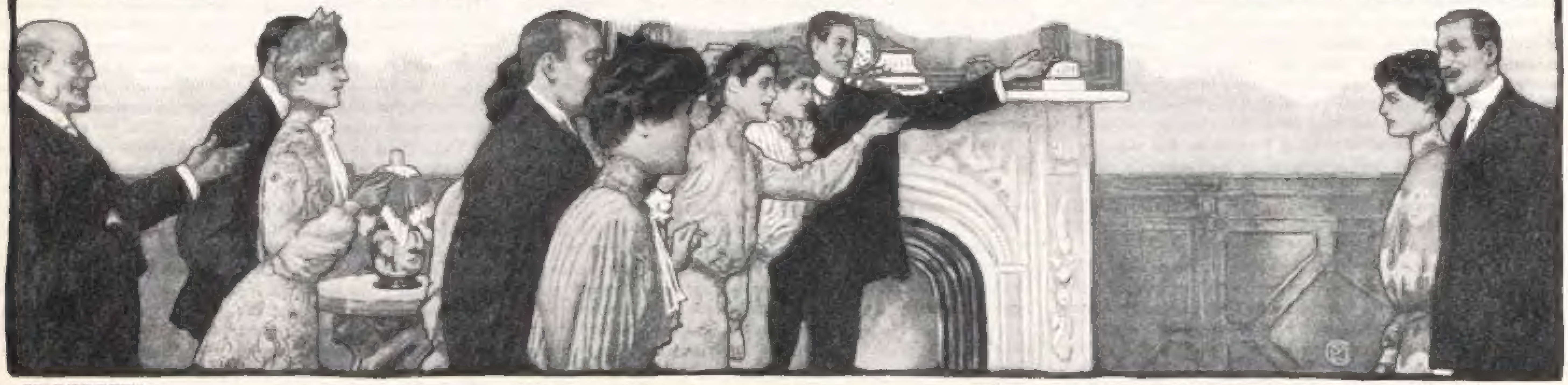
Now tell me truly and tell me well,
Is it the sound of the rock-bound bell,
Is it presage of strain and storm and pain?
Or yet once more and yet again
Is it the thought that never we twain
As of old shall tryst in the soft salt mist
That holds thy gaze so steadily
Over and out to the open sea?

'Tis the night rides up the streets of the west,
'Tis the tide turns back with never a rest
To the ceaseless ravel, the tireless travel,
The heaving settle of ebb and flow.
As the seaweed goeth, so shall I go;
As the seaway goeth, the night wind bloweth,
My way shall be their will with me—
Night and the wind of Destiny.

My love she turned with a rising sigh,
She turned, she turned from me.
The wind drove by with a sobbing cry—
And she walked wearily.

But never a single word spake she,
Nor ever looked at me,
For her eyes were set afar, far off,
Over the open sea.

THE CHRISTMAS MUTINEERS



THE PAIR, SIDE BY SIDE, STOOD REGARDING US WITH AMAZEMENT

By Lloyd Osbourne

SHOWING THAT JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS, AND THAT OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST

IT SEEMED a queer way of spending Christmas, but a lonely man, with no home but his hotel and no company save his trunk, is glad of any port in a storm; and thus it was, toward the hour of five on a snowy afternoon, that I found myself in Mrs. Lee-Courtney's Fifth Avenue house. She opened the door for me herself, explaining that there were no servants and that her guests, like herself, "had to do for themselves."

"The servant nature is incapable of accepting new ideas," she said, "so I've packed them all off in order not to add a jarring element to my party."

"They can't get along without Christmas trees and 'God Bless our Home,' I suppose," I said.

"Oh, they are quite hopeless," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney.

"Do tell me what you expect of me," I said, as I followed her up the stairs. "I'm afraid I've rather dropped out of things—traveling so much, you know, and all that—Christmas used to be quite a fixed institution in the old days."

"It still is, unfortunately," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney. "It's ingrained, like the taste for drink. In me you see a prophet crying in the wilderness to deaf ears!"

"The usual audience for reformers," I remarked. "But please tell me more about it, Mrs. Lee-Courtney. You had scarcely got started the other night when we were interrupted."

"Like all great conceptions it is simple," she said, stopping and turning to me with one hand on the balustrade. "Everybody admits, of course, that the tenderest memories of life cluster about Christmas. But in time it degenerates into a terrible human milestone, emphasizing the briefness of our days and marking the road to the grave. When we pass thirty the little pleasure we get out of Christmas is far outweighed by the pain. It becomes the gloomiest of anniversaries, with happy children dancing on our coffins. We dance, too, but with hearts like lead, and the shadows filled with the phantom faces of those we've loved and lost."

"If you go on much more I'll cry," I said.

"Cry!" she said, "of course we'll cry! That's why I brought you here, so we can cry in company and be frankly miserable. At any rate, we escape the mockery of pretending to be gay and making the welkin ring. In this house there isn't any ring about it, only a cold supper and pleasant empty rooms where misery can choose company if it wants to, or can sprawl about on cushions and read the magazines!"

"By Jove," I said, "I'm gladder than ever that I was asked!"

"I choose my guests with care," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney complacently. "Incorrigible optimists are not invited. I once had a lord who played parlor games and ruined everything. The keynote is a gentle melancholy, with tête-à-têtes in corners and the lights turned low!"

"I hope you won't forget me next Christmas!" I said.

"Sometimes they hold hands," said my hostess.

"Better and better!" I exclaimed.

"I just get a lot of interesting men and a lot of pretty women," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney, "and then let them alone!"

"You're awfully generous," I said. "Might I ask where you come in?"

"Naturally I choose the most interesting man for myself," said she. "There's a good deal of choosing about the whole affair, you know."

"Dare I presume——" I began.

"Oh, I've already made other arrangements," said the pretty widow sweetly.

"Oh, dear," I said.

"I've already put your affinity on one side for you," she said.

"Oh, have you!" I exclaimed.

"Grace Mountmorris," she said.

She knew she was giving me a facer and there was a gleam of curiosity in her blue eyes. Women are not only good actors but they have an undying interest in the play. It took me a moment to recover myself. To think that I was in the same house with Grace; that she was within a few steps of where I stood; that she was waiting for me!

"But, Mrs. Lee-Courtney," I remarked at last, "you said something about being over thirty. Grace—why, Grace—is still under twenty-eight. There were nine years between us, you know."

"I am not exigent about the age-limit," she said. "All I ask of a woman is fine eyes and a wounded spirit."

"She certainly used to have the first," I said.

"You can apply yourself to consoling the second," said she.

"I feel like a man in a dream," I said. "Grace Mountmorris! And after all these years!"

"Now say Christmas Day and become maudlin," said my hostess.

"You spoke in the nick of time," I remarked.

"Come in and see her," said she.

There were a good many people in the room, which was dark save for a roaring log fire. The hoarse draft of the chimney blended with the murmur of voices gave one a sense of snugness and congeniality. I stood beside my hostess in uncomfortable suspense while she told a young man, somewhat tartly, that he was putting too much driftwood on the fire.

"If there's one thing I'm mean about," she said, "it's my driftwood."

The young man showed a proper contrition, but there rose a little tattletale chorus, feminine in intonation, to the effect that the half of his iniquities had not yet been told. I pressed my companion's arm and waited, looking about for the face I wanted so much to see and meeting everywhere instead the unresponsive eyes of strangers. Mrs. Lee-Courtney took pity on me and led me through the portières into the room beyond.

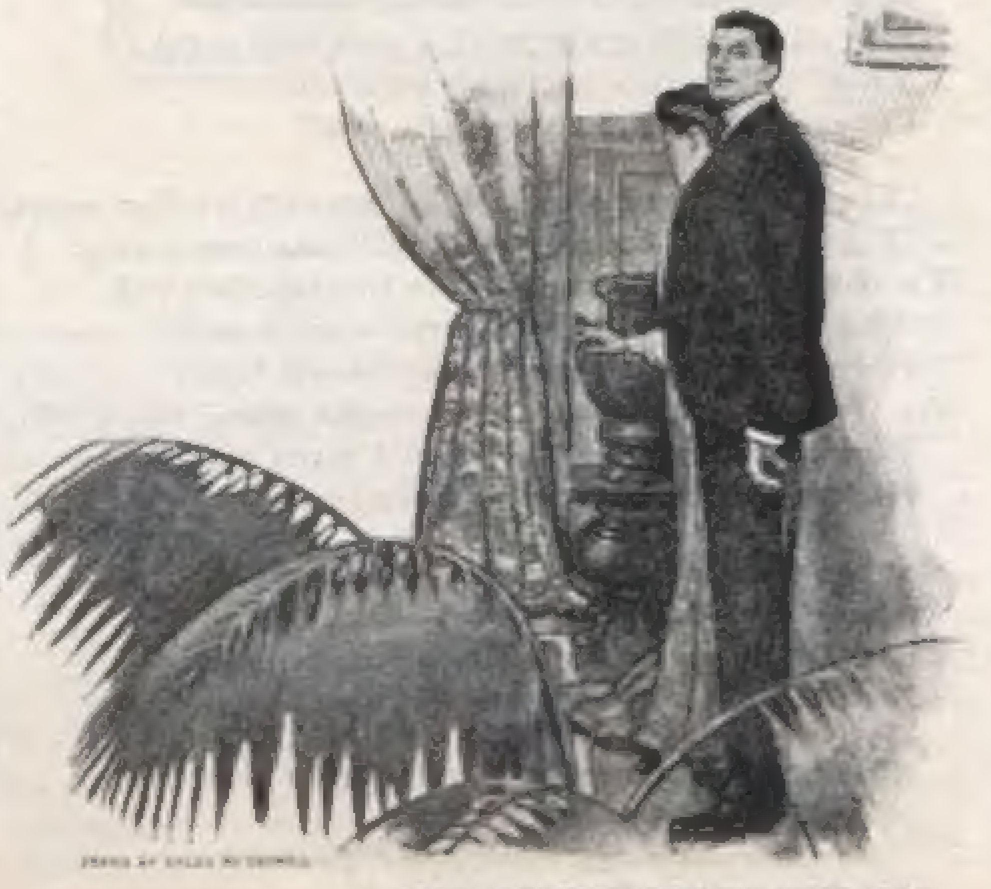
"You cheerfully waited eight years," she said, "and now you can't wait eight seconds!"

"If you only knew——" I began.

"Knew!" she repeated. "That's why I asked you, of course!"

I would have answered her, but the words died in my throat as I perceived Grace herself in a window-seat leaning back against the cushions. She uttered a little cry as she saw me, and I ran forward and caught her outstretched hands.

"Grace!" I said. "Grace!"



I HOPE NOBODY SAW ME KISS HER

"I have explained everything to Mr. Harrold," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney calmly, "and if he gets Christmassy you're to cry for help."

"Oh, I'll try to make him behave," said Grace. Her contralto voice as she said this thrilled on my ears with a thousand recollections.

"Now I must chase up my interesting man," said Mrs. Lee-Courtney. "I saw that little Vandermore poaching him and he didn't seem trying real hard to help himself. But Roger Snow belongs to me, and the woman that borrows him borrows trouble!" With this farewell defiance Mrs. Lee-Courtney fluttered off, adding something about supper at seven as she passed through the portières and out of sight.

I settled myself beside Grace and for a moment or two neither of us spoke.

"Come nearer the light, Grace," I said at last. "Let me read your face and learn something of the kind of woman you've grown into." She moved back into the shadow instead with protest in every line of her body.

"I am getting old, Evan," she said. "I am twenty-eight and—and—a woman's youth is soon spent. You will expect to see me as I was—and you won't."

"It's not so dark that I cannot see you are as beautiful as ever," I said.

"I am afraid of you," she returned. "See how cold my hand is, how it trembles, Evan. It's like a meeting of ghosts!"

"The ghosts of our dead selves," I said. "Yes, that's what we are, Grace, questioning each other about our dead lives and that other world we used to live in."

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago," she said.

"And you never married Charrington?" I said.

"I couldn't," she answered. "It would have been wicked to marry him and not—not love him, Evan."

"It was two years before I heard you hadn't," I said. "Then it was all so settled and assured. I was building an electric road in Vladivostock when the news drifted out to me."

"What did you think, Evan?" she asked.

"Think!" I repeated. "Oh, I hardly know what I thought. It made me devilish miserable, too. I waited for you to write to me, but you didn't."

"What did you expect me to write?" she said. "'My dear Evan, I am free now. Please come back and marry me. Sincerely yours, Grace Mountmorris!'"

"I did expect something of the kind," I said.

"How stupid of you," she said.

"I mean just a word to show that you still cared," I said.

"I thought that you'd write to me," she returned. "I left my address at the cable office on the chance of your cabling. Oh, how I waited and waited."

"I threw up everything and came home," I said.

"Yes, and never came near me," she broke out.

"Nelly Stackpole told me you were engaged to Henry Hartnell," I said, "and I went straight back to the Orient."

"And you believed her!" she cried. "Oh, how dare people invent such lies!"

"How was I to know it was a lie?" I said.

"Couldn't you have guessed?" she said.

"She said she knew," I returned.

"You ought to have been the one to know," she said.

"It was reasonable enough," I said. "Hartnell was your father's right-hand man. And to be fair to me you must remember you never answered the two letters I wrote to you before I first left America."

"I did answer them," she said.

I sprang from my seat.

"Grace," I said solemnly, "I never got them!"

She laughed mirthlessly. "I never said I sent them, Evan," she said. "I put them in the fire."

"And you have the audacity to reproach me!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it's all over now," she said. "We broke our hearts once. Don't let's hammer the pieces we've got left."

"So Charrington married afterward?" I said.

"Yes," she returned.

"Well?" I asked.

"Money at any rate," she said.

"I've never seen him since, you know," I said.

"I don't suppose you have," she returned. "It couldn't be very enjoyable for either of you. When you invite your best friend down to meet your fiancée, and the best friend falls dead in love with your fiancée, and the fiancée makes a perfect fool of herself about the best friend, and everybody sees it but your good, loyal, honest self——!"

"I think you might spare me that," I said.

"I included myself, Evan," she said.

"Yet we were cowards not to face it out," I said. "We have wasted our lives for nothing. We sacrificed ourselves for nothing. The modern book of martyrs is filled with the names of fools, Grace. The wise take what they want and the Charringtons go off and marry somebody else!"

"And leave the martyrs out in the cold," she said.

"We can never recall those years, Grace," I said. "Those empty, empty years!" I caught her hand and kissed it. "It's not too late, Grace," I said. "We've been robbed of that. Don't let us be robbed of everything!" She drew away her hand.

"I have always loved you, Grace," I went on. "There's never been a day when I haven't thought of you. It was for your sake I never married, Grace!"

"Evan," she said, and her voice as she spoke was breathless and trembling, "you must promise me, on your word of honor, not to ask me to—to——"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"I want you to promise," she said.

"I won't do anything of the kind," I said. "I don't understand you at all! What do you ask me that for?"

"If you don't promise you'll never see me again," she said. "I'll go back to the others. I'll make an excuse and slip away."

"How long is the promise to last?" I inquired.

"A year," she returned. "Yes or no, Evan."

"I think it is perfectly monstrous," I said. "You haven't any right to ask such a thing. We've thrown away eight years, and now I must promise in the dark to throw away another."

"Promise," she repeated, and with such a little ring of insistence and resolution that I could not but give way.

"All right then, I'll promise," I said.

"On your word of honor, mind," she said. "Just as you'd give it to a man and keep it, Evan."

"Now perhaps you might tell me what it all means," I said.

"Evan," she returned, "one cannot stand still for eight years. A man never seems to learn that about a woman he has once cared for. He comes back, no matter how long after, glowing with bygone sentiments and bygone memories, and expects to take up things where he left off. That's what you are doing."

"Yes," I said, "that's what I am doing."

"But I'm not that person at all," she said. "I'm somebody else. Sombeody that you don't know in the least."

"I shouldn't have suspected it," I said.

"Of course, I may be lots nicer," she went on. "In eight years you gain as well as lose, I suppose. But I don't want you to say things that it may be hard afterward to unsay."

"You want to protect me from myself," I said.

"Don't let's act like sentimental fools," she returned, "and wind up with a sentimental *débâcle!*"

"What's a *débâcle?*" I asked.

"A disaster, a smash," she said.

"Is it not possible sometimes to be overscrupulous?" I said.

"Better that than a false position," she remarked.

"You make me feel that I must have altered considerably myself," I said.

"Can you have any doubt about that?" she demanded.

"I mean for the worse," I said. "That I've disappointed you; that I have grown away, too; that you expected a fairy prince with ringlets and pink cheeks, and are thunderstruck to find nothing but a middle-aged American engineer, worn by the world and not a little weary."

She drew imperceptibly closer to me, the subtlest of caresses.

"I daren't tell you the truth," she said. "I daren't!"

"Is it so awful?" I said.

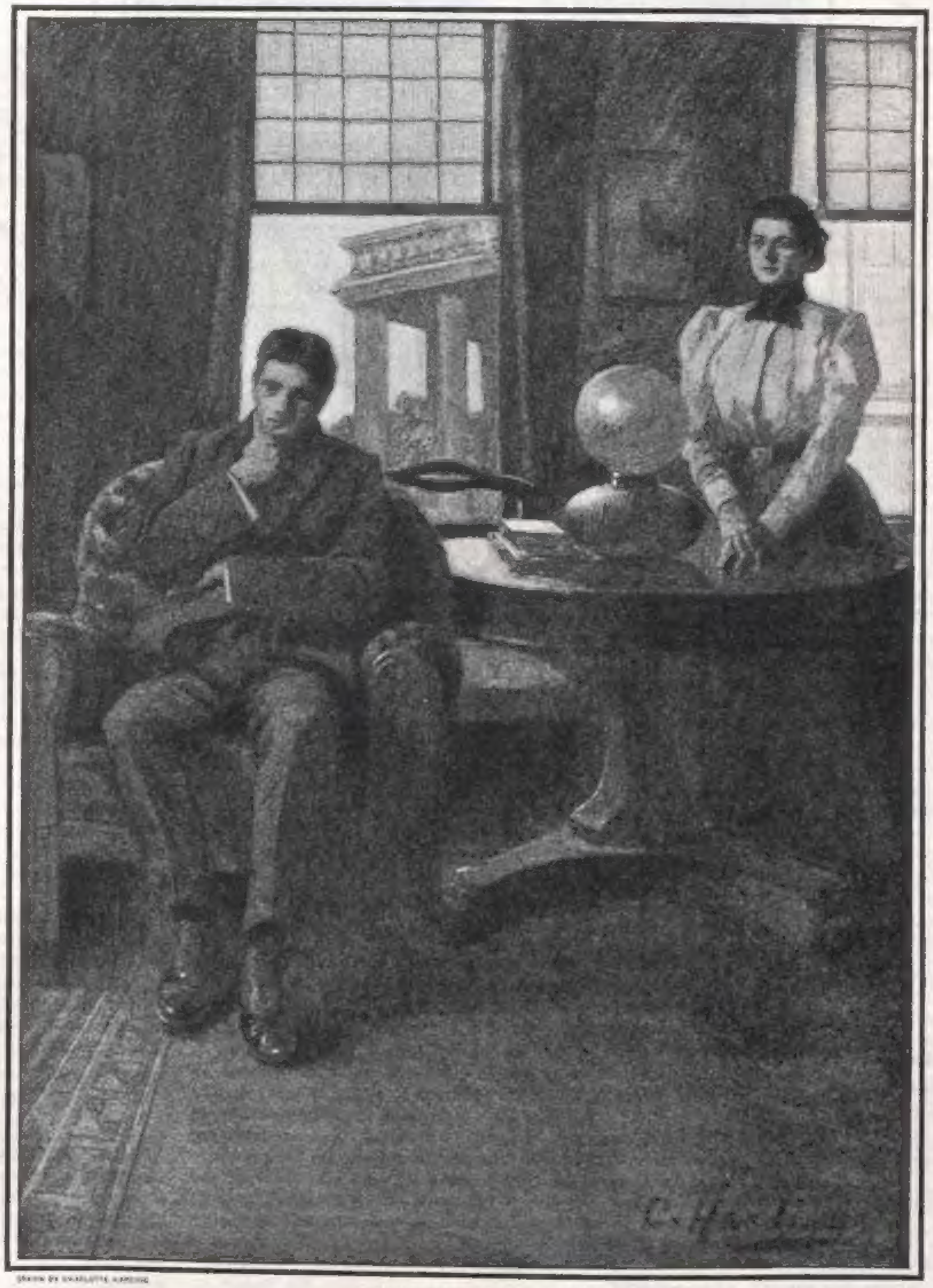
"It's not you I'm protecting, it's myself," she said. "I want to be wise for both of us. I want to save you from perhaps making a terrible mistake—and—and—from breaking my heart."

"You haven't any concern about mine," I remarked.

"We're going to change the conversation," she said. "There's too much loose powder lying about for us to drop sparks."

"I want to set off the whole thing sky-high," I said.

"Let go my hand," she said, "and then tell me how you find New York after the Orient."



DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

"WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE THE CONVERSATION," SHE SAID

"It's still here," I said. "I haven't had time to notice much else."

"Tell me about your life out there," she said. "What it was like. The women you met. What you did, you know."

"I started in with Rangoon," I said, "put up a trolley line and left for Pulu Penang. Put up a trolley line and lit out for Bantong. Put up a trolley line and left for Wo Ho. Put up a trolley line and left for——!"

"Oh, stop!" she cried.

"You began it," I said.

"But I meant between whiles," she said.

"Oh, that was iced beer principally," I said.

"But I want to know about the women," she said.

"There weren't many women," I said.

"But I want to know all about those there were," she persisted.

"What do you call knowing all about them?" I said.

"Whether you cared for any of them."

"I thought a heap of one girl," I said.

"Then tell me about her," she said.

"Oh, she died," I said.

"Did you like her as much as you liked me?" she asked.

"Almost," I said.

"I don't think I want to know any more, then," she said.

"You had given me up," I said. "You never wrote. You have no right to blame me."

"I'm not blaming you," she said. "I am sorry, that's all."

"She used to remind me of you," I said. "I suppose that was why I liked her."

"Evan," she said, "this subject is getting as bad as the other. Let's try and be perfectly ordinary and harmless."

"I have always been that," I returned.

"I mean avoiding intimate things altogether," she explained. "Don't let's talk of ourselves any more. Let's be general."

"You give me a start, then," I said.

"How do you like the new way of celebrating Christmas?" she asked.

"It depends a lot on who shares your window-seat," I said.

"Evan, be general," she said.

"I believe I like the old way best," I remarked, "the holly, the mistletoe, the pully-crackers—all the fun and noise and laughter and merrymaking—the presents, the whoops of joy, the lighted trees, the shiny balls, the drip of pink grease on excited children! Why, I wouldn't change it for worlds. This is an abomination. This isn't Christmas at all. It may be up to date and smart and all that, but I resent it down to my boots!"

"It's certainly not like Christmas," she said.

"Grace," I said, "it's rot. That's what it is. Rot! And devilish affected rot, too. When we are marr——!"

"Evan, your promise," she interrupted.

"I mean next Christmas in our little flat——" I began.

"Your promise!"

"It won't be like this anyway, will it?"

I don't know what she answered, because at this moment a young man rose darkly before us and whispered my companion's name.

"What do you want, Eric?" asked Grace, apparently not overjoyed at the interruption.

"Are you fellows ripe for revolution?" he inquired.

"It depends who revolutes and what for," I said.

"There's a restless feeling in the mob that this is no Christmas at all," said Eric.

"Just what I was telling Miss Mountmorris myself," I said.

"They are throwing up barricades," said Eric, "and the proletariat has riz!"

"Hadn't you better go and help them?" I suggested.

"And leave you in the dark with the prettiest woman in the room while we raise the flag of freedom!" he cried.

"What do you want us to do?" I asked.

"Rally!" he replied.

"Be a little more specific," I said.

"I am charged by the Secret Central Committee to request you to rally at the sound of the tocsin," he explained. "A tin trumpet will be blown three times. At the third toot everybody is to rush in and yell 'Merry Christmas!' at the top of his voice."

"Does Mrs. Lee-Courtney know about it?" asked Grace.

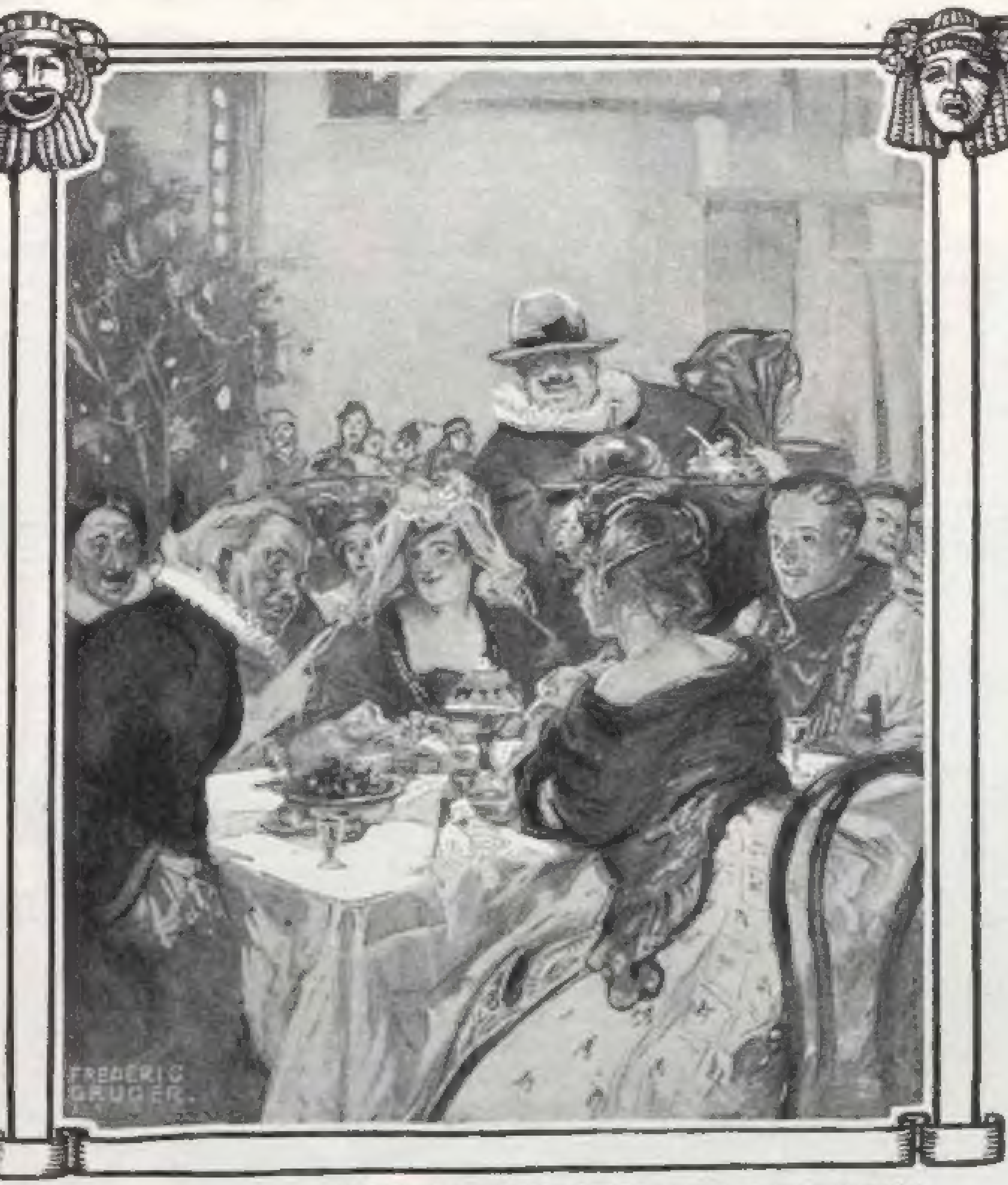
"Know! Of course she doesn't know!" ejaculated Eric.

"You mustn't hurt her feelings," said Grace.

"There are more important things in the world than feelings," said Eric. "People who take liberties with Christmas are trifling with the heart-strings of humanity. We're going to have a real Christmas in this house if we have to walk through be-lud to get it!"

(Continued on Page 39)

THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS



ABOVE ALL THINGS THEY LOVE A MERRYMAKING

In Mask and Wig

By Julia Marlowe

ALWAYS I have been deeply touched by the zeal and willingness and ingenuity which scene-shifter and stage-helper display in contributing their share of the Christmas-tide preparations, and some of the designs they originate for the occasion have been unique and wonderfully beautiful. After they have finished their work the members of the company troop from their dressing-rooms, their arms full of presents for one another. These are bestowed around the Christmas tree or hung upon its branches, and you can make sure that not even the humblest member of the organization is forgotten, nor has he in his turn failed to spend something, however little, for presents to be given to those who are foremost in the ranks where his place is so insignificant. There is a loyalty and a lavishness in this interchange of gifts among the people of the stage which I think will hardly find a parallel in other walks of life. They love to spend and they love to give, and above all things they love a merrymaking.

After the presents have been duly arranged there are happy little speeches from various members of the company and then the distribution of gifts. It is the children of the stage who fare most royally upon such an occasion. Every one showers them with gifts, and the child actor or actress is likely at Christmas-time to consider himself or herself the most important figure in the theatrical activities of the whole country. Speech-making and gift-giving over, feasting follows, and every one turns serving man or maid, the working-people being waited upon by the players whom at other times they serve so faithfully. By two in the morning the musicians are instructed to play their liveliest airs and the dancing begins—old-fashioned dances many of them, for players become familiar with them through their professional work, and somehow they seem more suited to a Christmas festival than modern waltzes. It is broad daylight in the streets before the party on the stage comes to an end and the weary celebrants are willing to seek their hotels. There they can have but a few hours' sleep, for always before them on Christmas Day is the prospect of the matinée performance which turns the holiday hours into arduous working workaday. The care-free people in the audience sometimes remember to pity the actor-folk far from home and at work; but perhaps they do not deserve pity, for they have had a whole night of Christmas merrymaking and have enjoyed it with that zest which people feel only when they are firmly determined to have a joyous time in spite of unfavorable conditions.

With the Bostonians

By Henry Clay Barnabee

CHRISTMAS was always a great day with the Bostonians. Even in the beginnings of the company, when Miss Ober was its manager, she always had something magnificent arranged for its celebration.

With the actor this day of all others in the year is the one on which he most feels absence from home. So we Bostonians energetically set about making a home for ourselves wherever we happened to be, and I really think we succeeded. Once we had our Christmas tree aboard a private car traveling between St. Louis and Cincinnati. In addition to the presents exchanged by members of the company, those sent from home to each one were put on the tree. Altogether the gifts on its branches numbered seven hundred and eighty-seven—not a soul from principals to chorus was forgotten. That year I was Santa Claus, and recited a poem that Shillaber (known under the pen-name of Mrs. Partington) wrote for me.

Another year at Duluth we had a child of six with us, Helen Bertram's little girl. I am quite sure that each one of us vowed never again to let Christmas pass without a child to help us celebrate it, even if we had to steal one to further our plans. She had been put to bed in the afternoon so as to be able to keep her eyes open in the evening. Eugene Cowles was the Santa Claus. In his grizzly make-up he went in to wake her. "I have been expecting you," she said, sitting up in bed, and not a bit frightened. Taking her up in his arms he carried her to the room where the tree stood blazing with lights. Every time he handed her anything she would say "Thank you, sir," with a serious, awed politeness sufficient to put her on Santa Claus' good books for the rest of her natural life. For a month she remembered him in her prayers.

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MISS VIOLA ALLEN

From the Manager's Point of View

By E. M. Holland

CHRISTMAS means an extra performance and no extra pay, which makes the manager happy. Having once been a manager myself I fully appreciate this.

Quite the most amusing Christmas that has fallen to my lot, though it was the hardest holiday's work that I ever did, was during an engagement at Barnum's Museum, New York, in 1866. The stock company there was doing a piece called A Wreck Ashore. The Museum was at the corner of Spring Street and Broadway, and world-renowned. Into it surged the crowds to visit the curiosities, and from there into the theatre. As people were constantly crowding into the front of the building it was policy to get them out by the back door as quickly as possible, and it was our task to do it by racing through A Wreck Ashore at fever speed. Our record, I believe, for doing the entire three acts of the piece was thirty-five minutes.

We began to play at eleven o'clock in the morning and played without intermission until half-past five in the afternoon, the curtain falling on the third act only to rise on the first. If we played the piece more than twice through we received a night's pay for every extra performance; hence another necessity for rushing. Our average number of Wreck performances daily was six, five during the day and one at night. This last one was given properly, and by that time we really needed a little let-up after setting the record.

But not a moment after five-thirty did the lines of the final afternoon performance extend that Christmas Day, though the audience, having still considerable of its holiday left, gave every indication of willingness to linger. Then, all in our costumes and make-up, which we had begun to don at ten o'clock that morning and worn ever since, we took our "holiday" dinner under the stage. Each had brought his or her contribution, a turkey or some other delicacy dear to the season. A long table was spread with them and we had as happy a time as falls to one's lot until, with the first stroke of eight, we trooped back to go through the three acts of A Wreck Ashore for the sixth time that day, and as gay as though we had dined with a king.

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MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE

My First Stage Christmas

By Elsie De Wolfe

MY FIRST Christmas dinner after I went on the stage was eaten with my mother at a little oyster saloon in Harlem. All during my father's lifetime Christmas had been a day when our friends who lived in hotels and boarding-houses were invited to dine with us. Coming from Halifax, he had all the English traditions of the season, and, a *bon-vivant* himself, always made the day a brilliant one over our mahogany.

But on this first Christmas Day of my histrionic experience, straight from the matinée and with the evening performance ahead of me, my mother and I sat down at the dingy little table, a bottle of brilliant tomato catsup and a glass dish of biscuits gracing the board in front of us. My dear mother said to me, "Ah, if your father could only see us now!"

It was harder for her than for me, with the past rising in front of the present—the present of a dingy little oyster saloon, the odor of hot greases, the checked red and white tablecloth, and that vivid, vivid bottle of catsup.

If a tear or two did not steal down my face I at least blew my nose very hard, and then began on the oysters, for I had four long acts of the matinée behind me and as many more ahead that evening. Then out into the frosty night we went, my mother and I, clinging very close to each other, the lights twinkling unsteadily because of a mist that came before our eyes.

But such things as this mean life; they strengthen our character, they make us appreciate the good things that may come to us later. Those to whom everything comes as they wish it take it all as a matter of course; they have no idea of what the world means to others less fortunate, and their sympathy for mankind is in danger of rust. Not for a moment do I regret that experience and others.

The Stage Baby's Tree

By Viola Allen

YOU all know the stage baby of the natural variety, a baby that is, perhaps, not very strongly in favor, partly because of a tendency to weep in public—a realistic tendency far from agreeable—and partly because of a deep-rooted prejudice that it should be in bed at that hour instead of in arms behind the footlights. One baby there was, however, of this description who supported its mother and two-year-old sister, and brought a fuller sense of Christmas to the company in which it formed a little human property than any holiday matinée ever induced. The father had gone to another city to look for work which he perhaps could not find. At any rate, the mother failed to hear word of him, and when the last crust was in the larder a scene-shifter's wife suggested the stage for the poor soul's littlest offspring. Work was not to be found for herself then and a baby was needed for the piece at once, so she brought it. It was a

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MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN

MRS G. H. GILBERT

pink-faced, blue-eyed mite, and smiled half the time. It was engaged on the spot. Bundled up in a threadbare brown shawl it was held by its mother in a warm corner of the "star's" dressing-room every night until the moment of its need arrived on the boards. If the audience took to its smiles, those of the company thrown with it nurtured a tenderer feeling, knowing its story, as stage people so often know stories of which the public has but faint inkling

Nights came and went until Christmas Eve, when a project, started a few days before, materialized. A Christmas tree was set up for it. The "tree" was a deal box, and into it went such a variety of things as a tree never held. The scene-shifter himself carried it home.

Quite another Christmas tree was one aboard a private car during the Jefferson-Florence tour. Every present had its touch of humor I remember some one gave Mr. Jefferson a copy of The Rivals with every other part but that of Bob Acres cut out. That night, after the performance, as we sped along the rails, the country on either hand white with snow in the moonlight, we had our Christmas supper. Mr. Jefferson was writing his reminiscences then, and Mrs. Drew was also with us. These two, with Mr. Florence, fell to talking of the past and the fund of anecdote poured out set that holiday night a landmark among all holiday nights in my recollection.

Augustin Daly's Christmases

By Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

IN THE old days, and when he was not so rich—for Mr Daly made fortunes and lost them in the thirty years that I was among the members of his company he began the practice of giving at Christmas time to each one of his minor employees about the theatre. It might be a ton of coal here, a half-ton there, something useful or some necessary of life.

The good that he did was done quietly and I believe that the extent of it was never known. The rest of us followed, in a way, his example. It did not cost much and it brought happiness to us as well as to them In connection with the season I treasure yet a letter of thanks from the parents of a little fellow now long dead, a brave little fellow who helped keep up the home. We speak of giving to "poor people," but I call no one poor who can make a living. One is as good as another if he strives and believes in himself

MR HENRY CLAY BARNABLE

Familiar faces disappear and new ones take their places, for change comes to the stage as it comes to all things. To-day it is association, to-morrow a memory, and so it will go on until the end of the world. But Christmas-time need never sadden one because of memories if it is in one's power, no matter how humbly, to remind others, perhaps less fortunate in a way, that all men are brothers

Behind the Holiday Mask

By James O'Neill

IT WAS Christmas night, and the first night of a new piece in which I was playing a dear son of a dear mother. The play was called Walker & Company, Limited. In it there was a very strong scene full of a son's love for his mother. I was waiting in the dressing-room for my call to go on the stage, the curtain was already up, when a telegraph boy brought me a dispatch. I was negotiating with Daniel Frohman, who had offered me the leading business at the Madison Square Theatre, of which he was manager at the time. Feeling that the dispatch was in answer to one I had sent him, and fearing he would not comply with my terms, I was indifferent about opening it, and laid it on my dressing-table, not wishing that anything should disturb me just before going on. I read my first scene over, and, not yet being called, picked up the dispatch. It was from my eldest sister, and read: "*Mother died last night.*" In that moment the call-boy knocked at my door, and said, "Mr. O'Neill.' I dropped the telegram and went on the stage to this tearful scene with my stage mother, in which over and again I had to repeat the word, "Mother, Mother, Mother." The audience applauded the tenderness of the scene, and the people in the wings wondered at the tears—not knowing what a tragedy had come to me that Christmas night.

Again I was playing in Chicago, and about to fulfill an engagement for the holiday week in Denver My youngest boy, about two years old, had passed through an illness, and after being near death was pronounced by the doctor to be out of danger. My poor wife was tired out with watching, and, thinking the trip would do her good, I induced her to join me in Chicago, and together we journeyed to Denver. When we arrived, after registering, the clerk handed me a dispatch: "Your son has had a relapse. Fear the worst."

I did not say anything to my wife, because I wanted her to have breakfast. After breakfast I took her in my arms and said: "I'm sorry to say that you will have to go back to New York; I can't go, and one of us ought to be there." Then I read the dispatch. She took the next train from Denver for New York, then a three-days' journey. That night, during the performance, another dispatch arrived stating that my boy was dead

MR. DAVID WARFIELD

I reached my wife in Chicago with a telegram in which I said: "Bear up; be prepared for the worst," and I went on with the play, Monte Cristo that night. On the stage, members of the company wondered why I forgot my lines.

I give this simply as an example of what may happen sometimes to the actor during the holidays.

A Christmas Illumination Not Billed

By Henrietta Crosman

PROBABLY nobody has served the dramatic art any length of time without experiencing memorable adventures begotten of the life of travel and change in the realm behind the footlights, and of such a full share has fallen to my lot, some pleasant to recall, others again of fearful recollection, and of these latter one is still vividly present.

It occurred only a year ago, in the holiday season, and was in the early days of the production of the play Joan o' the Shoals. We were occupying a large theatre, which this night was crowded by an audience that tested its capacity from orchestra to gallery.

In one scene a beacon fire was lighted on a rocky shore of the sea, a false signal to lure a ship to destruction. The flames rose from the point of a cliff twenty-five feet above the stage. They were fed by fagots dipped in alcohol that shot a mighty blaze leaping high in air. The alcohol was contained in a metal pan that stood on a narrow platform built at the very edge of the cliff, and could be approached only by a winding way that led from the stage up the rocks.

On this small, elevated structure one of the climaxes of the play was represented.

After the beacon had been fired those who had applied the torch descended from the cliff and joined the watching throng below. It was my part to rush up to the blazing pile.

As I gained the small platform where there was scarcely more than space to stand, and snatched at the burning fagots, I in some manner flung the alcohol on my garments and instantly they were ablaze. The flames caught my gown and sleeve and darted up my side.

Beneath, on the stage, were grouped sixty men and women, feignedly wild with excitement over my dash at the beacon; beyond were the hundreds in the big audience observant only of the natural episodes of the play.

Incredible as it may seem, I had not the slightest heed of my own personal danger. The thought that flashed into my mind, that dominated my actions in the next few seconds, was the horror of a possible panic in the audience, the peril which menaced so many lives from that danger.

Fortune favored my impulse to avert such a catastrophe The side on which my clothing had caught fire was opposite the audience and was hidden from the view of those on the stage, and by kind chance my skirt was of thick woolen material which offered the best resistance to the flames. Furthermore, in the proper action of the play I had frantic work to do at the beacon. All this was in my aid and assisted my design

I clutched my sleeve with one hand and smothered the flames there. I caught my skirt, pressed it into folds, beat it with my palms until at length I had extinguished the last spark.

My hands were severely burned, but this I did not realize till afterward

Not for an instant did I cease from acting the part of Joan, not once depart from the character in the drama. Something more acute than reason ruled my course. I knew that only by sustaining the rôle and keeping the audience in the belief that I was doing what Joan had set herself to do could I conceal my plight from the spectators; that only by concealment could I protect the onlookers from panic and its consequence. So Joan I remained throughout, a possibility rendered the more easy from the nature of the scene. Joan was supposed to be laboring in frenzy at the beacon fire. My actions with my blazing garments suited well with her conduct. Excitement belonged to the situation. Mine, therefore, was seemingly as it should have been. I cried out the words that belonged to Joan, her utterances, repeating an exclamation now and again, interpolating a phrase, to cover the time I was consuming from the practiced progress of the scene.

MR. OTIS SKINNER

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Instinctively I knew I was deluding the audience, that they were wholly unsuspecting, therefore safe. And when at last I had freed my garments from fire I slipped quickly and without break into the work of the dramatist, and so played the part.

Besides myself only one person in that theatre knew that I was on fire. That other was Mr. Maurice Campbell, my manager. He was behind the scene under the platform on which I stood and saw the flames catch my clothing. In his fear for my safety he tried to reach me by climbing up the scenery to my rescue, but before he could gain the height I had quenched the flames. He was the first at my side when a moment later the act came to an end, and he discovered what up to that time I had been all unconscious of, that my hands and wrists were seriously burned.

The Player's Busiest Day

By David Warfield

EVERYBODY'S holiday is our working day. Outside of that I like Christmas. The saddest day of my life was my first Christmas away from home and my first on the stage

I adopted acting because I thought it looked easy, and leaving my home in San Francisco came to New York to look for an engagement. I got one to play a very small part and my first matinée was on a Christmas Day at Newark Coming out of the stage entrance after it was over I saw a ten-cent restaurant opposite, and there I celebrated Christmas. No sooner was I seated than in came another member of the company who had tried to enter unobserved. Presently, seeing evasion impossible, he greeted me with, "This is tough luck, isn't it?" I agreed that it was and ate on in silence, for I was not very happy. The thought of home ties would creep into my mind. What Christmas meant there I very well knew, and being a boy yet, somehow it choked me

One comfort I had, though it was a dubious one—I was sure of my dinner that day at least and a week hence I might get none. I was not at all sure that I should please. I had been with the company for two days and was pretty bad. But the end of the week found me secure in my place in the cast, and good luck from then on had a smile for me

MR. E. M. HOLLAND

A Time of Double Duty

By Otis Skinner

YEARS ago when I stepped over the edge of the parent nest and winged my downward flight, my untried wings landed me on the stage of a minor theatre in one of our large Eastern cities. I was of a tender age and family ties were not easily broken. In the bosom of my clerical home was cherished the idea that the theatre was a kind of pastime to be taken up or laid down at will by its followers. As a schoolboy I had always experienced Christmas as a holiday, and when, after my début, the tender invitation came from Massachusetts to "get off" and come home for Christmas dinner, I wept at the mockery. As Sunday is to the preacher so Christmas is to the actor—a time of double duty and increased labor. I always sympathize with the cab drivers and motormen and other public servants whose Christmas duties are rendered more onerous when the holidays come

I recall a Christmas some years ago in New York. I had played the matinée, and snatching a hasty meal I wandered down some of the side-streets, and soon found myself in the humbler part of town. Recent snowstorms had whitened the pavements and even then the gentle moulting of Master Villon's angels was powdering railings and doorsteps

Many windows were uncurtained and the faces of children with traces upon them of the day's gastronomic gratifications frequently peeped out at the falling flakes and the darkness. Christmas trees, glittering in their gewgaws, still held the presents which no doubt represented little sacrifices of the wages of father and mother. In one basement room the entire family sat about a tree, all happy, and all *asleep*, worn out with the day's joy Everywhere were traces of the day's significance—and I?

I looked at my watch: seven o'clock, and I was fully a mile from the theatre, where I must be "on at rise" for the evening performance.

Pshaw!" said I, "Christmas on the stage? There's no such thing!"

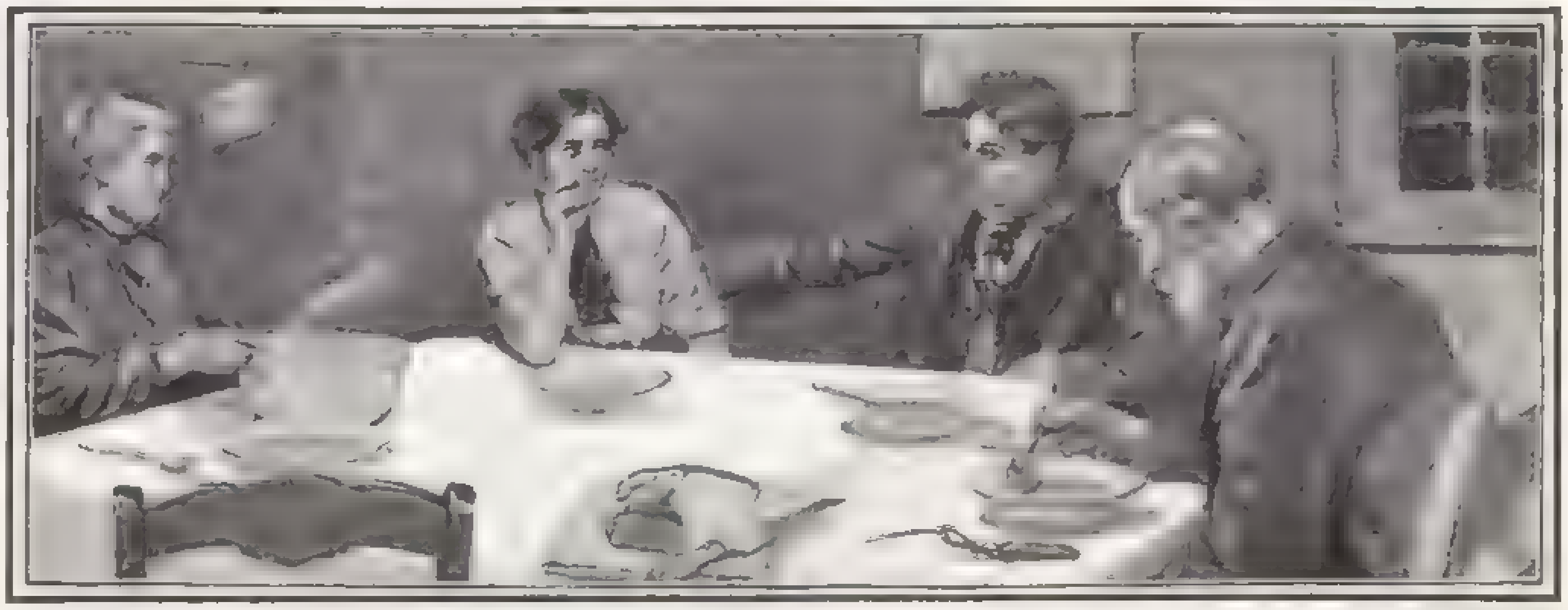
MR JAMES O'NEILL

The Dinner at Heart's Desire

By **Emerson Hough**

Author of The Mississippi Bubble

THIS BEING THE STORY OF CURLY, THE CAN OF OYSTERS, AND THE GIRL FROM KANSAS



AT THE RIGHT OF THE MAN FROM LEAVENWORTH SAT NONE LESS THAN CURLY

"IT LOOKS a long ways acrost from here to the States," said Curly, as we pulled up our horses at the top of the Capitan divide. We gazed out over a vast, rolling sea of red brown earth which stretched far beyond and below the nearer foothills, black with their growth of stunted pines. This was a favorite pausing place of all travelers between the county-seat and Heart's Desire; partly because it was a summit reached only after a long climb from either side of the divide; partly, perhaps, because it was a notable viewpoint in a land full of noble views. Again, it may have been a customary tarrying point because of some vague feeling shared by most travelers who crossed this trail, the same feeling which made Curly, hardened citizen as he was of the land west of the Pecos, turn a speculative eye eastward across the endless plains. We could not see even so far as the Pecos, though it seemed from our lofty situation that we looked quite to the ultimate, seeing the utter ends of all the earth

"Yours is up that-a-way;" Curly pointed to the northeast. "Mine was that-a-way." He shifted his leg in the saddle as he turned to the right and swept a comprehensive hand toward the south and east, meaning perhaps Texas, perhaps a series of wild frontiers west and north of the Lone Star State I noticed the nice distinction in Curly's tenses. He knew the man more recently arrived west of the Pecos, possibly still retaining backsliding tendencies. As for himself, Curly knew that he would never return to his wild East; yet it may have been that he had just a touch of the home feeling which is so hard to lose, even in a homeless country, a man's country pure and simple, as was surely this which now stretched wide about us. Somewhere off to the east, miles and miles beyond the red sea of sand and *grama* grass, lay Home

"And yet," said Curly, taking up in speech my unspoken thought, "you can't see even half way to Vegas up there." No. It was a long two hundred miles to Las Vegas, long indeed in a freighting wagon and long enough even in the saddle and upon as good a horse as each of us now bestrode I nodded. "And it's some more'n two whoops an' a holler to my ole place," said he. Curly remained indefinite; for, though presently he hummed something about the sun and its brightness in his old Kentucky home, he followed it soon thereafter with musical allusion to the Suwanee River. One might have guessed either Kentucky or Georgia in regard to Curly, even had one not suspected Texas from the look of his saddle cinches.

It was the day before Christmas. Yet there was little winter in this sweet, thin air up on the Capitan divide. Off to the left the Patos Mountains showed patches of snow, and the top of Carizo was yet whiter, and even a portion of the highest peak of the Capitans carried a blanket of white; but all the lower levels were red-brown, calm, completely unchanging, like the whole aspect of this far-away and finished country. It was a Christmas-tide different enough from that of the States toward which Curly pointed. We looked eastward, looked again, turned back for one last look before we tightened the cinches and started down the winding trail which led through the foothills, along the flank of the Patos Mountains, and so at last into the town of Heart's Desire.

"Lord," said Curly reminiscently, and quite without connection with any thought which had been uttered. "Say, it was fine, wasn't it, Christmas? We allus had firecrackers then. An' eat! Why, man!" This allusion to the firecrackers would have determined that Curly had come from the South, which alone has a midwinter Fourth of July, possibly because the populace is not content with only one annual smell of gunpowder. "We had trees where I came from," said I. "And eat! Yes, man!"

"Some different here now, ain't it?" said Curly grinning; and I grinned in reply with what fortitude I could muster Down in Heart's Desire there was a little, a very little cabin, with a bunk, a few blankets, a small table, and a box nailed against the wall for a cupboard. I knew what was in the box, and what was not in it, and I so advised my friend as we slipped down off the bald summit of the Capitans and rode into the shelter of the short, black piñons. Curly rode on for a little while before he made answer.

"Why," said he at length, "ain't you heard? You're in with our *rodeo* on Christmas dinner. Mackinney and Tom Osby and Dan Anderson, the other lawyer, and me, we're going to have Christmas dinner at Anderson's 'dobe in town to-morrer. You're in. You mayn't like it. Don't you mind The directions says to take it, and you take it. It's goin' to be one of the largest events ever knowed in the simple life o' this here community. Of course there's goin' to be some canned things, and some sardines, and some averidge liquids You guess whut besides that."

I told him I couldn't guess.

"Shore you couldn't," said Curly, dangling his bridle from the little finger of his left hand as he searched in his pocket for a match. He had rolled a cigarette with one hand, and now he called it a cigarrito. These facts alone would have convicted him of coming from somewhere near the Rio Grande.

"Shore you couldn't," repeated Curly, after he had his bit of brown paper going. "I reckon not in a hundred years. Champagne! Whole quart! Yes, sir. Cost eighteen dollars. Mac, he got it: Billy Hudgins had just this one bottle in the shop, left over from the time the surveyors come over here and we thought they was goin' to be a railroad, which they wasn't. But Lord! that ain't all. It ain't the beginnin'. You guess again. No, I reckon you couldn't," said he scornfully. "You couldn't in your whole life guess whut next. We got a cake!"

"Go on, Curly," said I scoffingly; for I knew that the possibilities of Heart's Desire did not in the least include anything resembling cake. Any of the boys could fry bacon or build a section of bread in a Dutch oven — they had to know how to do that, or starve. But as to cake, there was none could compass it. And I knew there was not a woman in all Heart's Desire.

Curly enjoyed his advantage for a few moments as we wound on down the trail among the piñons. "Heap o' things happened since you went down to 'tend co't," said he. "You evident didn't hear o' the new fam'ly moved in last week. Come from Kansas."

"Then there's a girl," said I; for I was far Westerner enough to know that all the girls ever seen west of the Pecos came from Kansas, the same as all the baled hay and all the fresh butter. Potatoes came from Iowa; but butter, hay and girls came from Kansas. I asked Curly if the head of the new family came from Leavenworth

"Course he did," said Curly. "And I'll bet a steer he'll be postmaster or somethin' in a few brief moments." This in reference to another well known fact in natural history as observed west of the Pecos; for it was matter of common knowledge among all Western men that the town of Leavenworth furnished early office-holders for every new community from the Missouri to the Pacific.

Curly continued: "This feller'll do well here, I reckon, but just now he's broke a-plenty. But whut was he goin' to do? His team breaks down and he can't get no further Looks like he'd just have to stop and be postmaster or somethin' for us here for a while. Can't be Justice of the Peace, another Kansas man's got that. As to them two girls — man! The camp's got on its best clothes right this instant, don't you neglect to think. Both good lookers. Youngest's a peach. I'm goin' to marry her." Curly turned aggressively in his saddle and looked me squarely in the eye, his hat pushed back from his tightly curling red hair.

"That's all right, Curly," said I mildly. "You have my consent. Have you asked the girl about it yet?"

"Ain't had time yet," said he. "But you watch me."

"What's the name of the family?" I asked as we rode along together.

"Blamed if I remember exactly," replied Curly, scratching his head, "but they're shore good folks. Old man's sort o' pious, I reckon. Anyhow, that's whut Tom Osby says. He driv along from Hoback's well with 'em on the road from Vegas. Said the old man helt services ev'ry mornin' before breakfast. More services'n breakfast, sometimes. Tom, he says old Whiskers — that's our next postmaster — he sings a-plenty, lifts up his voice exceedin'. Say," said Curly, turning on me again fiercely, "that's one reason I'd marry the girl, if for nuthin' else. It takes more'n a bass voice and a copy of the Holy Scripturs to make a Merry Christmas in the averidge home. Got to be somethin' substantial on top o' the Christmas table, else your feet get chilled when they go under it. Why, man, say, when I think o' what a time we all are going to have, you, and me, and Mac, and Tom Osby, and Dan Anderson, with all these things o' our'n, and all these here things on the side — champagne and all that — it looks like this world ain't run on the square, don't it?"

I assured Curly that this had long been one of my own conclusions. Assuredly I had not the bad manners to thank him for his invitation to join him in this banquet at Heart's Desire, knowing as I did Curly's acquaintance with the fact that young attorneys had not always abundance during their first year in a quasi-mining camp. I returned to the cake

"Where'd we git it?" said Curly. "Why, where'd you s'pose we got it? Do you think Dan Anderson has took to pastry along with the statoots made an' pervided? Does it look any like Mac has studied bak'ry doin's out on the Carizoso ranch? You know Tom Osby couldn't. And as for me, if hard luck has ever driv me to cookin' in the past, I ain't referrin' to it now. I'm a straight up cow-puncher and nothin' else. That cake? Why, it come from the Kansas outfit. Don't know which one of 'em did it, but it's a honey. Say, she's a foot high, with white stuff a inch thick all over. She's soft around the aidge some, for I stuck my finger intoe it, just a little. We just got it recent and we're night-herdin' it where it's cool. Cost a even ten dollars The old lady said she'd make the price all right, but Mac and me we sort of sized up things and allowed we'd drop about a ten in their recepticle when we come to pay for that cake. This fam'ly, you see, moved intoe the cabin Hank Fogarty and Jim Bond left when they went away — it's right across the 'royo from Dan Anderson's office, where we're goin' to eat to-morrer. Now, how that woman could make a cake like this here intoe one o' them narrer, upside-down Mexican ovens — no stove at all — no nothin' — say, that's some like adoptin' yourself to existin' conditions, ain't it? Why, man, I'd marry intoe that fam'ly if I didn't do nothin' else long as I lived. They ain't no Mexican money wrong side o' the river. No counterfeit there regardin' a happy home — cuttin' out the bass voice and givin' 'em a leetle better line o' grass and water, eh? Well, I reckon not. Watch me fly *to* it."

The idiom of Curly's speech was at times a trifle obscure to the uneducated ear. I gathered that he believed these newcomers to be of proper social rank, and that he was also of the opinion that a certain mending in their material matters might add to the happiness of the family.

"But say," began Curly again shortly, "I ain't told you half about our dinner."

"That is to say——" said I

"We're goin' to have oysters!" he replied

"Oh, Curly!" said I petulantly, "what's the use lying? I'll agree that you may perhaps marry the girl — I don't care anything about that. But as to oysters, you know there never was an oyster in Heart's Desire, and never will be, world without end"

"Huh!" said Curly. "Huh!" And presently: "Is that so?"

"You know it's so," said I.

"Is that so?" reiterated he once more. "Nice way to act, ain't it, when you're asked out to dinner in the best society of the place? Tell a feller he's shy on facts, when all he's handin' out is just the plain, unvarnished truth, for onct at least. We got oysters, four cans of 'em, and done had 'em for a month. There're up there." He jerked a thumb toward the top of old Carizo Mountain. I looked at the snow, and in a flash comprehended. There, indeed, was cold storage, the only cold storage possible in Heart's Desire.

"Tom Osby brought 'em down from Vegas the last time he come down," said Curly. "They're there, sir, four cans of 'em. You know where the Carizo spring is? Well, there's a snow-bank in that cañon, about two hundred yards off to the left of the spring. The oysters is in there. Keep? They *got* to keep! Them's the only oysters ever was knowed between the Pecos and the Rio Grande. Now I want to ask you, friend, if this ain't just a leetle the dashed blamedest, hottest Christmas dinner ever was pulled off in this here land o' the free?"

"Curly," said I, "you are a continuous surprise to me."

"The trouble with you is," said Curly, lighting another cigarette, "you look the wrong way from the top of the divide. Never mind about home an' mother. Them is States instituoshuns. The only feller any good here is the feller that comes to stay, and likes it. You like it?"

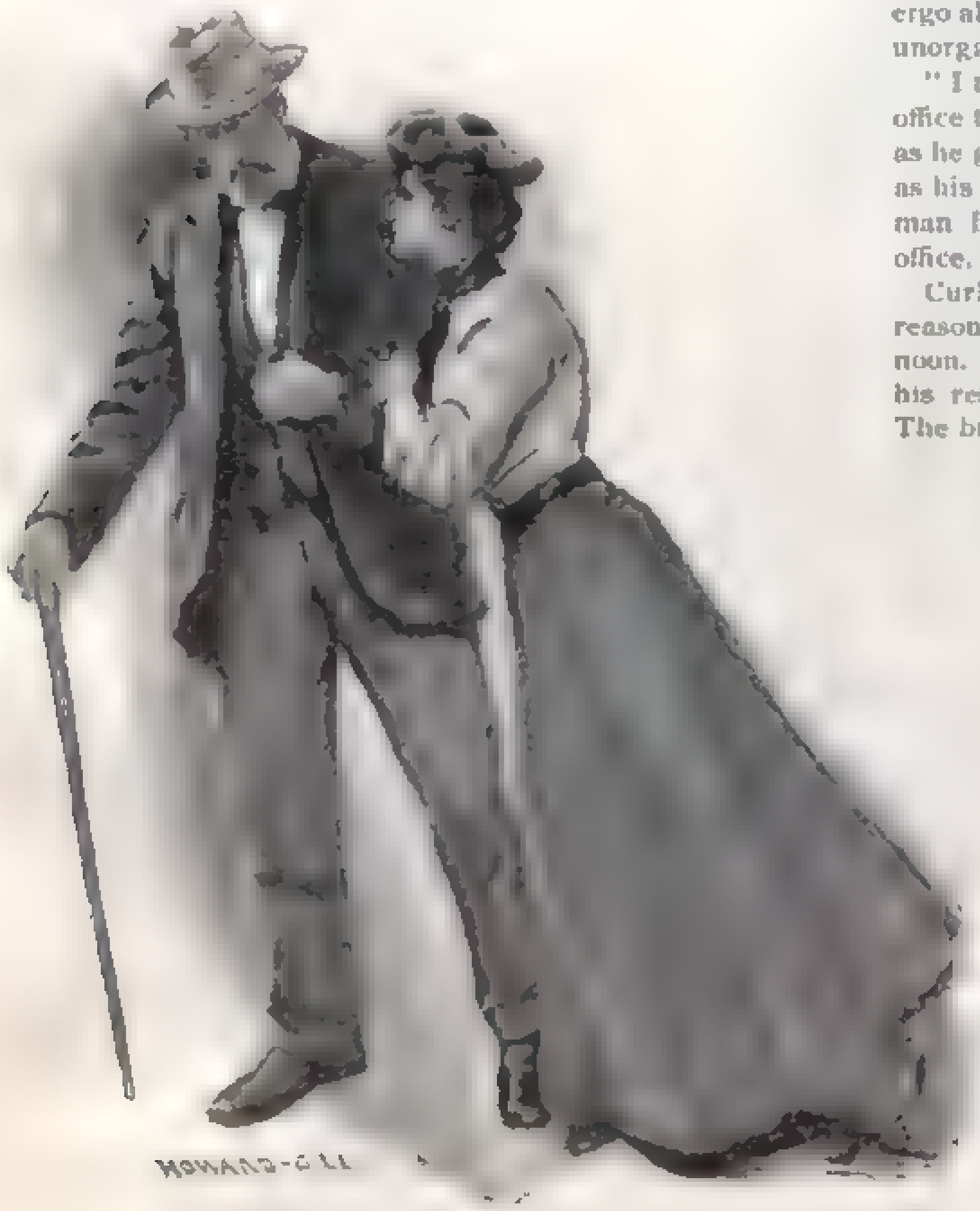
"Yes, Curly," I replied seriously, "I do like it, and I'm going to stay if I can."

"Well, you be mighty blamed careful, if that's the way you feel about it," said Curly. "I got my own eye on that girl from Kansas, an' I serve notice right here. No use for you or Mac or any o' you to be a-tryin' to cut out any stock for me. I seen it first."

We dropped down and ever down as we rode on along the winding mountain trail. The dark sides of the Patos Mountains edged around to the back of us, and the scarred flanks of big Carizo came further and further forward along our left cheeks as we rode on. Then the trail made a sharp bend to the left, zigzagged a bit to get through a series of broken ravines, and at last topped the low false divide which rose at the upper end of the Valley of Heart's Desire.

It was a lovely spot. I have seen none in all the West which has lingered more vividly in memory. To-day I can close my eyes and see the imperious sun rise in the Valley of Heart's Desire. I can see the royal purple of the sunset drawn across the shoulders of the unsmiling hills. In Heart's Desire it was so calm, so complete, so past and beyond all fret and worry and caring. Perhaps the man who named it did so in grim jest, as was the manner of the early bitter ones who swept across the Western lands. Perhaps again he named it at sunset, and did so reverently. God knows he named it right. It is there to-day, no doubt, calm, complete, unsmiling, grave, content, this same Valley of Heart's Desire. Some of the boys live there this very day. There is no rush nor hurry, no bickering nor envying, no crowding nor thieving there. Heart's Desire—it was well named, indeed!

The town all lay along one deliberate, crooked street, because the arroyo along which it straggled was crooked. Its buildings were mostly of adobe with earthen roofs, so low that when one saw a rainstorm coming in the rainy season (when it rained invariably once a day), he went forth with a shovel and shingled his roof anew, standing on the ground as he did so. There were a few cabins built of logs, but very few. Only one or two stores had the high board front common in Western villages. Lumber was very scarce and carpenters still scarcer. How the family from Kansas had happened to drift into Heart's Desire; how a man of Mackinney's intelligence had come to settle there; how Dan Anderson, a very good lawyer (he has twice been in Congress since then), happened to have tarried there; how indeed any of us happened to be there, are questions which may best be solved by those who have studied the West-bound. At any rate, here we were, and it was Christmas-time. The very next morning would be that of Christmas Day.



AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING THE MAN FROM LEAVENWORTH AND THE LITTLEST GIRL FROM KANSAS CAME OUT UPON THE STREET

There were no stockings hung up in Heart's Desire that Christmas Eve, for all the population was male and it was stern of habit. The great moon flooded the street with splendor. Afar there came voices of rioting. There were some adherents to the traditions of the South in regard to firecrackers at Yuletide, albeit the six-shooter furnished the only firecrackers obtainable. Yet upon that night the very shots seemed cheerful, not ominous, as was usually the case upon that long and crooked street, which had seen duels, arrests, affrays—even riots of mounted men in the days when the desperadoes of the range came riding into town now and again for love of danger, or for lack of aguardiente. It was so very white and solemn and content, this street of Heart's Desire on Christmas Eve. Far across the arroyo, as Curly had said, there gleamed red the double windows of the cabin which had been preempted by the man from Leavenworth. To-night the man from Leavenworth sat with bowed head and beard upon his bosom.

Christmas Day dawned, brilliant, glorious. There was not a Christmas tree in all Heart's Desire. There was not a child within a hundred miles who had ever seen a Christmas tree. There was not a woman in all Heart's Desire saving those three newcomers in the cabin across the arroyo. Yet these newcomers were acquainted with the etiquette of the land. There was occasion for public anouncement in such matters. At eleven o'clock in the morning the man from Leavenworth and the littlest girl from Kansas came out upon the street. They were ostensibly bound to get the mail, although there had been no mail stage for three days and could be none for four days more, even had the man from Leavenworth entertained the slightest thought of getting any mail at this purely accidental residence into which the fate of a tired team had thrown him. Yet there must be the proper notification that he and his family had concluded to abide in Heart's Desire; that he was now a citizen; that he was now entitled by the length of his beard to be called "'Squire," and to be accepted into all the councils of the town. This walk along the street was notice to the pure democracy of that land that all might now leave cards at the cabin across the arroyo. One need hardly doubt that the populace of Heart's Desire was lined up along the street to say good-morning and to receive befittingly this tacit pledge of its newest citizen. Moreover, as to the littlest girl, all Heart's Desire puffed out its chest. Once more, indeed, the camp was entitled to hold up its head. There were Women in the town! Ergo Home; ergo Civilization; ergo Society; and ergo all the rest. Heretofore Heart's Desire had been but an unorganized section of savagery.

"I reckon the old man is goin' to take a look at the post-office to see how he likes the place," said Curly reflectively as he gazed after the gentleman whom he had frankly elected as his father-in-law. "He'll get it, all right. Never saw a man from Leavenworth who wasn't a good shot at a post-office. But say, as to that littlest girl—Well, I wonder!"

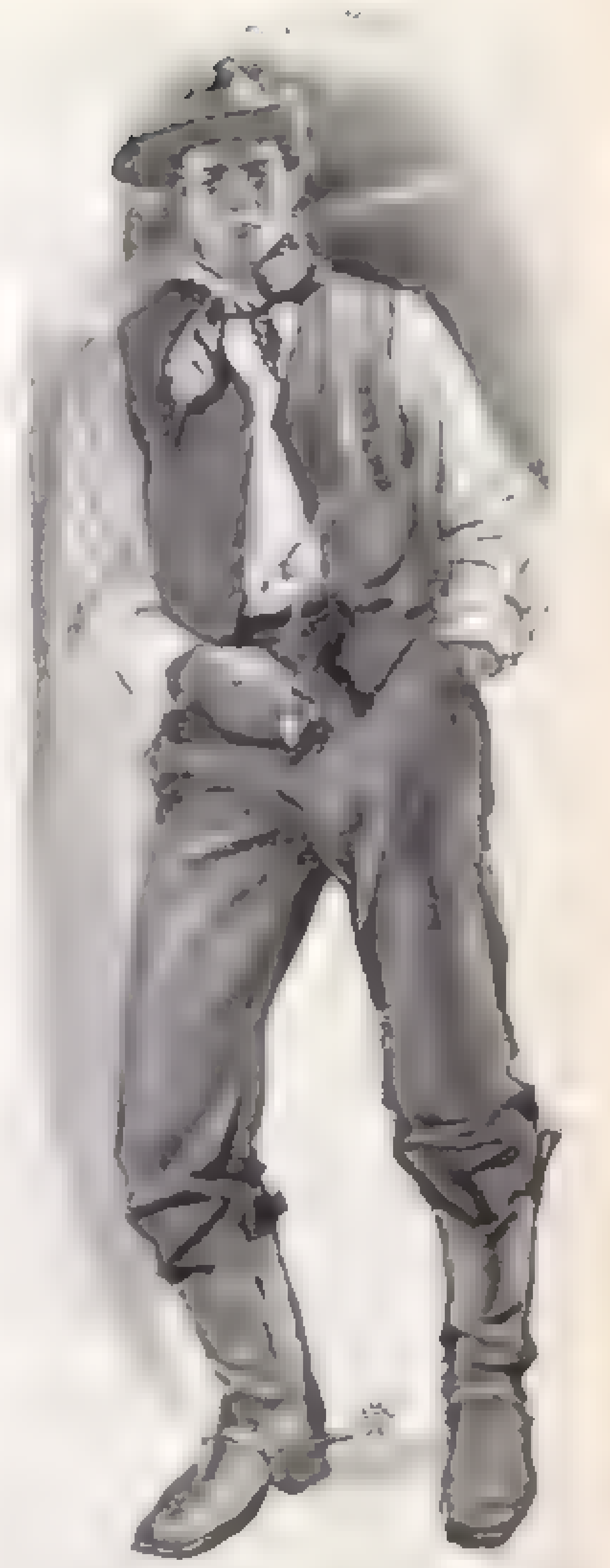
Curly was very restless until dinner-time, which, for one reason or another, was postponed until about four of the afternoon. We met at Dan Anderson's law office, which was also his residence, a room about a dozen feet by twenty in size. The bunks were cleaned up, the blankets put out of the way, and the centre of the room given to a table, small and home-made, but very full of good cheer for that time and place. At the fireplace, Mackinney, flushed and red, was broiling some really good loin steaks. Mackinney also allowed his imagination to soar to the height of biscuits. Coffee was there assuredly, as one might tell by the welcome odor now ascending. Upon the table there was something masked under an ancient copy of a newspaper. Outside of the door of the adobe, in the deepest shade obtainable, sat two soap boxes full of snow, or at least partly full, for Tom Osby had done his best. In one of these boxes appeared full proof of Curly's truthfulness—three cans of oysters, delicacies hitherto unheard of in that land! In the other box was an object almost as unfamiliar as an oyster can—an oblong, smooth and now partially frost-covered object with tinfoil about its upper end. A certain tense excitement obtained.

"I wonder if she'll get *frappé* enough," said Dan Anderson. He was a Princeton man once upon a time.

"It don't make no difference about the frappy part," said Curly, "just so she gits cold enough I reckon I savvy wine some. I never was up the trail, not none! No, I reckon not! Huh?"

We agreed on Curly's worthiness cheerfully; indeed, agreed cheerfully that all the world was a good place and all its inhabitants were everything that could be asked. Life was young and fresh and strong. The spell of Heart's Desire was upon us all that Christmas Day, long ago, in the West that was.

"Now," said Curly, dropping easily into the somewhat vague position of host, when Mackinney had finally placed his platter of screeching hot steaks upon the table—"Now then, grub pi-i-i-i-le!" He sang the summons loud and clear, as it sounded on many a frosty morning or sultry noon in many a corner of the range. "Set up, fellers," said Curly. "It's bridles off now, and cinches down, and the trusties next to the mirror." (By this speech Curly probably meant that the time was one of ease and safety, wherein one might place his six-shooter back of the bar, in sign that he was in search of no man, and that none was in search of him. It was not good form to eat in a private family in Heart's Desire with one's gun at his belt.)



"I RECKON THE OLD MAN IS GOIN' TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE POST-OFFICE TO SEE HOW HE LIKES THE PLACE"

We sat down, and Mackinney uncovered the cake which had been made by the wife of the man from Leavenworth. It appeared somewhat imposing. Curly wanted to cut into it at the first course, but Anderson rebelled and coaxed him off upon the subject of oysters. There was abundance for all. The cake itself would have weighed perhaps five or six pounds. There was a part of a can of oysters for each man, any quantity of wholesome steaks and coffee, with condensed milk if one cared for it, and at least enough champagne for any one who cared for precisely that sort of champagne. It was nightfall before we were willing to leave the little pine table. Meantime we had talked of many things, of the new strike on the Henry Clay, of the vein of coal lately found in the Patos, of Apache rumors below Tularosa, and other matters interesting to citizens of that land. Nor should it be denied that there was talk of the new inhabitants across the arroyo. The morning promenade of the man from Leavenworth had been productive of results—had "born fruit," as Anderson expressed it; which was a rather bad mixing of metaphors for a Princeton man.

After all, no man is better than the prettiest woman in his environment. As to these girls from Kansas, it is to be said that there had never been a real woman in Heart's Desire before that day. You, who have always lived where there is law, and society, and women, and home—you cannot know what it is to see all these things gradually or swiftly dawning upon your personal horizon. Yet this was the way of those days in Heart's Desire.

It was perhaps the moon, or perhaps youth, or perhaps this state of life to which I have referred. Assuredly the street was again flooded with a grand, white moonlight, bright almost as a Northern day, when we looked out of the little window.

Anderson was the first to speak, after a silence which had fallen amidst the dense tobacco smoke. "It cost us less than fifteen dollars a plate," said he. "I've paid more for worse—yes, a lot worse. But by the way, Mac, where's that other can of oysters? I thought you said there were four."

"That's what I said," broke in Tom Osby. "I done told Mac I ought to bring 'em all down, but he said only three."

"Well," said Mackinney, always a conservative and level-headed man, "I allowed that if they would keep a mouth they would keep a little longer. Now you all know there's going to be a stage in next week, and in all likelihood it'll bring the president of the Phillydelphia Gold Mills, who's been due here a couple of weeks. Now here we are, hollerin' all the time for Eastern capital. Whut's the right thing for us to do when we get any Eastern capital into our town? This here man comes from Phillydelphia, which I reckon is right near the place where oysters grows. Whut are you goin' to do? He's used to oysters; like enough eats 'em every day in the year, because he's shore rich. First thing he hollers for when he gets here is *oysters*. Looks like you all didn't have no public spirit. Are we goin' to give this here Eastern man the things he's used to, kind of gentle him along like, you know, and so get all the closter and easier to him; or are we goin' to throw him down cold, and leave him dissatisfied the first day he strikes our camp? It shore looks like to me there ain't but one way to answer that."

"And that there one answer," said Tom Osby, "is now a-reclinin' in the snow bank up on Carizy."

"I reckon that's so, all right, Mac," said Curly reflectively. "I could of et one more oyster or so, but I can quit if it's for the good of the country, you know."

"Well, I'm feeling just a little bit guilty as it is," said Anderson, who was in fairly good postprandial condition. "Here we are, eating like lords. Now who knows what that poor family from Kansas is having for Christmas dinner? Mac, I appoint you a committee of one to see how they are getting along. Pass the hat. Make it about ten for the cake. Come on, now, let's find out about these folks."

Curly was distinctly unhappy all the time Mackinney was away. It was half an hour before he came back, but the look on his face betrayed him. Anderson made him confess that he still had the ten dollars in his pocket, that he had been afraid to knock at the door, and that he had learned nothing whatever of the household from Kansas. Mac admitted that his nerve had failed him and that he dared not knock, but he said that he had summoned courage enough to look in at the window. The family had either finished its dinner long ago, had not yet eaten, or did not intend to eat at all. "The table looked some shy," declared Mac. Beyond this he was incoherent, distressed and plainly nerveless. Silence fell upon the entire group, and for some time each man in Dan Anderson's *salon* was wrapped in thought. Perhaps each one cast a furtive glance from the tail of his eye at his neighbors

"Well, I guess I'll be gittin' up to see about my wagon before long," said Tom Osby, rising and knocking his pipe upon his boot-heel. "I got a few cans of stuff up there in my load that I don't really need. In the mornin', you know —well, so-long, boys."

"I heard that Jim Peterson killed a deer the other day said Anderson. "I believe I'll just step over and see if I can't get a quarter of venison for these folks."

"Shore," said Mackinney. "I'll go along No I won't I'll just step across the street and have a look at a little stuff I brung up from the ranch yesterday."

"No Christmas!" said Curly, staring ahead of himself into the tobacco smoke, and indulging in a rare soliloquy "No Christmas dinner! And this here is in Amerikky!"

It is difficult to tell just how it occurred; but presently had any one of us turned to look about him he must have found himself alone. The moonlight streamed brilliantly over the long street of Heart's Desire. The scarred sides of old Carizo looked so close that one might almost touch them with his hand. . . . It was about three miles from the street up over the foothills, along the flat cañon which debouched below the spring where lay the snow-bank. There were different routes which one could take. . . . I knew the place very well from Curly's description, and found it easy to follow up the trickle of water which came down the cañon from the spring. Having found the spring it was easy to locate the spot in the snow-bank where the oysters had been *cached*. I was not conscious of tarrying upon the way, yet, even so, there had been feet more swift than mine. As I came up to the spring I heard voices and saw two forms sitting at the edge of the snow-bank

"Here's another one!" called out Anderson as I appeared, and forthwith they broke into peals of most unrighteous laughter. "You're a little slow. You're number three. Mac was first."

"I thought I heard an elk as I came up," said I as I sat down beside the others and tried to look unconcerned, although plainly somewhat out of breath.

"Elk!" snorted Mackinney as he arose and walked to the other edge of the snow bank. "Here's your elk tracks."

Mackinney was an old range rider, and he was right. Here was the track, plunging through the snow, and here was a deep hole where an elk, or something, had digged hurriedly, deeply, and, as it proved, effectively

"Elk!" said Mackinney again savagely. "D—— that cow-puncher! He took to his horse—course he did, and not one of us thought of ridin'. Who'd ever *think* a man could ride up here at all, let alone at night! Come on, fellers, we might as well go home."

"Well, I'm pleased to have met you, gentlemen," said Anderson, lighting a philosophic pipe, "and I don't mind walking back with you. It's a trifle lonesome in the hills after dark. Why didn't you tell me you were coming up?" He grinned with what seemed to us bad taste

When we got down across the foothills and into the broad white street of Heart's Desire, we espied, at a little distance, a dark figure slowly approaching. It proved to be Tom Osby, who later declared that he had found himself unable to sleep. He had things in his pockets. By common consent we now turned our footsteps across the arroyo, toward the cabin where dwelt the family from Kansas.

The house of the man from Leavenworth was lighted as though for some function. There were no curtains at the windows, and even had there been, the shock of this spectacle which went on before our eyes would have been sufficient to set aside all laws and conventions. With hands in pockets we stood and gazed blankly in at the open window. There was a sound of revelry by night. The little, narrow Mexican fireplace again held abundance of snapping, sparkling, crooked piñon wood. The table was spread. At its head sat the next postmaster, near him, a lately sorrowful but now smiling lady, his wife, the woman from Kansas. The oldest daughter was busy at the fire. At the right of the man from Leavenworth sat none less than Curly, the same whose cow-pony, with bridle thrown down over its head, now stood nodding in the bright flood of the moonlight of Heart's Desire. At the side of Curly was the littlest girl from Kansas, and she was looking into his eyes. It was thus that the social compact was set on in the valley of Heart's Desire!

A vast steaming fragrance arose from the bowl which stood at the head of the table. In the home of the girl from Kansas there was light, warmth, comfort, joy. It was Christmas, after all

"By ——!" said Tom Osby. "Them's our oysters!"

"And to think," said Dan Anderson softly, as we turned away—"we fried ours!"

THE WORSHIP OF THE BRAZEN CALF

By JAMES L. FORD

THE STORY OF MARY—HOW MRS. TAFFETA CONVERTED HER TO THE FAITH OF THE CALF WORSHIPERS

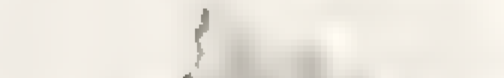
IDOLATRY always demands sacrificial offerings before the altar. This is as true of the Chinese in Pell Street as of the ancients who bowed down before false gods and worshiped graven images that they had fashioned for themselves with their own tools. So it happens that the idolaters who bow before the brazen calf bring burnt-offerings which they lay before its altar; and these offerings, like many Lenten sacrifices, consist chiefly of things for which they have no further use: such as self-respect, fidelity to American customs, ideas and traditions; personal independence—in short, whatever they regard as unfashionable. On this altar, too, are contemptuously cast the old-fashioned ties of kin, friendship and domesticity in the mad worship of what is at best but a false idea, fashioned in sounding brass and advertised far and wide by the tinkling cymbals with which the society reporter calls mankind to prayer.

As an example of the manner in which persons of good bringing up, mental and moral cleanliness, and decent American ideas are proselyted from the faith of their fathers and lured on, step by step, until they have laid at the cloven feet of this brazen monster every trait, every ideal, every standard of living that decent folk hold dear, let us consider a case that is by no means imaginary and is certainly not an uncommon one, of a young woman whom I will designate as Mary. I will not, for obvious reasons, mention her surname, which is an old and honored one in the thriving city of Ourtown, in which she and her husband were born and bred

Until her twenty-fifth year Mary has lived contentedly in the town of her birth, popular with friends and neighbors and adored by her husband, whose prosperous business enables him to gratify her in any reasonable desires. Like nearly every small American city—and unlike every small English one—Ourtown can boast of a well-bred, cultivated and agreeable social circle, and in this Mary and her husband occupy a deservedly high place. They belong to the Shakespeare Club that meets once a fortnight through the winter, the Boat Club, which is a moving spirit in affairs during the summer and gives a ball twice during the winter; the Dancing Class that meets every Friday night, and the Chafing-dish Club that has an informal meeting when neighbors drop in of an evening.

I am writing now of a time when "a mean admiration of mean things," as snobbery was once defined by a very great man, or the worship of the brazen calf, which is almost the same thing, had not spoiled what is perhaps the most agreeable as it is certainly the most distinctively American form of society that our country can boast.

From this elysium the husband, John, is called to Europe by some sudden business emergency, and, unable to take his wife with him, compromises the matter by leaving her for two months in a fashionable New York boarding-house. Here, under the usual conditions of idleness, acquaintances are easily made, and Mary soon finds herself on terms of pleasant intimacy with Mrs. Martha Taffeta, the relict of Joshua of that surname, and the recognised authority, so far as the boarding-house table is concerned, on all matters relating to fashion, society and the scandals of the town. It is quite true that Mrs. Taffeta's English is of a kind that would disgrace the least pretentious of Ourtown's social circles, and that her native vulgarity is revealed in her face and manner as well as in the style and substance of her conversation. When the older lady hints at visiting her young friend during the summer, Mary fairly shudders at the mere thought of introducing her to the little circle at home, and then hastily dismisses the subject from her mind



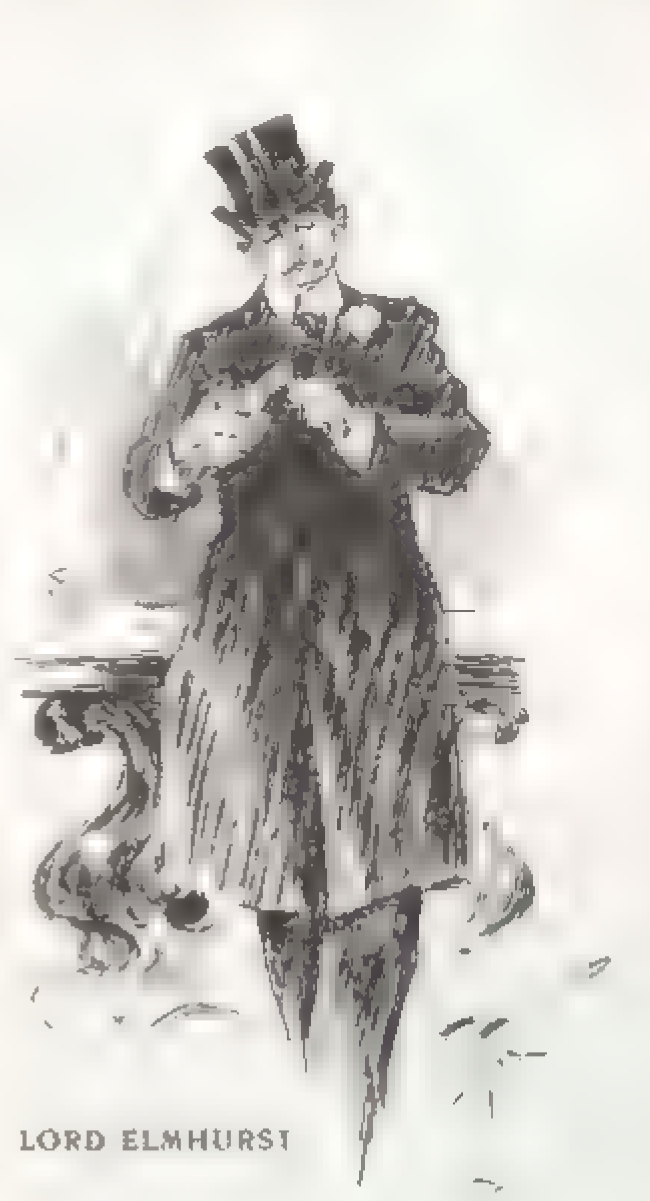
ADORED BY HER HUSBAND

Meanwhile she finds her a most fascinating companion, despite the vulgarity of her appearance and conversation. At the theatre she points out the men and women whose names figure in the society columns and relates choice bits of scandals concerning them. There is a world of sarcasm in her voice when she talks about the people who "go into society nowadays," and describes the poverty and obscurity of their earlier years. Her conversation is interlarded with references to the Nickel-Plush Hotel, the chief shrine of the brazen calf, and Mary at last ventures to invite her to luncheon there.

"It *would* be nice to take a snack there and have a look at the styles," says Mrs. Taffeta meditatively, adding with a note of anxious interrogation: "I hope you've brought your pocketbook along, for the way they charge there is something fierce. However, if you don't show up there now and then you're simply nobody in society."

And Mary, fearful of being classed as "nobody in society," says hastily, "Oh I don't mind the cost," and follows meekly behind Mrs. Taffeta as she waddles along the corridor and into the restaurant, where she picks out a table directly opposite the door.

"Now, my dear," says Mrs. Taffeta, as she adjusts her eye-glass, "let us see who is here to-day. Mrs. de Slycer, of course; I might have told you as much. You don't see little Tommy Teecart anywhere, do you? Well, if you don't see him now you will before long, for she's had him tied to her apron-strings ever since she came back from North Dakota. As I'm alive, there's Mrs. Jack Snappleton lunching with Billy Earwig, and she's got that same bonnet on she wore at the Highflier wedding last fall. You needn't tell me her husband doesn't know what she's up to while he's downtown I heard only the other day he'd have been bankrupt long ago if it hadn't been for the money he's borrowed from Earwig Mercy on us, there's Mrs. Tom Tittlebat, coming right this way, and how old she does look and how gray. She's ten years older than she was when her daughter was married six months ago. That's her in the gray dress And Mary looks up to see Mrs. Tittlebat coming straight toward them


LORD ELMHURST

Of course she'll stop and speak to her friend, Mrs Taffeta. Oh, if only some of the neighbors from home could be here to see that famous woman of fashion stopping for an amiable bit of chat with Mrs. Taffeta, who will, of course, introduce her Somehow, she never has introduced any of her swell friends, but this time she won't be able to get out of it. She lays down her knife and fork, nervously wipes her lips and tries to catch a glimpse of her face in the great mirror across the room Mrs. Tittlebat is close upon them, but there is no smile of recognition on her face as she glances carelessly down at Mrs. Taffeta, who is making a mental inventory of her clothes In another moment she has passed their table and seated herself near the window

"Why didn't you ask her to sit down with us? I'd give anything to hear her talk, no matter if the lunch did cost more," says the young wife in a tone of remonstrance

Mrs. Taffeta looks down upon her in pity at her ignorance. "Ask her to sit down? You can't treat them Four Hundred folks like that, my dear. They won't have it. Why, if you was to so much as speak to one of them in a place like this, she'd like as not walk right out of the room without answering."

"Yes, but I don't know her and you do," persists Mary "If you know her well enough to be at her daughter's wedding, you ought not to be afraid to speak to her here."

For a moment Mrs. Taffeta looks wonderingly at her companion as if she does not quite know how much or how little she comprehends. "It won't do," she says at last, and devotes herself again to her luncheon. The nonchalance with which Mrs Taffeta gazes upon the other diners, criticises the food, bullies the waiter, and finally permits a look of deep abstraction to settle on her face while poor little simple Mary pays the check of eight dollars, is in itself an example of what long-range study of society will do for a woman in a few years

"Take the bill of fare as a souvenir," she whispers as they rise to go, and Mary hastily smuggles one under her cloak and goes out feeling as if the eyes of every waiter in the room were upon her.

The Raid on the Gold-Stamped Stationery

"Come in here a moment till I write a letter," says the old lady as she leads the way into a smaller room fitted up with writing tables and stationery. Here she writes three or four short notes and asks Mary rather querulously if she cannot think of any one she would like to write to. Then they go out on the Avenue and walk slowly uptown, Mrs. Taffeta noting and commenting on the occupants of passing carriages in her usual vein of sarcasm

"I declare, it's enough to make my mother turn in her grave to see the airs some folks puts on; and me, her own daughter, walking here in the dust that their horses kick up I can tell you I've seen the day when that Mrs. Highflier we seen in the restaurant wa'n't cuttin' up no such didoes as she does now. Things is come to a pretty pass when old Jake Highflier's granddaughter turns up her nose at me whose father could have bought and sold her family out a dozen times over and never known it Jake Highflier! Time was when he was glad to half-sole a pair of shoes for my grand mother—there was a stylish lady for you, my dear! Straight as an arrow, hair white as snow, four offers of marriage after she was sixty—and if he didn't fetch 'em home on time she was into his wool quicker'n scat; but, Lord bless you, there's lots on 'em ain't no better'n her. I'm goin' to take you with me to the Van Dorst wedding next week—a pretty girl that Kitty Van Dorst, and a big thing it is for her to be Lady Elmhurst—and then I'll show you some folks that's what I call gilt edged [illegible]

And that night Mary goes to bed with her head buzzing with dreams of this wonderful society of which she is beginning to catch a few glimpses. And to think that Mrs. Taffeta is actually going to take her to this wedding that has been a subject of discussion at the boarding-house table ever since she ate her first meal there. She must have new clothes, of course. John won't mind, and even if he does grumble at her bills it's his own fault for going to Europe without her Besides, what right has he to expect her to spend her whole life in Ourtown? How shabby and old-fashioned her great wide parlors seem to her now as she contrasts them in her mind with the tawdry decorations of the Nickel-Plush! How could she have ever cared for the simple social customs of home, the midday dinner on Sunday, the meetings of the Shakespeare Club, the Yacht Club ball and the neighborly evening calls? If she ever makes Ourtown her permanent home again—and she won't if she can help it—she will introduce some of the customs of that imposing social body at which she has been permitted to peep. She falls asleep while her mind is still busy with a project to have John's outgrown dress suit altered over for the gardener's oldest boy to answer the bell in

The church ceremony which is to transform Lord Elmhurst into a millionaire and Kitty Van Dorst into Lady Elmhurst is set for what the society reporters call "high noon," but long before twelve o'clock every boarding house in Greater New York has disgorged its quota of excited women to swell the throng which is gathering from every quarter of the compass. The morning trains from the New Jersey suburbs, the Staten Island boats, the cars on the Brooklyn bridge and the surface and elevated roads leading from the Bronx are all crowded to an unheard-of degree, for this is the best-advertised wedding that New York has ever known, and every woman with the slightest pretension to a knowledge of society feels that she must at least catch a glimpse of the guests as they arrive.

It is almost twelve o'clock now and the police sergeant has just made his fifth attempt to dislodge Mrs. Taffeta from the iron railing to which her knuckles have been clinging for nearly three hours, ever since she planted herself across the street directly opposite the church door.

"I know my rights and I'm going to have 'em," she says boldly in response to the sergeant's appeal. "This lady and me got this place early in the morning and we're goin' to see the bride if we die for it. Don't you budge an inch, Mary, for all his Irish talk;" which is Mrs. Taffeta's English for "*j'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Poor Mary, with her new finery torn and crumpled by the mob, has only now comprehended the fact that they are not even to enter the church, but must content themselves with what they can see from the sidewalk. Never before has she gone out into the street to watch the arrival of a wedding party. For the first time in her life a policeman has asked her to move on. However, it is better to stand afar off and gaze upon the members of the Four Hundred than to be first in the provincial society of Ourtown. Nevertheless, she confesses to herself that she would die with mortification if any of her old friends or neighbors were to see her here clinging to the iron railing and huddling safely under the wing of this black-satin-gowned oracle of society

It is true that from their place over the way they can see nothing but the feet and hats of the guests as they descend from their carriages, but Mrs Taffeta, who has not missed a fashionable function of this kind in ten years, knows every heel and feather in New York society, and identifies each arrival with marvelous accuracy. Her own appearance is that of a woman who has been engaged in personal combat, as Mary realizes with a keen sense of mortification. Three of the buttons of the black satin waist into which she wedged herself for the occasion have broken from their moorings, her bonnet has been twisted awry, and a long, straggly lock of gray hair partly obscures her vision. Clinging with gloved tentacles to the iron rail, heedless of the mob of frenzied women who surge around her, she is indeed a heroic if disheveled figure, and one well deserving of immortality in bronze or canvas

At the boarding house table Mrs Taffeta is always an imposing presence Preserving a significant silence—as that of one who could talk if she cared to—when the conversation touches upon art, literature or science, but dominating the whole room when society, fashion or the personal traits of men and women of social prominence are under discussion, this determined woman has long since won recognition as a really learned authority on those polite topics—the only ones, by the way, in which she deigns to display any interest

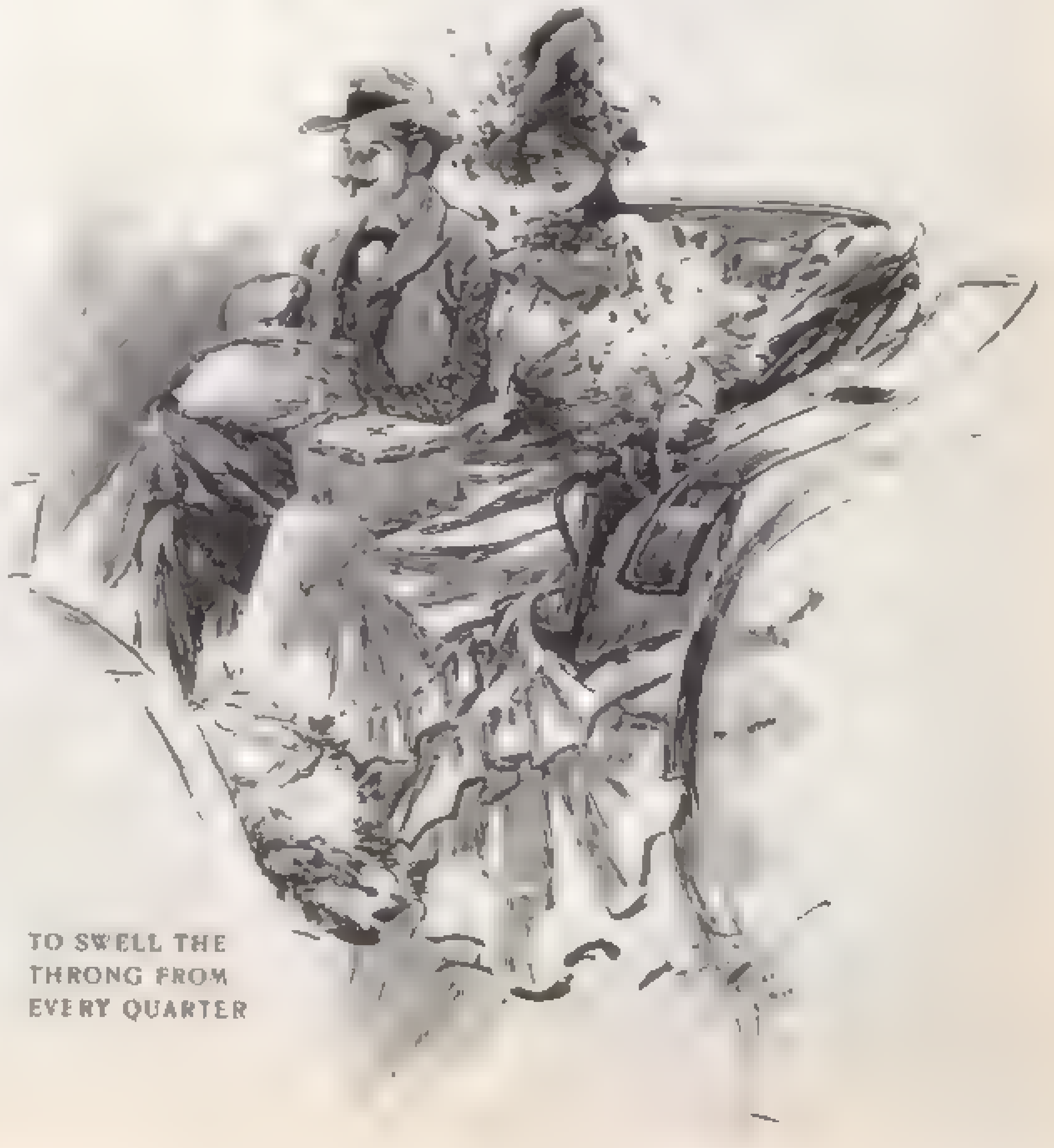
There are times when she will eat her dinner without uttering a word, but to-night, fresh from the Elmhurst-Van Dorst wedding and with the dust of battle still on her hair and clothes, she is absolute mistress of the conversational arena The other boarders hold their breath as they listen, round-eyed, to her description of the clothes worn by each and every guest, of the equipages in which they came, the appearance of the bride and groom, the gifts of Lord Elmhurst to the bridesmaids—in brief, not a detail of the whole stupendous affair has escaped her notice. Mary, who has not seen anything except the necks of the women in front of her, listens spellbound to this wonderful woman's recital and envies her her extraordinary capacity for seeing and remembering The funny boarder makes one or two passes about having been there himself, but fails to win even the faintest smile, the Socialist boarder attempts to stem the tide of credulous interest by computing the number of poor people who might have been fed and clothed with the money spent on the ceremony and wedding feast, but no one pays any heed to him Eyes have they to-night at this boarding house table, but they are all fixed upon this black-satin-gowned high priestess of the brazen calf; ears have they, too, but they hear nothing save her impressive words. All unconsciously they are following her as she celebrates the solemn rites of her faith, bowing with her as she makes her genuflexions before the graven image of base metal which they are fast learning to adore, listening reverently as she recites the list of those present which the press will give the next morning to a waiting world, and wishing that they, too, were worthy to take even the humblest degree in the sacred Order of well advertised society.

A Pleasant Surprise for Mary's Husband

In due course of time John returns from abroad and is puzzled and pained at the change that he finds in his wife—a change which he is unable either to define or account for. During the few weeks that he has been away she has lost all her interest in the people and affairs of Ourtown, and instead of showing an anxiety to return home at once she pleads for a longer stay in New York. She is just beginning to understand the city now, she tells him, and she wonders how she could have been contented to live anywhere else. Next winter they must spend at least three months there. Ourtown is well enough, but there is no really brilliant society there, no one worth looking at or talking about. Why, in the Nickel-Plush restaurant the other day, Mrs. Taffeta pointed out no less than ten well-known people who were lunching there at the same time. She wishes she could lunch there every day. It will seem awfully dull at home after all she has been enjoying in New York

Poor John finds himself utterly unable to share her enthusiasm for the Nickel-Plush, and as for Mrs. Taffeta, he pronounces her an "old hag" on sight and bluntly wonders

(Concluded on Page 25)


TO SWELL THE THRONG FROM EVERY QUARTER

THE PIT

By Frank Norris

AUTHOR OF THE OCTOPUS

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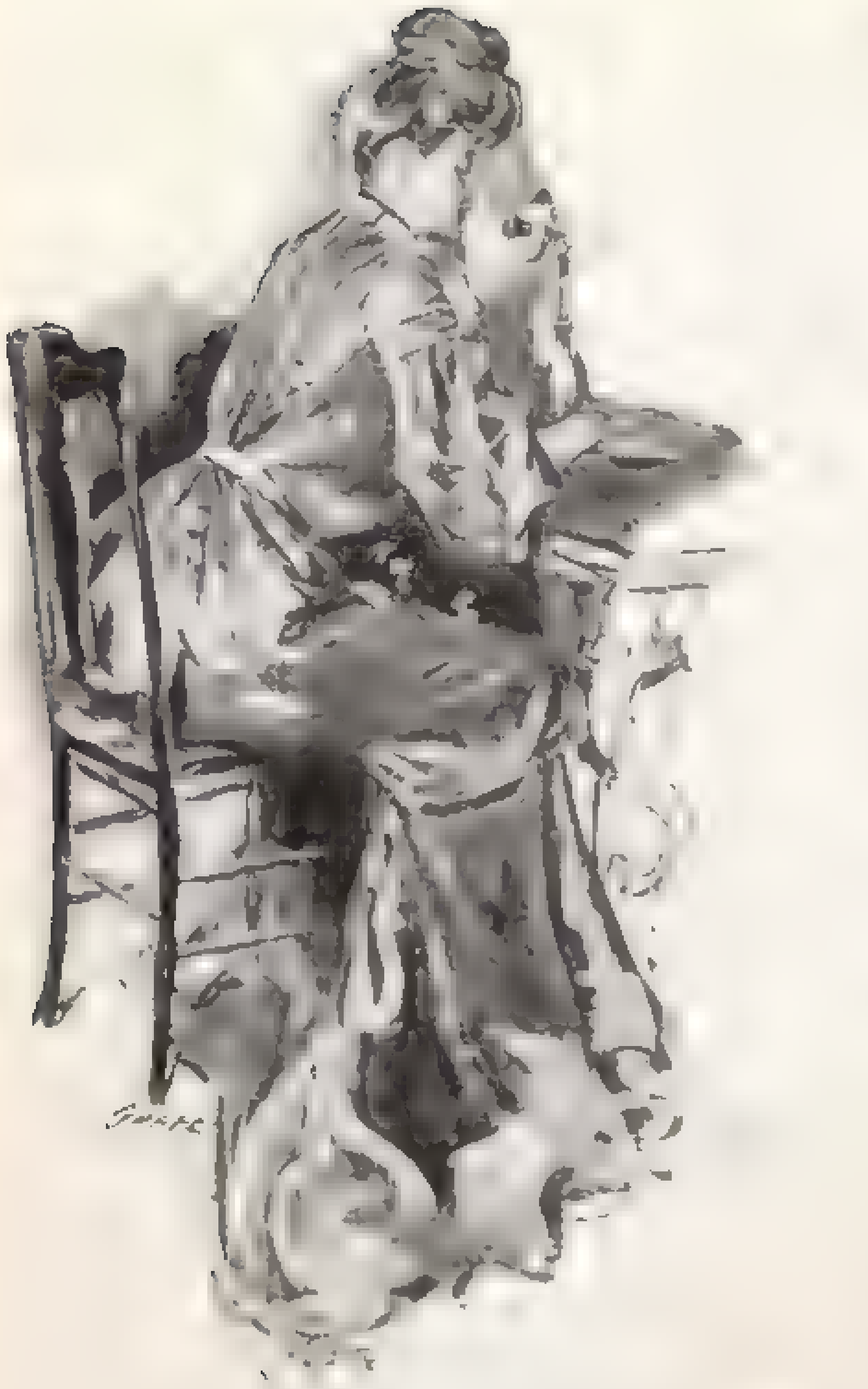


"OH, NOT COMING HOME AT ALL TO-NIGHT?"

CHAPTER XII

ON THAT particular morning in April the trading around the Wheat Pit on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade began practically a full five minutes ahead of the stroke of the gong; and the throng of brokers and clerks that surged in and about the Pit itself was so great that it overflowed and spread out over the floor between the wheat and corn pits, ousting the traders in oats from their traditional ground. The market had closed the day before with May wheat at ninety-eight and five-eighths, and the Bulls had prophesied and promised that the magic legend, "Dollar Wheat," would be on the Western Union wires before another twenty-four hours

The indications pointed to a lively morning's work. Never for an instant during the past six weeks had the trading sagged or languished. The air of the Pit was surcharged with a veritable electricity; it had the effervescence of champagne, or of mountain-top at sunrise. It was buoyant, thrilling

The "Unknown Bull" was to all appearance still in control; the whole market hung upon his horns; and from time to time one felt the sudden upward thrust, powerful, tremendous, as he flung the wheat up another notch. The "tailers"—the little Bulls—were radiant. In the dark, they hung hard by their unseen and mysterious friend who daily, weekly, was making them richer. The Bears were scarcely visible. The Great Bull in a single superb rush had driven them nearly out of the Pit. Growling, grumbling, they had retreated, and only at distance dared so much as to bare a claw. Just the formidable lowering of the Great Bull's frontlet sufficed, so it seemed, to check their every move of aggression or resistance. And all the while, Liverpool, Paris, Odessa and Budapest clamored ever louder and louder for the grain that meant food to the crowded streets and barren farms of Europe.

A few moments before the opening Charles Cressler was in the public room, in the southeast corner of the building, where smoking was allowed, finishing his morning's cigar. But as he heard the distant striking of the gong and the roar of the Pit as it began to get under way, with a prolonged rumbling trepidation like the advancing of a great flood, he threw his cigar away and stepped out from the public room to the main floor, going on toward the front windows. At the sample tables he filled his pockets with wheat, and once at the windows raised the sash and spread the pigeons' breakfast on the granite ledge.

While he was watching the confused fluttering of flashing wings that on the instant filled the air in front of the window, he was all at once surprised to hear a voice at his elbow, wishing him good-morning

"Seem to know you, don't they?"

Cressler turned about.

"Oh," he said. "Hullo, hullo—yes, they know me all right. Especially that red and white hen. She's got a lame wing since yesterday, and if I don't watch the others would drive her off. The pouter brute yonder, for instance. He's a regular pirate. Wants all the wheat himself. Don't ever seem to get enough."

"Well," observed the newcomer laconically, "there are others."

The man who spoke was about forty years of age. His name was Calvin Hardy Crookes. He was very small and very slim. His hair was yet dark, and his face—smooth-shaven and triangulated in shape, like a cat's—was dark as well. The eyebrows were thin and black, and the lips, too, were thin and were puckered a little, like the mouth of a tight-shut sack. The face was secretive, impassive and cold.

The man himself was dressed like a dandy. His coat and trousers were of the very newest fashion. He wore a white waistcoat, drab gaiters, a gold watch and chain, a jeweled scarf pin and a seal ring. From the top pocket of his coat protruded the finger-tips of a pair of unworn red gloves

"Yes," continued Crookes, unfolding a brand-new pocket handkerchief as he spoke. "There are others—who never know when they've got enough wheat"

"Oh, you mean the 'Unknown Bull.'"

"I mean the unknown —— fool," returned Crookes placidly.

There was not a trace of the snob about Charles Cressler. No one could be more democratic. But at the same time as this interview proceeded he could not fight down nor altogether ignore a certain qualm of gratified vanity. Had the matter risen to the realm of his consciousness he would have hated himself for this. But it went no further than a vaguely-felt increase of self-esteem. He seemed to feel more important in his own eyes; he would have liked to have his friends see him just now talking with this man. "Crookes was saying to-day"—he would observe when next he met an acquaintance. For C. H. Crookes was conceded to be the "biggest man" in La Salle Street. Not even the growing importance of the new and mysterious Bull could quite make the market forget the Great Bear. Inactive during all this trampling and goring in the Pit, there were yet those who, even as they strove against the Bull, cast uneasy glances over their shoulders, wondering why the Bear did not come to the help of his own

"Well, yes," admitted Cressler, combing his short beard—"yes, he is a fool."

The contrast between the two men was extreme. Each was precisely what the other was not. The one, long, angular, loose-jointed; the other, tight, trig, small and compact The one osseous, the other sleek; the one stoop-shouldered, the other erect as a corporal of infantry.

But as Cressler was about to continue Crookes put his chin in the air

"Hark!" he said. "What's that?"

For from the direction of the Wheat Pit had come a sudden and vehement renewal of tumult. The traders as one man were roaring in chorus. There were cheers; hats went up into the air. On the floor by the lowest step two brokers, their hands trumpet-wise to their mouths, shouted at top voice to certain friends at a distance, while above them, on the topmost step of the Pit, a half-dozen others, their arms at fullest stretch, threw the hand-signals that interpreted the fluctuations in the price to their associates in the various parts of the building. Again and again the cheers rose, violent hip hip-hurrahs and tigers, while from all corners and parts of the floor men and boys came scurrying up. Visitors in the gallery leaned eagerly upon the railing. Over in the provision pit trading ceased for the moment, and all heads were turned toward the commotion of the wheat traders.

"Ah," commented Crookes, "they did get it there at last."

For the hand on the dial had suddenly jumped another degree, and not a messenger boy, not a porter, not a janitor, none whose work or life brought him in touch with the Board of Trade that did not feel the thrill. The news flashed out to the world on a hundred telegraph wires; it was called to a hundred offices across the telephone lines. From every doorway, even, as it seemed, from every window of the building, spreading thence all over the city, the State, the Northwest, the entire nation, sped the magic words, "Dollar Wheat."

Crookes turned to Cressler.

"Can you lunch with me to-day—at Kinsley's? I'd like to have a talk with you."

And as soon as Cressler had accepted the invitation Crookes, with a succinct nod, turned upon his heel and walked away

At Kinsley's that day, in a private room on the second floor, Cressler met not only Crookes, but his associate Sweeny, and another gentleman by the name of Freye, the latter one of his oldest and best-liked friends.

Sweeny was an Irishman, florid, flamboyant, talkative, who spoke with a faint brogue, and who tagged every observation, argument or remark with the phrase, "Do you understand me, gen'lemen?" Freye, a German-American, was a quiet fellow, very handsome, with black side-whiskers and a humorous, twinkling eye. The three were members of the Board of Trade, and were always associated with the Bear forces. Indeed, they could be said to be its leaders. Between them, as Cressler afterward was accustomed to say, "they could have bought pretty much all of the West Side"

And during the course of the luncheon these three, with a simplicity and a directness that for the moment left Cressler breathless, announced that they were preparing to drive the Unknown Bull out of the Pit, and asked him to become one of the clique

Crookes, whom Cressler intuitively singled out as the leader, did not so much as open his mouth till Sweeny had talked himself breathless, and all the preliminaries were out of the way. Then he remarked, his eye as lifeless as the eye of a fish, his voice as expressionless as the voice of Fate itself

"I don't know who the big Bull is, and I don't care a curse. But he don't suit my book. I want him out of the market. We've let him have his way now for three or four months We figured we'd let him run to the dollar mark. The May option closed this morning at a dollar and an eighth. . . Now we take hold."

"But," Cressler hastened to object, "you forget—I'm not a speculator."

Freye smiled, and tapped his friend on the arm

"I guess, Charlie," he said, "that there won't be much speculating about this."

"Why, gen'lemen," cried Sweeny, brandishing a fork, "we're going to sell him right out o' the maarket. Simply flood out the son-of-a-gun—you understand me, gen'lemen?"

Cressler shook his head.

"No," he answered—"No, you must count me out. I quit speculating years ago. And, besides, to sell short on this kind of market—I don't need to tell you what you risk."

"Risk hell!" muttered Crookes

"Well, now, I'll explain to you, Charlie," began Freye.

The other two withdrew a little from the conversation. Crookes, as ever monosyllabic, took himself off in a little while, and Sweeny, his chair tipped back against the wall, his hands clasped behind his head, listened to Freye explaining to Cressler the plans of the proposed clique and the lines of their attack

He talked for nearly an hour and a half, at the end of which time the lunch table was one litter of papers—letters, contracts, warehouse receipts, tabulated statistics, and the like.

"Well," said Freye, at length—"Well, Charlie, do you see the game? What do you think of it?"

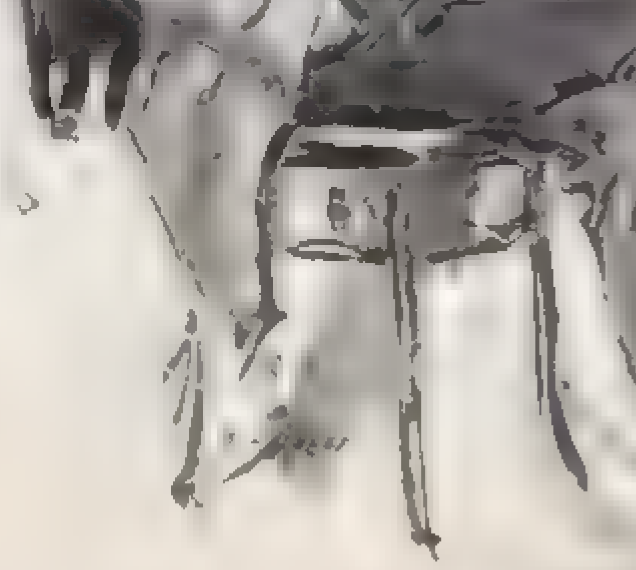
"It's about as ingenious a scheme as I ever heard of, Billy," answered Cressler. "You can't lose with Crookes back of it."

"Well, then, we can count you in, hey?"

"Count nothing," declared Cressler stoutly "I don't speculate."

"But have you thought of this?" urged Freye, and went over the entire proposition from a fresh point of view, winding up with the exclamation: "Why, Charlie, we're going to make our everlasting fortunes."

"I don't want any everlasting fortune, Billy Freye," protested Cressler. "Look here, Billy You must remember I'm a pretty old cock You boys are all youngsters. I've got a little money left and a little business, and I want to grow old quiet-like. I had my fling, you know, when you boys were in knickerbockers. Now you let me keep out of all this. You get some one else."



CALVIN HARDY CROOKES

"No, we'll be jiggered if we do," exclaimed Sweeny. "Say, are ye scared we can't buy that trade journal? Why, we have it in our pocket, so we have. D'ye think Crookes, now, couldn't make Bear sentiment with the public with just the lift o' one forefinger? Why, he owns most of the commercial columns of the dailies already. D'ye think he couldn't swamp that maarket with sellin' orders in the shorter end o' two days? D'ye think we won't all hold together, now? Is that the bug in the butter? Sure, now, listen. Let me tell you——"

"You can't tell me anything about this scheme that you've not told me before," declared Cressler. "You'll win, of course. Crookes & Co. are like Rothschild—earthquakes couldn't budge 'em. But I promised myself years ago to keep out of the speculative market, and I mean to stick by it."

"Oh, get on with you, Charlie," said Freye good-humoredly; "you're scared."

"Of what?" asked Cressler; "speculating? You bet I am, and when you're as old as I am, and have been through three panics, and have known what it meant to have a corner bust under you, you'll be scared of speculating, too."

"But suppose we can prove to you," said Sweeny, all at once, "that we're not speculating—that the other fellow, this fool Bull, is doing the speculating?"

"I'll go into anything in the way of legitimate trading," answered Cressler, getting up from the table. "You convince me that your clique is not a speculative clique and I'll come in. But I don't see how your deal can be anything else."

"Will you meet us here to-morrow?" asked Sweeny, as they got into their overcoats.

"It won't do you any good," persisted Cressler.

"Well, will you meet us just the same?" the other insisted. And in the end Cressler accepted.

On the steps of the restaurant they parted, and the two leaders watched Cressler's broad, stooped shoulders disappear down the street.

"He's as good as in already," Sweeny declared. "I'll fix him to-morrow. Once a speculator, always a speculator. He was the cock of the cowyard in his day, and the thing is in the blood. He gave himself clean, clean away when he let out he was afraid o' speculating. You can't be afraid of anything that ain't got a hold on you. Y' understand me, now?"

"Well," observed Freye, "we've got to get him in."

"Talk to me about that now," Sweeny answered. "I'm new to some parts o' this scheme o' yours yet. Why is Crookes so keen on having him in? We could get along without him. He ain't so almighty rich, y' know."

"No, but he's a solid, conservative cash-grain man," answered Freye, "who hasn't been associated with speculating for years. Crookes has got to have that element in the clique before we can approach Stires & Co. We may have to get a pile of money from them, and they're apt to be scary and cautious. Cressler being in, do you see, gives the clique a substantial, conservative character. You let Crookes manage it. He knows his business."

"Say," exclaimed Sweeny, an idea occurring to him, "I thought Crookes was going to put us wise to-day. He must know by now who the Big Bull is."

"No doubt he does know," answered the other. "He'll tell us when he's ready. But I think I could copper the individual. There was a great big jag of wheat sold to Liverpool a little while ago through Gretry, Converse & Co., who've been acting for Curtis Jadwin for a good many years."

"Jadwin, hey? Hi! we're after big game, I'm thinking."

"But look here," warned Freye. "Here's a point Cressler is not to know by the longest kind of chalk; anyhow, not until he's so far in he can't pull out. He and Jadwin are good friends, I'm told. Hello, it's raining a little. Well, I've got to be moving. See you at lunch to-morrow."

As Cressler turned into La Salle Street the light sprinkle of rain suddenly swelled to a deluge, and he had barely time to dodge into the portico of the Illinois Trust to escape a drenching. All the passers-by close at hand were making for the same shelter, and among these Cressler was surprised to see Curtis Jadwin, who came running up the narrow lane from the café entrance of the Grand Pacific Hotel.

"Hello! Hello, J.," he cried, when his friend came panting up the steps. "As the whale said to Jonah, 'Come in out of the wet.'"

The two friends stood a moment under the portico, their coat collars turned up, watching the scurrying in the street.

"Well," said Cressler at last, "I see we got 'dollar wheat' this morning."

"Yes," answered Jadwin, nodding, "'dollar wheat.'"

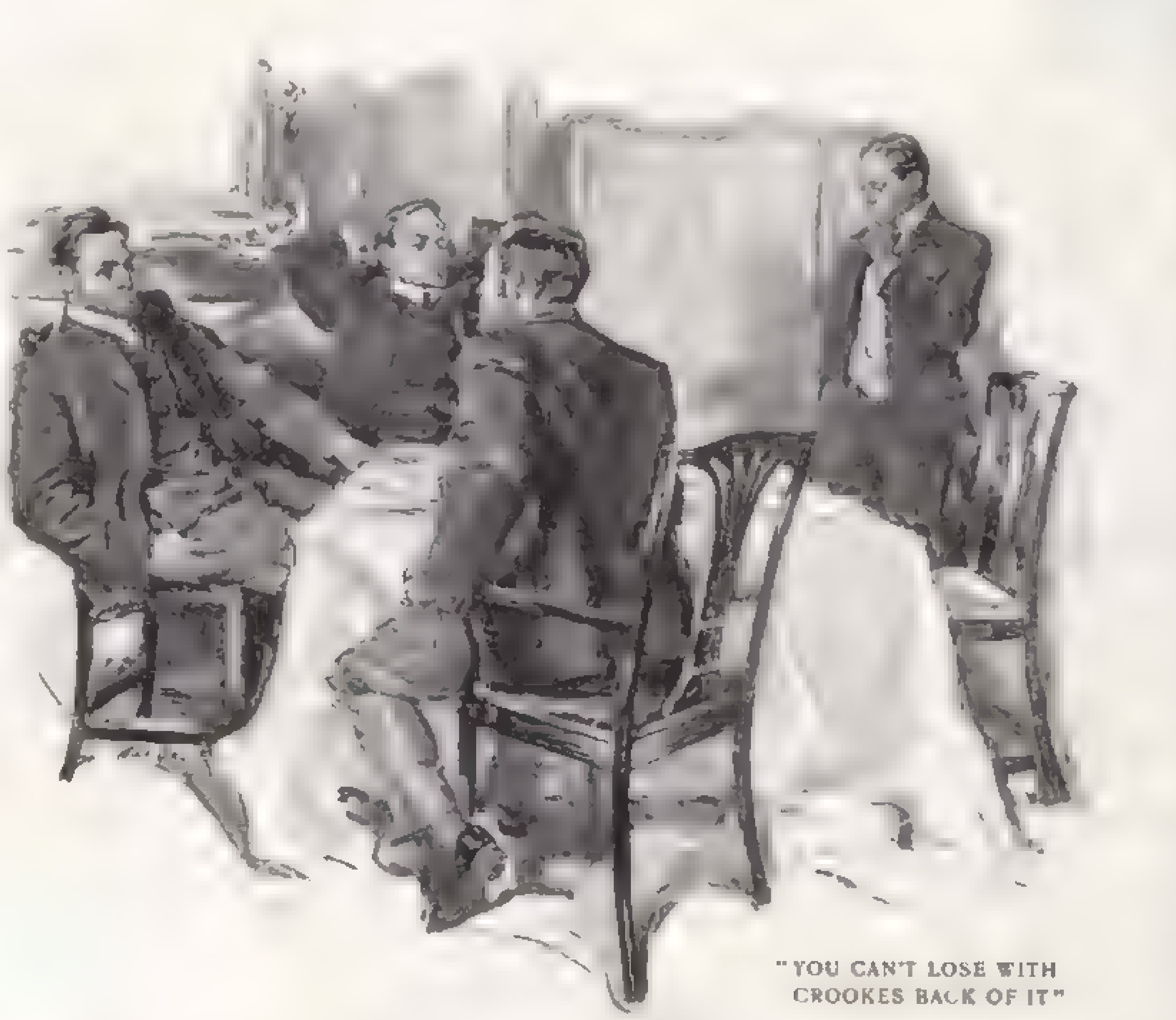
"I suppose," went on Cressler—"I suppose you are sorry now that you're not in it any more."

"Oh, no," replied Jadwin, nibbling off the end of a cigar. "No, I'm—I'm just as well out of it."

"And it's for good and all this time, eh?"

"For good and all."

"Well," commented Cressler, "some one else has begun where you left off, I guess. This Unknown Bull, I mean. All the boys are trying to find out who he is. Crookes, though, was saying to me—Cal Crookes, you know—he was saying he didn't care who he was. Crookes is out of the market, too, I understand—and means to keep out, he says, till the Big Bull gets tired. Wonder who the Big Bull is?"



"YOU CAN'T LOSE WITH CROOKES BACK OF IT"

"Oh, there isn't any Big Bull," blustered Jadwin. "There's simply a lot of heavy buying, or maybe there might be a ring of New York men operating through Gretry. I don't know; and I guess I'm like Crookes, I don't care—now that I'm out of the game. Real estate is too lively now to think of anything else; keeps me on the keen jump early and late. I tell you what, Charlie, this city isn't half grown yet. And do you know, I've noticed another thing—cities grow to the westward. I've got a building and loan association going out in the suburbs on the West Side that's a dandy. Well, looks as though the rain had stopped. Remember me to madam. So long, Charlie."

On leaving Cressler Jadwin went on to his offices in The Rookery, close at hand. But he had no more than settled himself at his desk when he was called up on his telephone.

"Hello!" said a small, dry transformation of Gretry's voice. "Hello, is that you, J.? Well, in the matter of that cash wheat in Duluth, I've bought that for you."

"All right," answered Jadwin; then he added, "I guess we had better have a long talk now."

"I was going to propose that," answered the broker. "Meet me this evening at seven at the Grand Pacific. It's just as well that we're not seen together nowadays. Don't ask for me. Go right into the smoking-room. I'll be there. And, by the way, I shall expect a reply from Minneapolis about half-past five this afternoon. I would like to be able to get at you at once when that comes in. Can you wait?"

"Well, I was going home," objected Jadwin. "I wasn't home to dinner last night, and Mrs. Jadwin——"

"This is pretty important, you know," warned the broker. "And if I call you up on your residence telephone there's always the chance of somebody cutting in and overhearing us."

"Oh, very well, then," assented Jadwin. "I'll call it a day. I'll get home for luncheon to-morrow. It can't be helped. By the way, I met Cressler this afternoon, Sam, and he seemed sort of suspicious of things, to me—as though he had an inkling——"

"Better hang up," came back the broker's voice. "Better hang up, J. There's big risk telephoning like this. I'll see you to-night. Good-by."

And so it was that about half an hour later Laura was called to the telephone in the library.

"Oh, not coming home at all to-night?" she cried blankly, in response to Jadwin's message.

"It's just impossible, old girl," he answered.

"But why?" she insisted.

"Oh, business; this building and loan association of mine."

"Oh, I know it can't be that. Why don't you let Mr. Gretry manage your——"

But at this point Jadwin, the warning of Gretry still fresh in his mind, interrupted quickly.

"I must hang up now, Laura. Good-by. I'll see you to-morrow noon and explain it all to you. Good-by. . . . Laura! . . . Hello! . . . Are you there yet? Hello, hello!"

But Jadwin had heard in the receiver the rattle and click as of a tiny door closing. The receiver was silent and dead; and he knew that his wife, disappointed and angry, had "hung up" without saying good-by.

The days passed. Soon another week had gone by. The wheat market steadied down after the dollar mark was reached, and for a few days a calmer period intervened. Down beneath the surface, below the ebb and flow of the currents, the great forces were silently at work reshaping the "situation." Millions of dollars were beginning to be set in motion to govern the millions of bushels of wheat. At the end of the third week of the month Freye reported to Crookes that Cressler was "in," and promptly negotiations were opened between the clique and the great banking house of the Stires. But meanwhile Jadwin and Gretry, foreseeing no opposition, realizing the incalculable advantage that their knowledge of the possibility of a "corner" gave them, were, quietly enough, gathering in the grain. As early as the end of March Jadwin, as an incidental to his contemplated corner of May wheat, had bought up a full half of the small supply of cash wheat in Duluth, Chicago, Liverpool and Paris—some twenty million bushels; and against this had sold short an equal amount of the July option. Having the actual wheat in hand he could not lose. If wheat went up, his twenty million bushels were all the more valuable; if it went down, he covered his short sales at a profit. And all the while, steadily, persistently, he bought May wheat, till Gretry's book showed him to be possessed of over twenty million bushels of the grain.

But all this took not only his every minute of time, but his every thought, his every consideration. He who had only so short a while before considered the amount of five million bushels burdensome, demanding careful attention, was now called upon to watch, govern and control the tremendous forces latent in a line of forty millions. At times he remembered the Curtis Jadwin of the spring before his marriage, the Curtis Jadwin who had sold a pitiful million on the strength of the news of the French import duty, and had considered the deal "big." Well, he was a different man since that time. Then he had been suspicious of speculation, had feared it even. Now he had discovered that there were in him powers, capabilities, and a breadth of grasp hitherto unsuspected. He could control the Chicago wheat market; and the man who could do that might well call himself "great" without presumption. He knew that he overtopped them all—Gretry, the "Crookes" gang, the arrogant, sneering "Bears," all the men of the world of the Board of Trade. He was stronger, bigger, shrewder than them all. A few days now would show, when they would all wake to the fact that wheat, which they had promised to deliver before they had it in hand, was not to be got except from him—and at whatever price he chose to impose. He could exact from them a hundred dollars a bushel if he chose, and they must pay him the price or become bankrupts.

By now his mind was upon this one great fact—May Wheat—continually. It was with him the instant he woke in the morning. It kept him company during his hasty breakfast; in the rhythm of his horses' hoofs, as the "team" carried him downtown, he heard "wheat wheat wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat." No sooner did he enter La Salle Street than the roar of traffic came to his ears as the roar of the torrent of wheat which drove through Chicago from the Western farms to the mills and bakeshops of Europe. There at the foot of the street the torrent swirled once upon itself,

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶A light heart often means a light head.

¶Ambition is often the assassin of happiness.

¶The debt we owe to ourselves is generally paid.

¶The man who is his own best friend has few others.

¶There are few good points about the finger of suspicion

¶The early worm can generally be depended upon to fill the bill.

¶If all the world thought alike there would be no horse trades.

¶Be wise to-day. You don't know how foolish you may be to-morrow.

¶Truth is a paradox. It may be naked and still be clothed in its own righteousness.

¶Some men never think of going to work until they have given everything else a fair trial.

¶When the pessimist gets to Heaven his first move will be to look about for the fire-escapes.

¶Some claim that coeducation encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony coeducation?

¶We all know that it is more blessed to give than to receive—but some of us know it only from hearsay.

¶One of the real troubles of this life is that a man must usually go to bed when he is not sleepy and get up when he is sleepy.

¶Mr. Rockefeller says money cannot measure happiness. But Mr. Rockefeller will not lend his yardstick to all those who would like to try.

¶Having cast its shadow over Thanksgiving the turkey trust now prepares to embrace Christmas. As a combine the turkey trust is a gobbler.

¶Every year the United States Fish Commission distributes the enormous number of 1,500,000,000 young fish, or about twenty fish for every man, woman and child in the country. And yet the person who catches fish has to encounter the same old incredulity. In the fish proposition not even figures count.

The "New" Mother

THE other day the dean of one of the largest of our colleges for women made an impassioned appeal to young mothers not to waste their time in the personal care of their babies, but to give them over to trained nurses and kindergartners, while they devoted themselves to study and such outside work as would fit them to be companions for their children when they were grown.

Nothing can be more convincing than her reasoning, and there is but one objection to her plan—that it doesn't work

It is a most disheartening fact that none of our plans, however scientific or reasonable, which run counter to Nature, ever does work. About twenty years ago, for instance, some philanthropic folk in England founded model homes for the female children of poor, depraved parents. The girls were reared, so to speak, in bulk. They dressed alike, they ate the same food at the same moment, they walked, slept, rose, studied, played and prayed in mass at the tap of a bell. Especial care was taken, for fear of favoritism, that there should be no personal intercourse between them and their teachers out of school. The habits, knowledge and religion taught to them were warranted to be of the best

But when these girls, being grown, were sent into homes as nurses of children they invariably were sent back as incompetent and cruel. The human element in them was withered and dead for want of the family life. The experimenters openly acknowledged that the training in unselfishness and in affection was better under even a careless mother and father than under no father and mother at all.

A few years ago Dr. Louis Starr, the eminent American specialist for children, discovered a new disease among them The baby patients grew bloodless and weak and died with no apparent ailment. They were invariably the children of wealthy mothers who had refused to nurse them, but fed them on some food which science declared perfect. Science was again mistaken and Nature avenged the slight put upon her.

If the college-graduate mothers follow the advice of their dean their children will lose something out of their lives which no nurse nor kindergartner can give.

Will the boy of fifteen when the devil tempts him be most likely to go for help to the brilliant companion who understands politics and civic reform, or to the little fond woman who always sang him to sleep on her breast and knelt beside him while she taught him to speak to God?

And if the college-graduate mother takes the dean's advice she will suffer more than does the child. The fact is that her first business in the world is to be a mother. She may incidentally be an artist, a politician, or a sea-captain if she will But Nature made her in mind and body to be a mother. Even as a wife she is a subordinate; she fills the second place. But when she gives a child to the world and trains it her work is nearer akin to that of God than any other done by man. If she prefer meaner duties she will, by just so much, belittle herself and her life.

Even the dean of a woman's college does not know so well what is good for her as her God and her mother—Nature.

❦

The American Idea

SEVENTY MILLIONS in a single year in gifts to education, hospitals and other humanitarian purposes—that was the simple fact with which Ambassador White, speaking at Berlin, refuted the foolish but widely-accepted notion that his countrymen are groveling, dollar-worshiping materialists. And striking though that fact is, it is only one, and by no means the most significant, of thousands testifying to the same truth. Of the many misreadings of history perhaps the silliest is that which attributes to former times an idealism greater than that of our own day. And of the many misreadings of our own times certainly the silliest is that which attributes more idealism to such countries as Germany, Austria and Italy than to these United States.

The Middle Ages are generally cited as the period of intensest and loftiest idealism. But looking past the artistic and literary few of those centuries, looking at nations and peoples, what do we see? Ignorance, squalor, inconceivable physical and mental and moral wretchedness; ferocious tyrannies worse almost than anarchy itself and constantly producing it; stolid and heartless indifference in almost all to the welfare of their fellow beings; "Every man for himself" the universal cry. No wonder there was a passionate yearning toward the life beyond the grave with its promise of escape from a world made hideous by "man's inhumanity to man." And in those modern countries where so-called idealism is rampant we find false and oppressive social and industrial conditions in the ascendent, we find a deplorable incapacity for dealing with the problems of life or an ignorant insensibility to them. Even where we find one who laments we find that he "pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird."

If idealism means insanely beating the empty air, if it means worship of the vague, the remote and the purely fanciful, then this age cannot be charged with idealism and our country must plead guilty to the indictment of gross materialism, and for idealism we must look to seclusions and deserts where a few surviving dirty and distracted hermits and yogis spend their lives in fantastical imaginings. But if idealism means rational, realizable and realizing dreams of a to-morrow that shall be as much better than to-day as to-day is better than yesterday, then the world was never before so idealistic, and America is chief prophet and chief apostle of idealism

In this sense, the Declaration of Independence is the most idealistic literary product of the human mind; the so-called idealism of superstition, of chivalry, of kingship and aristocracy, of the divinely appointed few taking care of the many, of "never mind this world; all will be righted in the next," glitters with the cheap sparkle of "fool's gold" and paste diamonds. And these fallacies were—and still are—poisonous because they interfere with the growth of the true idealism—the idealism of self-help and helping others to help themselves. And to show them up and then to show them down and out—especially down and out of our colleges and universities—we need another Cervantes and a revised and enlarged Don Quixote.

Never before was the true ideal, humanity, so clear and strong and universally reverenced as to-day. The increasing excitement which every conspicuous transgression of the new ideals of duty and justice creates shows how amazing is the change from a generation that tolerated slavery as part of the order of Nature, and that thought a laboring man should be humbly grateful to his employer for graciously giving him the opportunity to keep soul and body together

The multitude of revolutionary discoveries of science have wholly changed the face of the world within half a century—less than two lifetimes. In spite of this fact, in spite of the great discomforts and even sufferings necessarily involved in so sudden a change from conditions to which the race had been accustomed since the beginning to conditions which no man understood or yet understands in their simplest principles, the true idealism has persisted, has strengthened, has broadened, has entered more and more into the daily life of all men, to brighten and beautify and ennoble.

"Light from the East" has been a proverb for centuries. The new proverb is "Light from the West." For ours is the dawn-land of the Golden Age.

❦

Protecting the Public Schools

WHEN a well-meant but mistaken effort was made to use the public schools of the whole country to raise funds for a popular gift to the Government of a war vessel to take the place of the Maine this magazine protested, and it was gratifying to see how promptly the protest was taken up by press and pulpit. So patent and vigorous were the objections that the scheme was abandoned. So well was the lesson taught that all good friends of education hoped that nothing of the kind would ever again be suggested. But within the past few weeks we have seen in two of the large cities repetitions of the offense

It is all wrong—pitifully and inexcusably wrong. The largest item of all local taxation is for the public schools. We have before us the report of the National Commissioner of Education which has recently been made public. From it we learn that the people of the United States in the last official year contributed $226,043,236 for the support of 17,299,230 pupils in schools whose property value aggregated $576,963,089, totals without parallel in the world to-day, or in all history. Within thirty years the per capita expenditure for school purposes has risen from $1.64 to $2.93, and it is still rising. But the fact of the most significance in these stupendous figures is that of 17,299,230 pupils in the schools of this country, 15,710,394 are in the public schools. The millions of dollars the people gladly pay, but they give their money with the understanding that it is to be spent for practical education—not for collecting agencies or for zealous persons who want to erect monuments or memorials—not for public racks on which fads are to be hung, but for the training and development of the rising generations. To swerve the system from this plain purpose is to rob the parents and cheat the children. Yet in every section we find theorists trying to foist their fads upon the schools

What is the result? This autumn the president of an important Western college prepared a list of one hundred and fifty words such as one would run across in a day's reading, not difficult words, but words familiar and in constant use. They were given to the candidates applying for admission to the institution, young men who had graduated from public and private schools. Every word was misspelled by one or more of the candidates, and less than fifty per cent. of them were able to spell all the words correctly. We have heard professors in our highest universities complain that the examination papers, even of seniors, showed lamentable ignorance of spelling, punctuation and capitalization. We have heard business men say they could not understand why their new clerks, fresh from the public schools, knew so little about arithmetic. So runs the indictment. It is not because the boys and girls are less bright, less capable or less anxious to learn. It is because they are overloaded, because too many studies divide and distract their mental resources and because the extras bear down the essentials. Irresistibly comes the plea for more simplicity, for more directness, for larger common-sense. We never doubt the sincerity of those who have hobbies, but we respectfully contend that they should keep them out of the public schools.

Plums from the Christmas Pudding

At the Crossroads

SENATOR HOAR is fond of a good story especially if he can use it. He found a particularly fitting one for a rally in the old city of Salem Massachusetts, to which he was called for an address in the interests of Captain A. P. Gardner, the son in law of Senator Lodge, and recently elected to Congress

"I want to tell you a little romance to-night, my friends," began the venerable Senator, "for you Salemites will be doubly interested in learning how I happened to be here.

"Back in [illegible]," he went on, with a smile at the perplexity of his audience "a young man from Connecticut came to your neighboring town of Woburn to visit his brother Several weeks he stayed with them, and then with the comment that he had seen everything there was to be seen he announced that he thought he had better be going home His brother urged him to stay, as did his sister in law, but his decision remained unchanged. He mounted his horse for the journey to Connecticut and his brother reluctantly rode by his side to 'see him a piece' on the way

"The brothers paused at the crossroads for the parting word when a handsome young Salem girl came down the Salem turnpike and stopped to rest at the crossroads. Now you all know what happens when a bright young man meets a handsome Salem girl at the crossroads. The young man from Connecticut turned to his brother and said, 'I rather think I won't go back home *just* yet.' Instead he returned to his brother's house. And here am I," concluded the Senator

Then turning to a group of Salemites including several local historians he went on: "Now I want to ask you genealogists where I should be to-day if that Salem girl had been five minutes later in arriving at the crossroads "

The young man from Connecticut was Roger Sherman signer of the Declaration of Independence and grandfather of Senator Hoar. The handsome Salem girl was Rebecca Prescott, daughter of Benjamin Prescott, a Salem lawyer, and granddaughter of Benjamin Prescott, a Salem clergyman.

The Prayer of a Persistent Politician

"GROVER CLEVELAND," says a prominent Democrat, "has a lively sense of humor for which people who know him only by his public addresses do not give him credit

"Toward the close of his first Administration a politician in a city of some size made repeated efforts to be appointed postmaster, but the President had another man in view

"Four years later, upon Cleveland's reelection, this ambitious politician wired to the President-elect

"'Your country hails you seer and prophet

"To this Cleveland replied in a confidential telegram

"'Your application for the postmastership at —— has been duly filed.'"

A Modest Wish

AN AMERICAN traveler recently asked Henry Clay Evans, Consul-General at London, if it was not a relief to him to be out of the Pension Office

"That was a job to try a man's soul," said Mr. Evans "It is a pleasure, of course, to see that deserving soldiers get some financial return for their disabilities, but the procession of sharks and political vagabonds to the desk of the Commissioner in Washington is endless

"I hadn't been in that office long," continued the Consul General, "before I felt like voicing the profane despair of an old German who had wedded a vixen. With her voluble harangues she made life a prolonged misery for him

"At the end of her diatribes the old German would groan: Vell, I vish I vas in hell, dot's all I hope

Poor Lo Snatched Baldheaded

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University who has recently discovered a number of new varieties of fish in the streams of Hawaii and the Philippines, is a great sportsman as well as a conscientious ichthyologist. As might be expected, he uses the most approved of modern rods and flies in fishing

"I have met some fishermen, even among professional sportsmen, who prefer old fashioned methods," said Doctor Jordan, "and though the ancient story of the farmer's boy who catches fish with a bent pin fastened to a piece of twine where full-rigged sports from the city fail to get a bite borders on the mythical, I have actually witnessed instances of success with back-number outfits where modern appliances failed to land the game

"One day in California I had had a remarkable run of luck and that night as we sat around the camp-fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used

"'You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day,' said an old fisherman who had joined our party, 'but let me tell you, Doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies '

"'What bait did he use?' I asked

"'Live grasshoppers,' replied the old man, 'but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook Almost upon the instant that this bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook

"'I became fascinated,' continued the narrator. 'After the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head.'

"'What was the matter with his head?' I asked," said Doctor Jordan

"'He had plucked it bald,' replied the old man."

A Western Webster

SENATOR W. A. CLARK, of Montana, whose income is said to be more than a million dollars a month, is not only the richest man in the Senate, but also one of the intellectual powers of that body. Neither in his appearance nor in his mental equipment is there a suggestion of the far frontier. Early in his career Senator Clark saw the value to be derived from education. He had driven a team of oxen into the Western wilderness, and had made a start by establishing a crude grocery store in a mining town, but he had soon discovered that for him the road to great wealth was not to be lined with sugar and dried cod Mining was the lure, and to prepare himself for profitable activities in that line he returned to the East and took a college course in metallurgy. His subsequent rise to immense wealth and power is a brilliant and well known chapter in modern achievement

But there was among Senator Clark's early fellow workers a mine owner who, without advantages of education, metallurgical or otherwise, also multiplied millions, and Senator Clark delights to accord his former associate unbounded credit for his genius. One of the conspicuous deficiencies of this man in those pioneer days was a dismal lack of acquaintance with the orthodox rules of spelling. Yet he was an observant man, and such knowledge as drifted his way he seized and held tenaciously

This illiterate friend of Senator Clark one day entered a restaurant in Butte, and began laughing immoderately at a sign on the wall reading: "Pork and Beans, 25 cts." In the frontier dining rooms to which he had been accustomed "beans" had invariably been spelled "beens," and so he was sure that this new spelling, "beans," was wrong

"And to think," he said, "that anybody had the nerve to frame such a sign and hang it in plain view."

"See here," said an irritated friend, "that's the right way to spell 'beans '"

The mine owner grew almost apoplectic in his glee.

"I'll bet you $1000 that you don't know how to spell 'beans' yourself," persisted his companion

"I'll just take your bet," was the prompt reply

They decided to accept a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary as authority

"Now," said the challenger, when that detail had been agreed to, "how do you spell 'beans'?"

But the astute mine-owner had detected in his companion's attitude an element of sincerity and an air of triumphant conviction which were not safely to be ignored. "How do I spell it?" he said

"Yes "

"And the thousand is mine if I spell it right?"

"Exactly; that is the bet said the other gloatingly

"Well replied the mine-owner deliberately, "I spell 'beans,' b-e a-n s

THE GHOSTLY CHRISTMAS BANJOS

By Frank L. Stanton

I

'TWUZ des befo' de Chris'mus, in de witchin' time of night;
De hills put on dey nightcaps en crawled under sheets of white,
En f'um chimblys in de cabins de blue smoke 'peared ter rise
Wid de sparks what lit de darkness lak a million fireflies

II

En de *Win'!* — 'twuz wuss dan witches des a-howlin' out a tune.
En blowin' hard enough ter blow de witches roun' de moon!
De trees des shooked en shivered — white skeletons en tall —
Lak dey had de rheumatism in de j'ints of 'em all!

III

Dey wuz dancin' in de cabins, 'twell de like you never seen,
De fiddle cuttin' capers wid de tinklin' tambourine,
'Twell you couldn't hear de moanin' of de ol' ha'nts, fer de call
Of "Ladies ter de centre!" en "Swing yo' ladies all!"

IV

But in Deacon Jinkins' cabin wurn't no han's roun' in de reel,
You could *lissen* at de quiet, en could *feel* de darkness *feel!*
De rafters fell ter groanin', en wid many a ghostly creak
'Peared lak de *flo'* got *restless*, en wuz tryin' fer ter *speak!*

V

De chillun, dey wuz snuggled — li'l' bundles in de bed —
A-dreamin' of de runnin' of de reindeer on de shed,
Or peekin' 'crost de kivers — li'l' blackbirds in a heap! —
'Twell de Win' come down de chimbly en skeered 'em back ter sleep

VI

Den de deacon, he got restless en he riz en blowed a light
F'um de red coals in de chimbly what been smothered by de night;
Den he heerd de soun's of dancin' — den de moanin' of de ha'nts.
En he wish' ter all creation he wuz in de Chris'mus dance!

VII

En sudden — *who'd* believe it? — out went each fire-spark,
En he heerd a voice a-sayin': "*What you doin' in de dark?*"
En den dey come a wonder! — en he won't fergit it soon! —
He heerd a *hundered* banjos in a hallelua tune!

VIII

All roun' him in de darkness he could see de banjos *plain*,
En fingers makin' music lak de rattle of de rain!
En he heerd a ghostly callin', ez fas' de fingers flew
"Here's a ghost what wants a partner: — Br'er *Jinkins*, what is *you?*"

IX

You reckon he make answer, or tarried wid de throng?
He jumped clean th'oo' de winder, en he took de sash erlong
En he cl'ar'd de gyarden palin's, en half a dozen fiel's,
A-shoutin': "Lawd have mussy!" wid dem banjos at his heels!

X

He bust inter a cabin what de darkies dancin' so,
Wid de winder-sash eroun' him, lak a skeered clown in a show!
En all dat he could holler wuz: "*De ha'nts! De Chris mus ha'nts!*
Take off dis winder-collar! — Et dey lemme 'lone I'll dance!"

XI

But he broke up all de dancin' Dey tumbled out de do',
En soon de house wuz empty, en Br'er Jinkins had de flo'! . . .
En w'en he reach his cabin it wuz gittin' broad daylight,
En he say: "Lawd bless de mawnin', en de devil take de night!"

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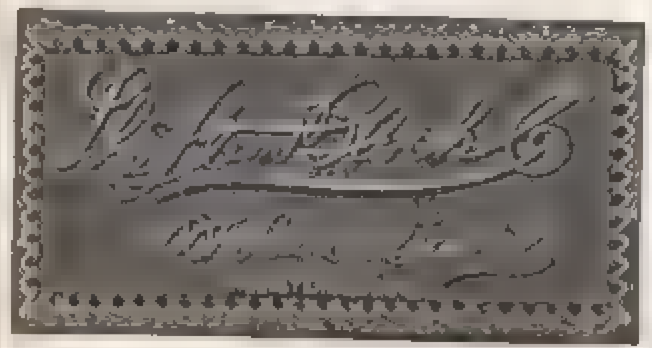

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Concerning Tangled Types

By KARL von HERRMANN

WHEN Gutenberg, Schoffer and Faust first bestowed seven league boots upon the goddess of civilization by inventing the art of printing with movable types, they probably had no realization of the fact that one of the most valuable results of their achievements was a new fountain of laughter, an inexhaustible source of humor for all the reading nations of the earth forevermore. The typographical error should be personified, beatified, celebrated in immortal song, entablatured in everlasting bronze. It has been the fruitful mother of much symmetrical profanity, of large, crimson rages, and it never raised a smile in one direction without laying pride in another. But it has been a priceless boon to millions of unwilling melancholiacs who might have too soon cumbered the cemeteries had not their risibles been peremptorily disturbed, aroused, contorted

To chronicle fully all the typographical errors that have amused mankind since the middle of the fifteenth century would be a task herculean. But there are a few that have been conveniently embalmed from time to time by contemporary admirers, and with these, perhaps the really best, the conventionally circumscribed essayist must content himself unless he wishes to overindulge in work that would ultimately carve a set grin on his face or induce, through excessive cachinnalia, a freakish embonpoint. Let us be satisfied with a little

The present writer has had abundant opportunity to know how discouraged one may be by finding his most arduously turned phrases transformed into rubbish by the fiendish compositor. He has never found it very hard to sympathize with the French writer of whom it is related in Baron Grimm's memoirs that he died in a fit of anger when he found his favorite work, revised by himself with great care, finally printed with more than three hundred errors, half of them made by the proof-reader. Nor has it been at all difficult to credit the anecdote of the Italian poet who, when on his way to present some of his verses to the Pope, found a mistake of a single letter, and died the day after with a heart broken by chagrin. Likewise he has a strong fellow-feeling for the author mentioned by Disraeli whose prized religious volume was issued from the press with fifteen pages of errata out of a total of one hundred and seventy-two, and who affirmed it as his belief that the devil, fearful of the good book's influence, had personally tampered with the types

"The printer of Longfellow's Dante," says Colonel T. W. Higginson, "told me that the poet had looked forward with eager anticipation to its appearance, and when the first volume of the sumptuous book was laid upon the breakfast-table he opened it at once upon—a misprint. It was many weeks, my informant added, before the poet could revert with any satisfaction to what he then regarded as his greatest work." And Richard A. Proctor mentions as one of the saddest events in his own career the change made by a printer in his little book on Spectroscope Analysis. In this monograph, which he wrote for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he said in one place something about "Lines, Bands and Striæ in the violet part of Spectra," and these technicalities appeared in his proofs as "Links, Bonds and Stripes for the violent kind of spectres

An Ambiguous Compliment

We have all heard, I suppose, of the editor who, wishing to compliment a distinguished soldier, mentioned him in type as "a battle-scared veteran," and apologized the next day by explaining in the same medium that he had intended to print his friend as "a bottle-scarred veteran." This may or may not have been that same editor who described a Chicago society leader as "one whose manners would alarm a drowning man," when his copy had said that they "would adorn a drawing-room," but he belonged in the same class of criminals, anyway

It was a Scotch newspaper that, in reporting the likelihood of serious damage that had threatened an express train when a cow was suddenly discovered standing across the track, said, "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam dashed up against the cow, and literally cut her into calves." Worse than this, however was the break made by the staid London Times when it printed, as the awe-compelling peroration of a Westminster speech, this: "We have broken our breeches, we have burned our boots; honor, no less than other considerations, forbids us to retreat." But the prize mess of the English press was that made by a provincial weekly, in describing simultaneously, though of course inadvertently, the presentation of a gold-headed cane to one Doctor Mudge, and the operation of a patent pig killing and sausage-making machine then on exhibition in the village

The Mixing of Doctor Mudge

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends," so ran the story, "called upon him yesterday, and after a conversation the unsuspecting pig was seized by the hind leg and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The Doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the pig was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will be long remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely

But not all the mistakes of this kind were made on the other side of the Atlantic. A young woman who lectured in Buffalo from the same platform with the irrepressible George Francis Train, felt constrained, after she had read the Courier the next morning, to send to that paper's editor the following remonstrance: "By some fantastic trick of your typesetters my speech in St. James' Hall on Saturday evening is suddenly terminated, and so linked with that of Mr. Train that I am made to run off into an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to boast that I neither smoke, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women, and wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are very good jokes, if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who represent an unpopular idea, and carefully weigh their words."

The New Haven Journal once announced that "the large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in that city yesterday, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree Mason." And as if this were not sufficiently funny, it was set forth in the same column that "John Fadden, a well-known florist of Newport, Rhode Island, died in Wardner Russell's sugar-mill at Crystal Lake, Illinois, on Saturday, doing $3000 damages to the building and injuring several workmen severely." Then there was the ultra respectable Massachusetts newspaper which closed an extended and highly eulogistic obituary notice of a deceased lawyer with the somewhat startling information that

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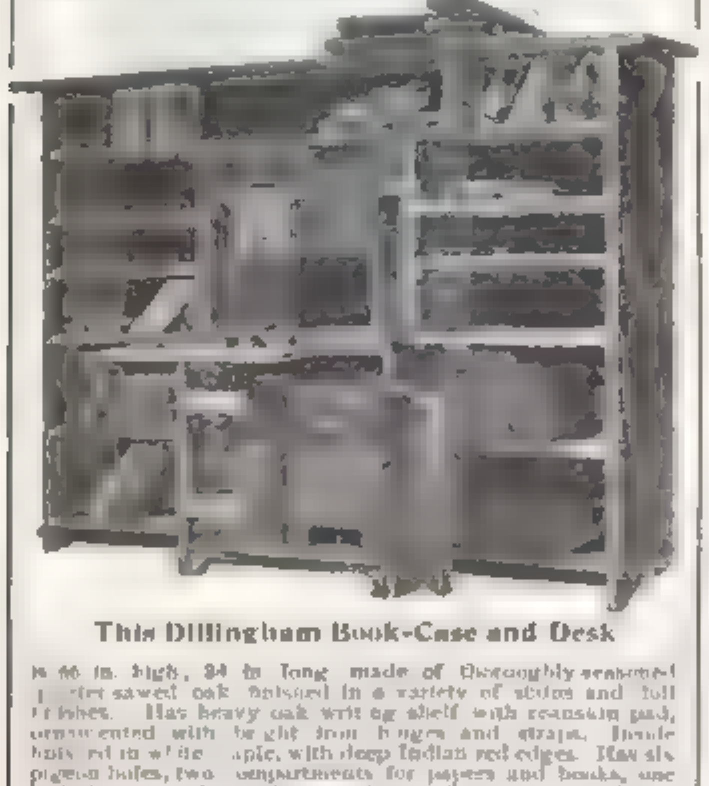

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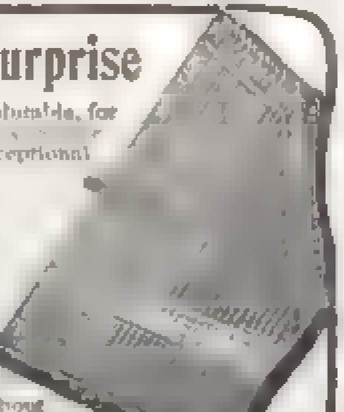

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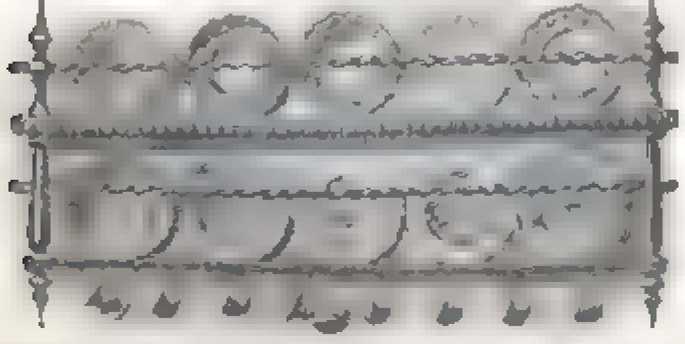

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"the body was taken to Hell for interment, where repose the remains of the other members of the family." The trouble that followed was but little tempered by the explanation that *Hull* was the word intended.

It is not always fair to put the blame for this sort of blunder upon the poor compositor. He is far too often the victim of miserable chirography. "The greater the author, the greater the scrawler," is only too frequently quite true. We are told of Carlyle's handwriting, for instance, that "eccentric and spiteful little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways, sometimes evidently intended for a cross to a *t*, but constantly recoiling in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somersault, and destroying the entire word from which they spring. Some letters slope in one way and some in another, some are halt, maimed and crippled, and all are blind." Few printers could read Balzac's copy, and none would work at it for more than an hour at a time. Victor Hugo's manuscript was said to be "a sort of battlefield on paper, in which the killed words were well stamped out and the new recruits pushed forward in anything but good order." Byron scribbled hieroglyphics, and mangled his proofs mercilessly. Sydney Smith said: "I must decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it. My writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over the paper without wiping their legs."

The Author's Share of Blame

Chief of all the wretched penmen, however, was our own glorious Horace Greeley. "Good God!" cried a new compositor when he was first given some of the great editor's copy, "if Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall he would have been more terrified than he was." When Greeley wrote something about suburban journalism, it appeared as "Superb Jerusalem Artichokes," and a man who could correctly decipher his manuscript at sight was looked upon as a wonder among his kind. The Illinois Press Association once sent Greeley an invitation, asking him to join them at a convention about to be held, and Mr. Greeley took his pen in hand reluctantly to decline in these words:

"I have waited till longer waiting would be discourteous, only to find that I cannot attend your press meeting next June as I would like to do. I find so many cares and duties pressing on me that, with weight of years, I feel obliged to decline any invitation that takes me away a day's journey from home."

This is the translation arrived at by the committee which received the note, after long and earnest study:

"I have wondered all along whether any squirt had denied the scandal about the President meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy, carrots and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted, dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors."

Spelling, too, is not any too common a gift among the literary, and this should also be considered before the man at the case is absolutely damned. Even the immortal Goethe spelled like a bootblack, while Halliwell says that Mr. Shakespeare was so deficient in this regard that he spelled his own name in at least thirty different ways. In our own time there was in this list Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dislike on the part of the printer for abbreviations has occasionally been responsible for a typographical error of still another kind. In Pope's note on Measure for Measure, in which he states that the story was taken from Cinthio, Dec. 8, Nov. 5 (eighth decade and fifth novel), the painstaking typo abolished the curtailed words and sent them out as December and November. And, for a final quotation, there is the story related by a writer in American Notes and Queries. "I remember," he says, "to have written something about a concert at which was sung Millard's Ave Maria, and it actually appeared that Miss So and So had sung, with much feeling, Mulligan's Avenue Maria!"

It was my intention to close this article with a rather brilliant tribute to the compositor who makes mistakes that make us smile, although against his will, but while I was still busy with the last page a friend dropped in to ask if I had noticed that my ponderous two-column obituary of a distinguished clergyman, printed in a morning paper, had closed with the impressive statement that "his voice was that of a deep-sea animal." And I had written "admiral!" I am too choked with blithering wrath to say more.

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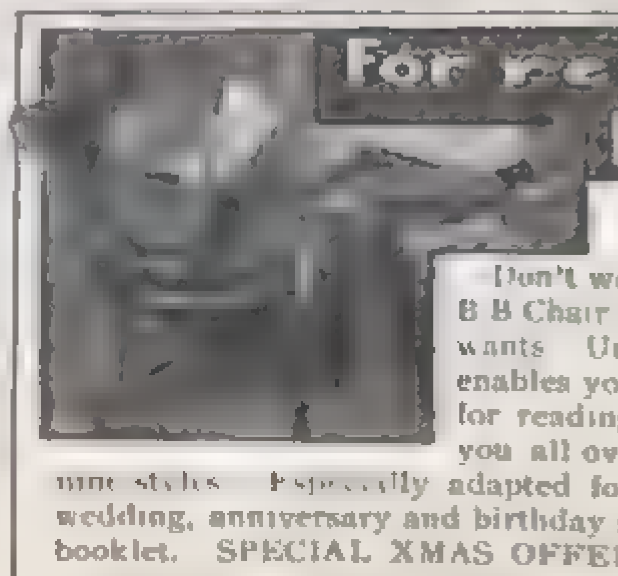

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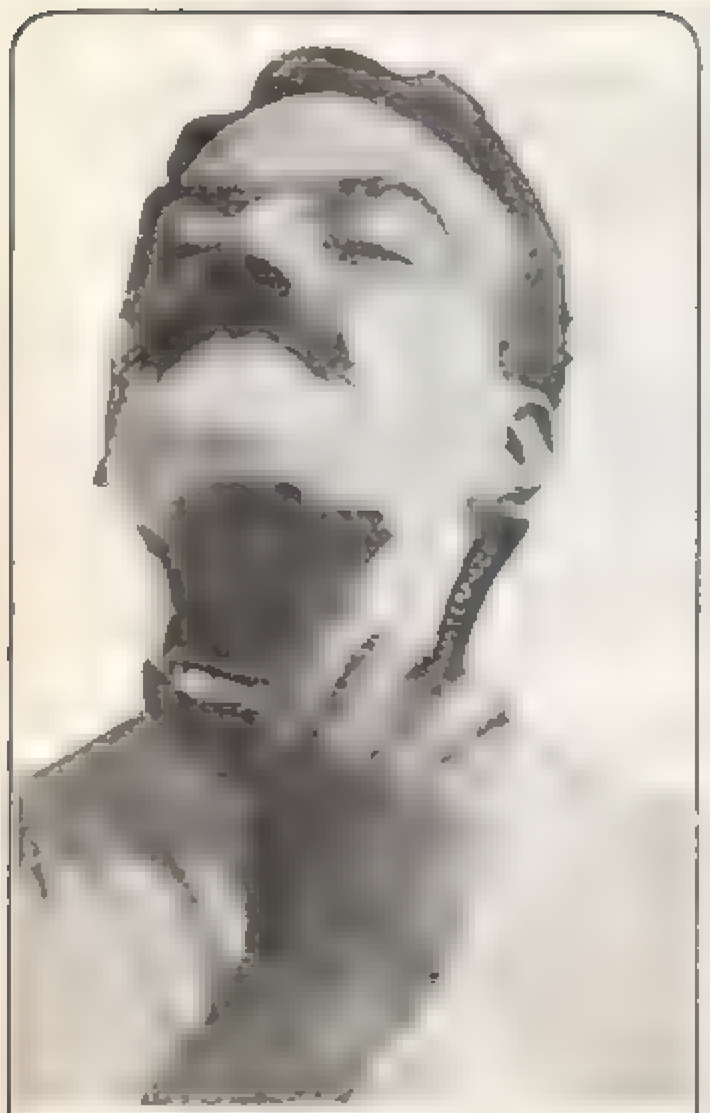

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Heel Twisting & Deck Shuffling

By Charles Battell Loomis

YOUNG man, wait a minute. Just a bit of a heart-to-heart talk with you on a subject of importance to you and your wife. Do you play cards? Do [illegible] Does your wife dance? Does she [illegible] No?

And you are thinking of settling in Subhubbton?

Let me tell you my experience. Now, of course I can tell the heart of trumps from the spade of Jacks and I can shuffle a good many cards before I spill the pack, but I'm not a lover of card games nor of dancing, and I never thought of buying a pack of cards nor yet pumps when I bought my lawn mower and my commutation ticket.

What was the consequence? Well, the neighbors were inclined to be friendly and most of them called on us. I noticed that nearly all of them said in the course of conversation, "Do you play cards?" And I said, "Well, we can ta[illegible] a [illegible] just to be polite, but it's a great strain."

Then they always said in reply: "Well, then it's no use asking you to join our Monday, Wednesday and Friday Whist Club because it would be stupid—for *you*. Do you dance?"

I told them that one leg was game but the other was cork, and that Mrs. Rapelje was ill the winter they taught dancing at Colton Centre.

"Well," they said, "then you probably won't care to join the Saturday Evening Dancing Club."

I said I guessed not unless they absolutely needed wall flowers. I really did not realize what our inability to be gay meant just then. I forgot that Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday were four days in most every week.

Next morning I met one of my neighbors on the way to the train and we began to talk very pleasantly on a topic that interested us both and on which he could talk well and I could listen even better. I felt sure of his company as far as New York, but just before the train pulled in he said, "Do you play whist?"

"Why, I could learn."

"Not before we reach New York. Never mind, we have four, but I thought I might get you into a game if you cared to play. So-long."

Well, I had my newspaper, but I would rather listen to good conversation than read a paper any day. I began to think that cards were a nuisance if you didn't play.

That evening we went to return a call and we found that the Mertons were playing whist—not a club game, but just a family affair, it being Tuesday.

"Don't stop on our account. We can watch," said I.

"Whoever heard of such a thing," said Mr. Merton, concealing his vexation politely. "We don't need to play."

So they stopped and we talked coal and golf, although I'm not up in either. But I could see that they were thinking of the game they might have been playing, and after an hour or two we rose and came away. On Thursday I went alone to see a neighbor, an artist whom I used to know in New York when he would have been glad to sell me a picture at my price—if I'd had it. Now he has his price and gets it. That's real success. Well, I knew he'd be glad to see me for the sake of old times, and so he would have been [illegible] was playing—what do you call it?—playing bridge, and when I struck the house he was winning. Well, he didn't pretend to be glad to see me because he is not a pretender. He just said, "Hello, Hendrik, this is no place for you. You don't know the joker from poker. Awfully glad you've come here to live and I'm coming around to see you and Mrs. Rapelje. Can't you come to the Salmagundi to-morrow and lunch with me? You'll excuse me to-night, I'm sure."

Well, of course I know Gainsborough well and so my feelings were not especially hurt, but as the week went on and the next week after it, and we broke up games with even greater success than a new district attorney, I decided that cards were a necessity unless we wished to become hermits, and I told Mrs. Rapelje that we'd learn cards if it took the rest of our lives.

I bought a pack of cards and a book on the game and we learned to play Old Maid. And when we could handle the cards without looking conscious we gave a card party and invited twelve to it.

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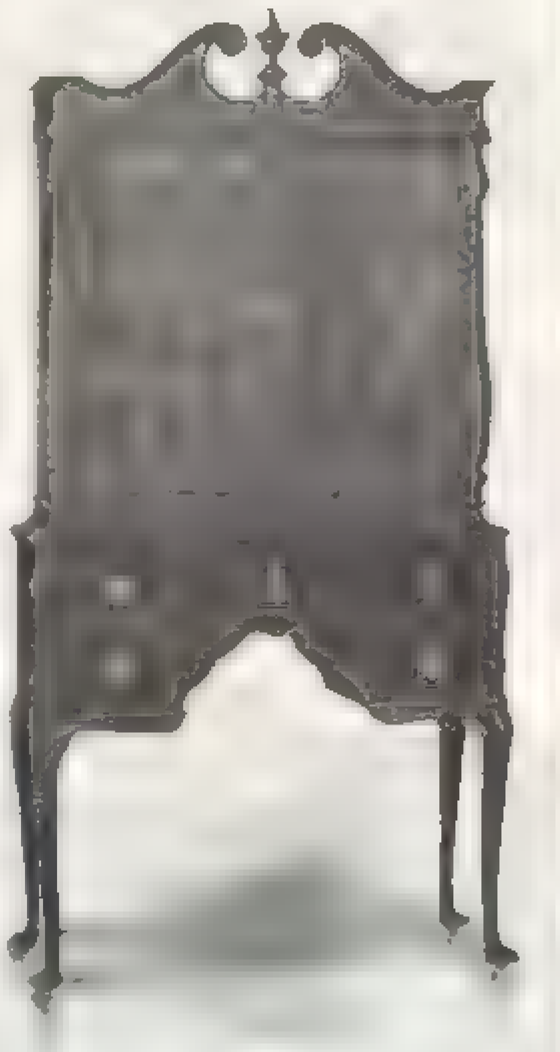

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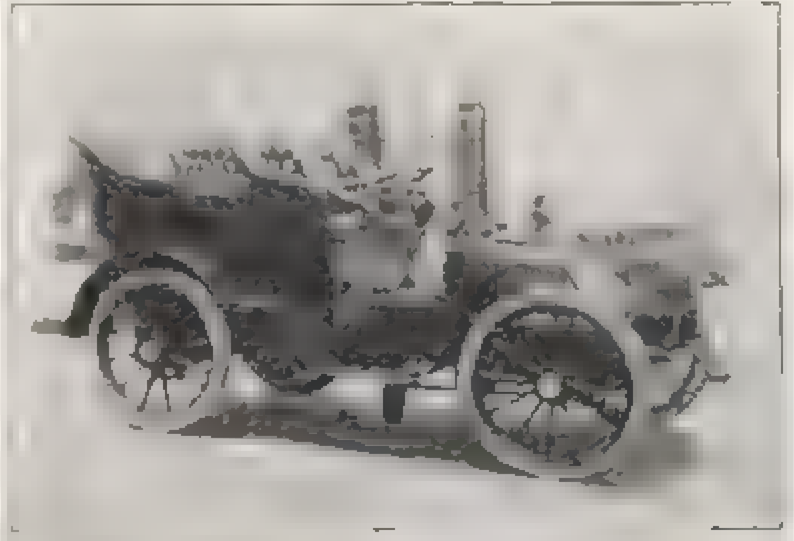

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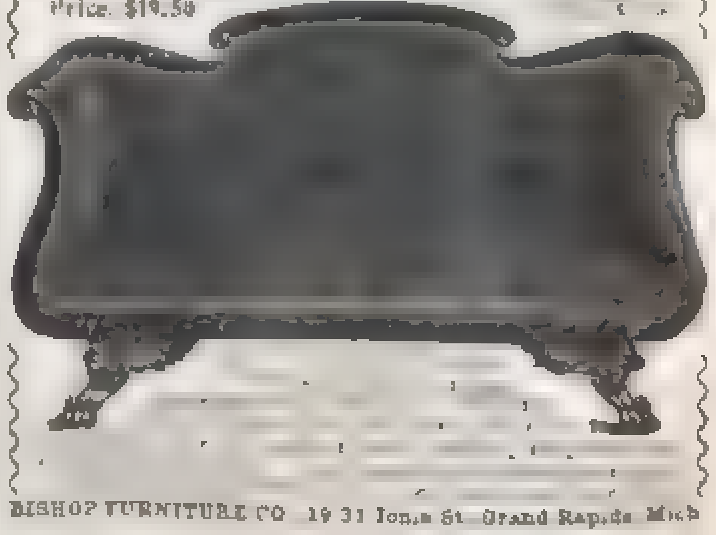

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I don't know what the trouble was, but Old Maid didn't seem to go, and after a while some of our guests borrowed a table in the dining-room and sat down to a comfortable game of whist, and some more went into the library and settled down to euchre, and a few stayed in the parlor and played hearts

Seeing that they were all pleasantly occupied I got a book and my wife began to knit and we felt kind of cozy. Whole lot of people, you know, enjoying themselves in our house. I had provided a good supper and after it was over I told them it wouldn't shock us if they danced. So they danced.

Well, that settled it. We invited some one every Thursday to play cards, and then when the game was started I took up my book and my wife took up her embroidery or knitting and we were as happy as could be until it came supper time and then I was even happier

And a man moved into town who doesn't play cards but who loves to hear me talk and we go into town on the same train every morning and I talk hens and politics and coal, and the card players play cards and everything is lovely

But don't expect to butt into suburban society if you can't swing a heel or shuffle a pack, unless you do as I did and make your house a rendezvous for card lovers and dancers, because it can t be done

Unless you ping-pong

Grant's First Speech

By THOMAS B. BRYAN

GENERAL GRANT'S ingenuous directness was seldom more forcibly shown than at an amateur theatrical entertainment The play was the homely domestic drama, Betsy and I Are Out, and the interest of the President was keen from the moment the curtain went up As the play progressed and the complications threatening to disrupt the home of the [illegible] and wife—the principal [illegible] developed and intensified, the General leaned forward and exclaimed

"Why don't some one explain the situation to the old folks and close up the breach?"

How abjectly Grant was worshiped when fresh from his triumph of crushing the Confederacy is beyond the comprehension of any person who had no part in the public events which followed close upon the capitulation. Never was I more impressed with this than when Grant, Sherman and Sheridan came to Chicago to attend the great Sanitary Fair for the benefit of the sick and disabled soldiers

It was my duty to meet General Grant at the station and conduct him to the platform of the huge wooden structure which covered Dearborn Square, now the site of the present Chicago Public Library. Our progress was through cheering crowds, but above the roar of the multitude I could hear the men at our elbow exclaiming

"I touched him!"

"Tipped his shoulder!"

"There's good luck for the rest of my life!"

At our entrance such a volume of applause as never before or since assailed my ears shook the huge structure until it trembled I speak literally when I say that the sound was deafening At first it was a chaotic roar. Then it soon formed itself into quick pulsations which struck the senses like blows from a hammer. "Grant! Grant! Grant! Grant!" it repeated

Not by a glance or the movement of a muscle did he betray the slightest [illegible] of the marvelous ovation

Finally, by force of sheer exhaustion and hoarseness, the crowd began to lessen the volume of its tumult. At last, from somewhere in the body of the house a man with a thunderous voice was heard to shout

"If Grant won't talk have him make Sherman speak for him"

When Grant heard this his face betrayed the first sign of interest in the scene. Every man on the platform knew the great warrior had never addressed a public audience, and the belief was common that he would rather fight a desperate battle against heavy odds than attempt to say a dozen words from a platform

Would he dare make the effort

Suddenly he arose to his feet and took a step forward, as he began to speak

"Fellow citizens," he said, "it is an inflexible rule of mine never to exact of a subordinate what I am unwilling to undertake myself"

Then he bowed and sat down

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The secret lies in controlling the minds of men. How to make others believe you, trust you, and do what you wish,—this is what you must learn. To be sure, few will learn it but those who also work hard and tell the truth. These come *first*,—but they are not *all*

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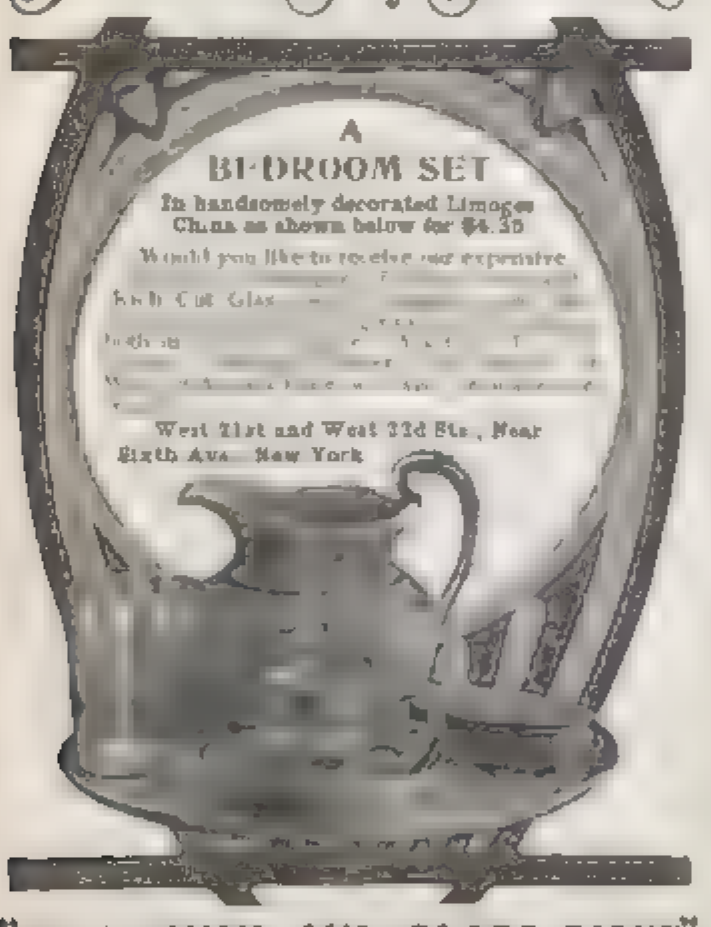

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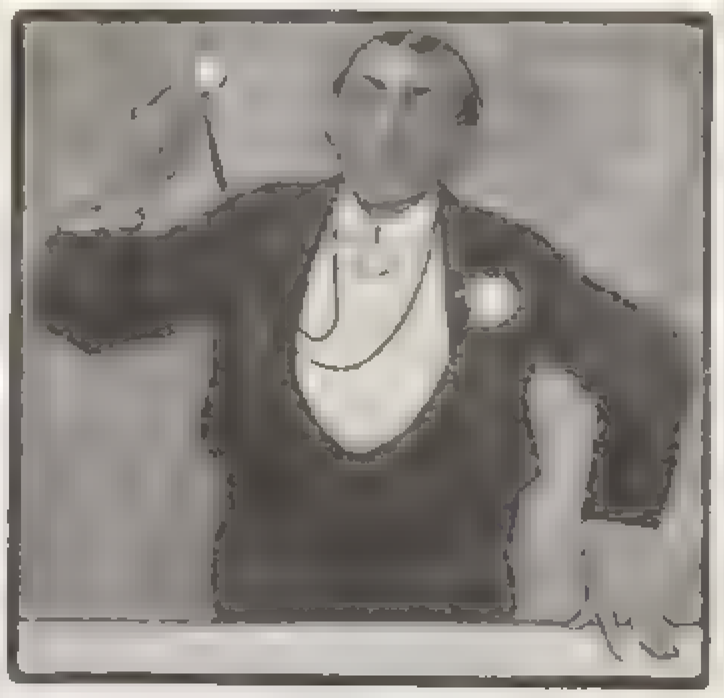
By Edmund Vance Cooke



(VI) BLOOD IS RED

SOME of us don't drink, some of us do:
Some of us use a word or two
Most of us, maybe, are half-way ripe
For deeds that wouldn't look well in type.
All of us have done things, no doubt,
We don't very often brag about
We are timidly good, we are badly bold,
But there's hope for the worst of us, I hold
If there be a few things we didn't do,
For the reason that we so wanted to

Some of us sin on a smaller scale
(We don't mind minnows, we hate a whale.)
We speak of a woman with half a sneer,
We sit on our hands when we ought to cheer
The salad we mix in the bowl of the heart
We sometimes make a little too tart
For home consumption. We growl, we nag,
But we're not quite lost if we sometimes drag
The hot words back and make them mild
At the moment they fret to be running wild

Don't pin your faith on the man or woman
Who never is tempted. We're mostly human.
And whoever he be who never has felt
The red blood sing in the veins and melt
The ice of convention, caste and creed,
To the very last barrier, has no need
To raise his brows at the rest of us.
It bides its time in the best of us,
And well for him if he do not do
That which the strength of him wants him to

* * *

(VII) How Did You Die?

DID you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there — that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce:
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

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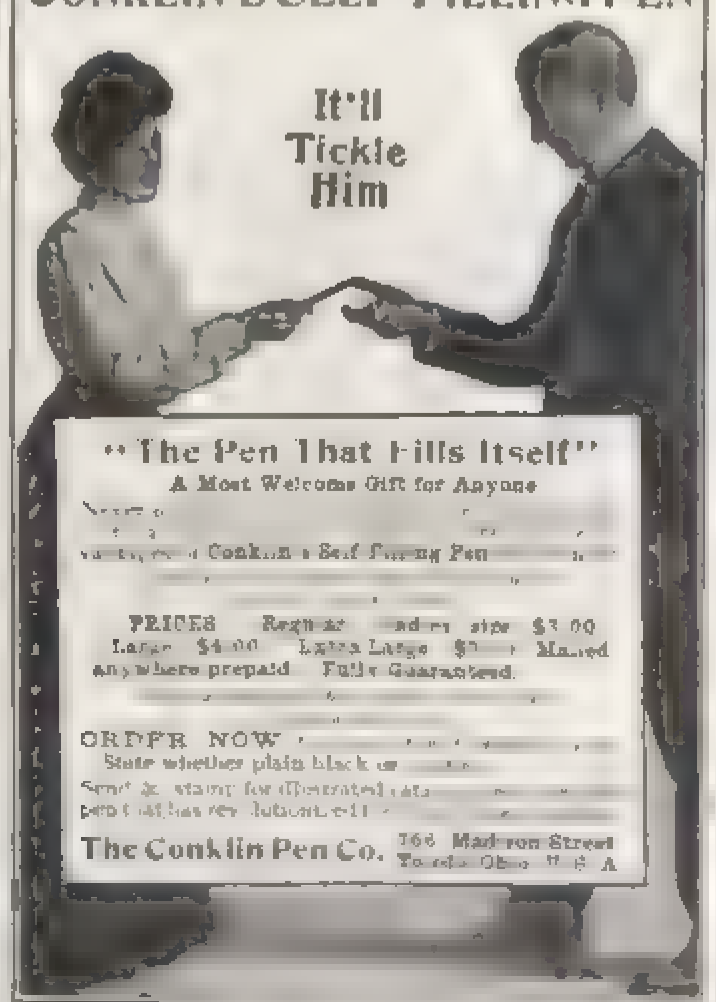

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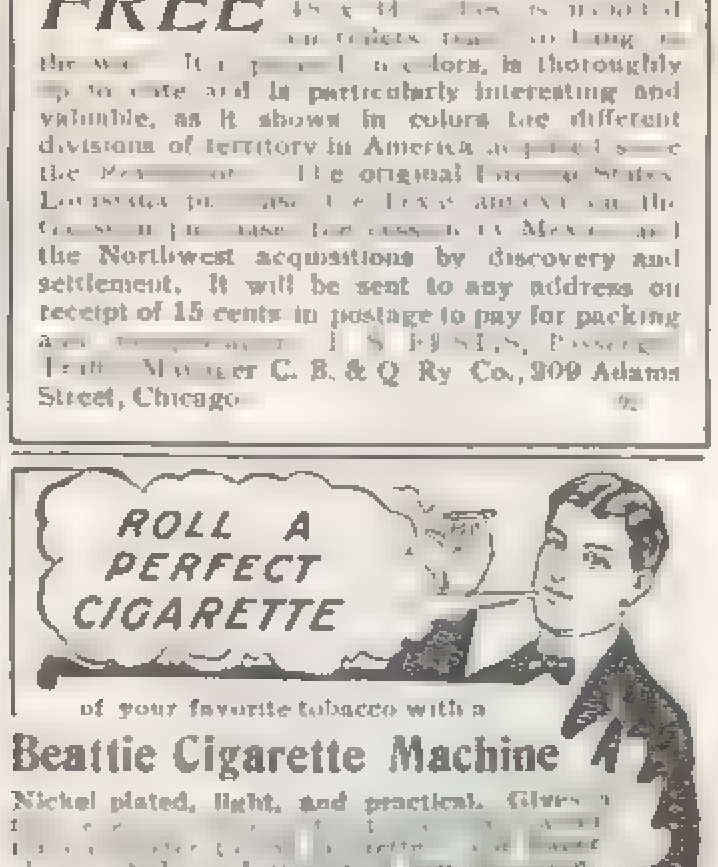

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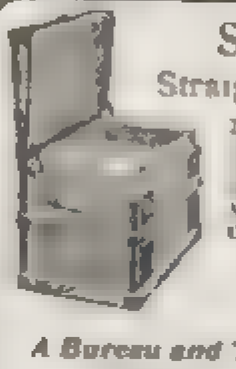

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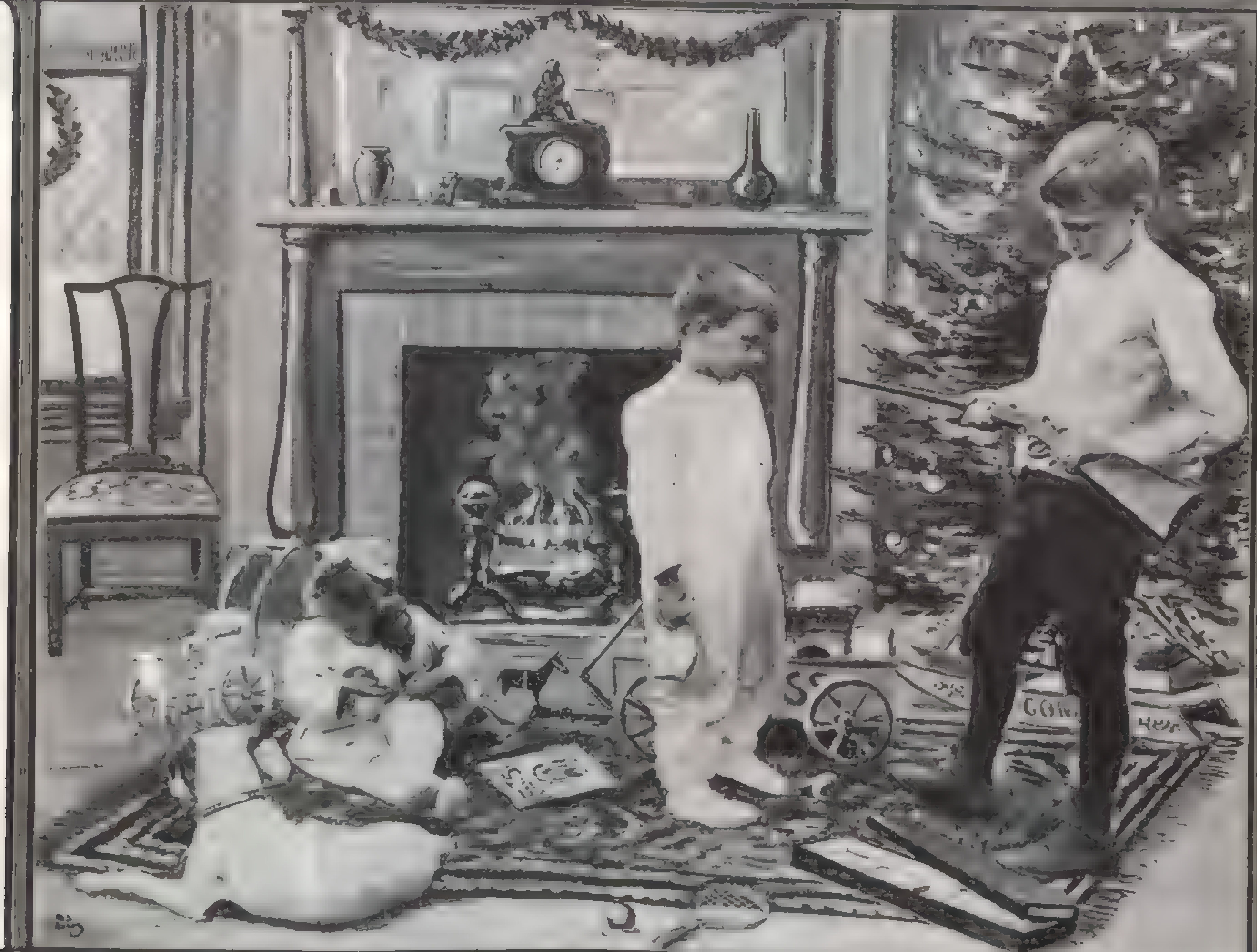

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Presidential Perplexities

Confucius and Cuba

FEW diplomats more alert than Minister Wu Ting fang have graced the National Capital. By a quick word or spontaneous deed he has frequently put himself in touch with newly developed conditions. In illustration thereof, a Washingtonian tells the following story

During the latter days of President McKinley's life, when reciprocity was beginning to be a watchword of the Administration it happened that conversation at an informal session in Cabinet circles drifted into philosophy. Lyman Gage, then Secretary of the Treasury, who has dipped somewhat into Eastern lore, remarked

"Do you know that Confucius in his Analects has summed up the whole scheme of ethics in a single word?'

What's the word?" asked Secretary Root, who has a keen flair for epigrams

The word that Mr Gage had in mind was equity," but as a matter of amusement he suggested that they call up Minister Wu and submit the question to him. In a few moments Minister Wu was listening to the following over the telephone

Members of the Cabinet wish you to tell them in what one word Confucius embodies the philosophy of living

Minister Wu knew the word they sought. He also knew another word which at that time was uppermost in the policy of the Administration, and which, in a large sense could be construed as a synonym for the condensed code of Confucianism

Therefore, with the word "equity" in mind, without a moment's hesitation he replied over the telephone

Confucius sums up the gospel of life in the word 'reciprocity

The reply of the Chinese statesman was merrily received both by the President and his advisers. By a single word Minister Wu had allied himself with the spirit of McKinley's Administration

The Roosevelt Reticence

NEWSPAPER men who have to come regularly in contact with President Roosevelt find few warmer friends or more ready assistants. President Roosevelt's long and varied public career has made him very familiar with the nature of the work required of reporters, and the trials and tribulations encountered by them in the discharge of their duty, and whenever it is possible he extends to them every courtesy and assistance that will facilitate their work. It is no uncommon thing for him to discuss freely state and political matters with correspondents seeking enlightenment, and he is always keenly alive to their interests. But there are occasions when his friendliness for the craft is put to severe tests

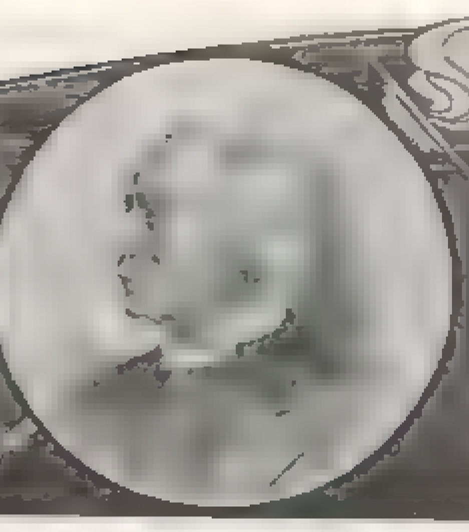
One of these came soon after the Roosevelt family settled at Sagamore Hill last summer The reporters who took up their quarters at Oyster Bay found time hanging heavily on their hands, and turned the exploits of the Roosevelt children to account. Many greatly exaggerated stories of the doings of "Teddy Jr.," Archibald and the other children found their way from the facile pens of the correspondents into the columns of the daily press, much to the displeasure of the President, who objected to notoriety of that kind

When the series of stories had run on for some time, the President determined to put an end to them, and one day summoned to Sagamore Hill a correspondent who had been unusually active in supplying his paper with this class of news

The correspondent was in high feather as he entered the library where the President awaited him. The distinction of a summons from the Chief Executive of the nation had visibly raised him above his fellow-craftsmen, and with bounding expectancy he replied to Mr. Roosevelt's characteristic greeting, "De-light-ed, Mr

The President lost no time in stating the object of the summons

"I have noticed, Mr. ——, that a great many stories have appeared in the —— regarding the exploits of my children. They have been very good stories, indeed, and I assume you are responsible for them. I have only one fault to find with them, and that is that they are not strictly accurate. Now, you know I am always ready to give you the facts, and hereafter whenever you wish exact information about the doings of members of my family I wish you would come to me. I shall be only too pleased to oblige you. I will give you a bully good story right now, if you wish it"



BEACON LIGHTS
OF HISTORY
by John Lord, LL.D.

HOW MANY readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have as comprehensive an idea of the great stories in the world's history as they have of the tales of their favorite author — Dickens for instance? If they are in the minority is it not because thus far History has been synonymous with Study with most of us? Is it not the few who read historical works for pleasure?

This is all to be changed. There is a new era opening up to the reading public. Within a year the people of the United States will have well advanced towards a wider, clearer knowledge of the world's history and the lives of the leaders of all time than have the people of any other country on the globe

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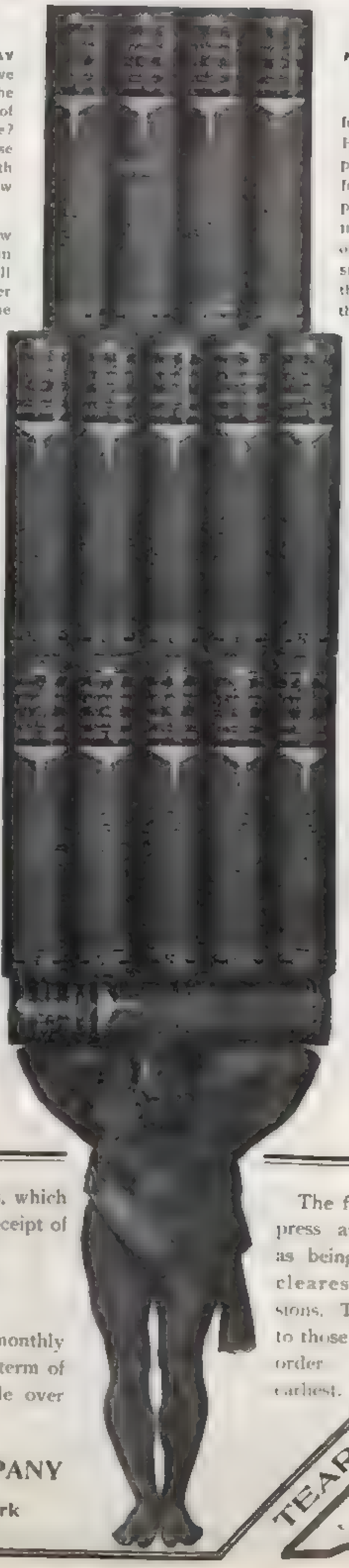

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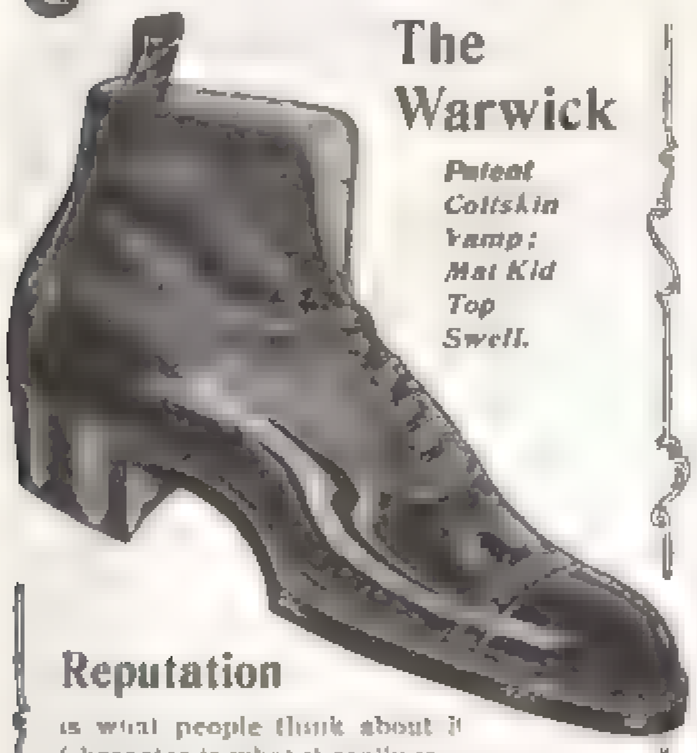

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The reporter sat up eagerly, even if somewhat crestfallen over the rebuke, as the President continued

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I are going riding just as soon as you depart. We shall ride 'cross country, jumping exactly twenty-seven fences and six ditches, and when we return we shall go bathing in our riding habits. My son Theodore is hunting this morning, and I have just received a bulletin from the jungle informing me that he has already killed two elephants and a tiger"

The reporter saw through the President's little play; but there was no way to escape.

"Isn't Theodore a wonder!" cried the President, and then continued

"Archibald, my second son, went out a little while ago to fish for tadpoles to be used as bait for whale. Ethel is tearing down the windmill at this very minute — step around the house and you can see her. Kermit, aged about seven, has just thrown a 200-pound Secret Service man two bouts out of three in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, and Quentin, my baby, is even now setting fire to the back part of the house

There, Mr. ——, you have what I should call a fine story!" said Mr. Roosevelt in all seriousness. "The facts are exactly right, and I trust you will not exaggerate, if you use them. After this, please come directly to me and I will give you these stories about my family whenever you desire them. Delight-ed to have seen you. Good-morning."

* * *

THE WORSHIP OF THE BRAZEN CALF

(Concluded from Page 13)

how his wife has the nerve to walk Fifth Avenue with her. He does not know it, but their little domestic bark is drifting rapidly toward that dangerous reef where the wife begins to long for somebody capable of understanding her — a reef which has been the scene of many pitiful shipwrecks

They return to their old home, and the old friends who come trooping in to welcome them notice at once the change in the young wife. One of them declares half seriously that Mary acts to her as if she were in love, and all agree that new ambitions, new interests — they know not exactly what — have taken possession of her, that she no longer cares for the society of her old friends and kindred or for the social diversions in which she has always been a leading spirit. From a word let fall now and then they learn that she cares more for what she calls "style" than she ever did before, and that she has become deeply interested in the doings of the people that she reads about in the Sunday newspapers and whom she does not even pretend to know personally

After the first shock of surprise is over John is disposed to regard her new mood with the eye of leniency as a mere whim of the moment which will soon pass away, leaving her the same bright, cheerful, frank, home-loving woman that she was before. But in this he is mistaken. The woman who once eats of the fruit that such women as Mrs. Taffeta shake down from the tree of social knowledge must turn her back forever on the Eden of sweet, simple domesticity. Never again will Mary find in her home and among her old friends the contentment and happiness that were once hers. Two months of dalliance at the outer gates of the sanctuary of the brazen calf have sufficed to reduce her to the level of a third rate Briton who can boast of a thousand years of snobbery at his back. She has already divested herself of her finest ideals, her truest standards, the best of her womanly qualities, and laid them as burnt offerings upon the sacrificial altar. They will never come back again

The spectacle of this woman who but yesterday was the light of a decent home and an honored member of the best society that her town possesses, prostrating herself in the worship of something that would fall to the ground were it not for the sleepless vigilance of those who, like the high priests of older forms of idolatry, are interested in keeping alive its vulgar mysteries, may suggest material for a comedy, but to me it is a fit subject for serious thought

Underneath it all lies the hideous tragedy of decaying ideals and standards, the contaminating corruption of vulgarity and the wiping out of a native social structure which is cleaner, more honest and stable, and far better in every way than the hybrid thing that has its source in such places as the Nickel-Plush and acknowledges no god save one that has cloven feet and is fashioned in hollow brass.

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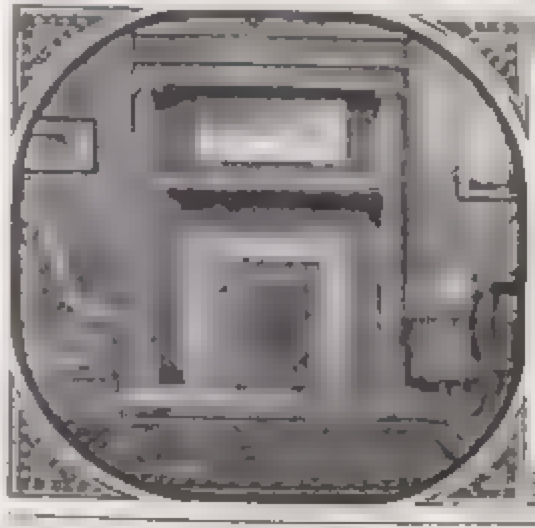

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Uncle Jethro's Innings

By HOLMAN F. DAY

PROBABLY no two Yankees ever worked together with greater slickness of operation than the two "Uncle Jims," two bland old boys who picked up horseflesh in Maine for special city customers

Uncle Jim who had the city end would give his man a two or three days' jaunt through country neighborhoods, and as he knew where about every good colt in Maine was located he would carefully avoid the men who owned these and trot out only poor stuff that an ice-cart man wouldn't look at twice

All the time he would be lamenting the fact that there were so few good horses left in Maine. At the end of, say, three days, the city man, tired and sick of "plugs" and anxious to be back at business, was in proper trim for the coup. The courier Uncle Jim would swing around into that portion of the State where the stationary Uncle Jim owned a stock farm. An employee of the aforesaid stationary Jim would "casually" drop into the hotel and "fall into" conversation with the man who wanted a horse. The courier Uncle Jim, overhearing, would immediately begin to declaim against "that old pirate" as a thief and a robber—as a man who always wanted "double what any decent man would ask for a horse." The employee would bridle and hint at professional jealousy and suggest that it would cost nothing to look at the horses, and that it was a treat for any man to have a peek at something worth while. The city man would in time overrule the strenuous objections of his Uncle Jim and an expedition to the farm would result. All the way Uncle Jim would keep advising his man to have nothing to do with "the old jewhacker."

The stationary Uncle Jim, warned by letters, would be sure to have just the sort of horse that the city man was looking after But the buyer would be informed that this horse was "being held for Blank's agent from Philadelphia." Thereupon the city man would perk up and declare that his money was just as good as Blank s

The farm Uncle Jim would grudgingly set a price, acting as though he hoped the man would be frightened away. But no, sir—not much! The city man would be then in a mood to pay that price for a white pine horse with a popple tail. He would pull his wallet and skin off the bills and lead away his purchase, mad, pleased, delighted and exasperated all at the same time. And then Uncle Jim would curse him for a fool

There is no roster of the men who have bought horses in Maine after that fashion because the men don't advertise the affair afterward. But the indications are that not all the buncoing is done on city pavements by men who wear silk hats and patent-leather shoes. Uncle Jethro has his innings

There was only one man who made a real lot of trouble for the crafty Uncle Jims and he did it with his mouth. He talked so much about his usage in Maine that his conversations threatened to advertise the business too much. The farm Uncle Jim concluded to hunt up the squealer and quietly buy the horse back. So he bearded the roaring lion in his city office. Lion surveyed the bland old man sternly and uncompromisingly. But the old man appeared not to notice the frost

"Ye see, mister," said he, "it warn't tew hours after ye'd towed that hoss away that another buyer come along and he was dretful disapp'inted to find out I'd let the critter go Course I couldn't promise him nothin' as I knowed ye'd hate to give the hoss up.

The city man strove to speak, but his voice stuck in his throat and his face grew purple

Uncle Jim continued serenely: "Now that man made me an offer in case I could git that hoss. As I giv' ye sech a trade on the hoss that ye might almost call it a gift"—the city man writhed and choked—"I didn't know but ye might be willing to sort o' reciprocate and turn the hoss back to me so that I can accommodate an old customer

"In—a—minute!" with great emphasis

"Wal—wal, now, that's nice of ye. Then I reckin I'd better tell the man that——"

The other leaned forward suddenly and his eyes blazed. "You tell him," he shouted—"You tell him the same crisscrossed, double blank lie you told me. It'll sell the horse You can't improve on it a mite

"And, I swow," said Uncle Jim later to the other Uncle Jim, "for the first time in my life I went plumb, square off my feet on the home stretch of a hoss trade, and I come under the wire runnin' and with my heels bangin' up ag'in' the cross-bar. I swanny, I didn't git leveled away and goin' my us'al smooth gait for more'n tew hours"

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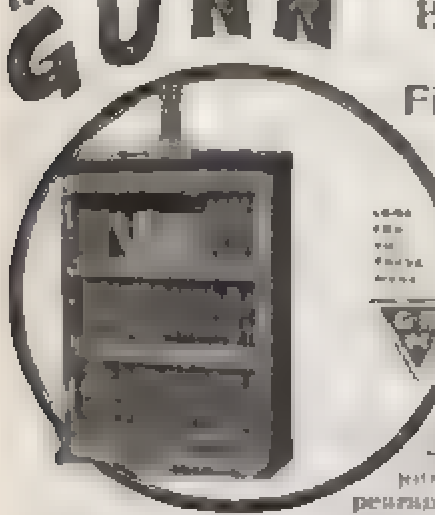

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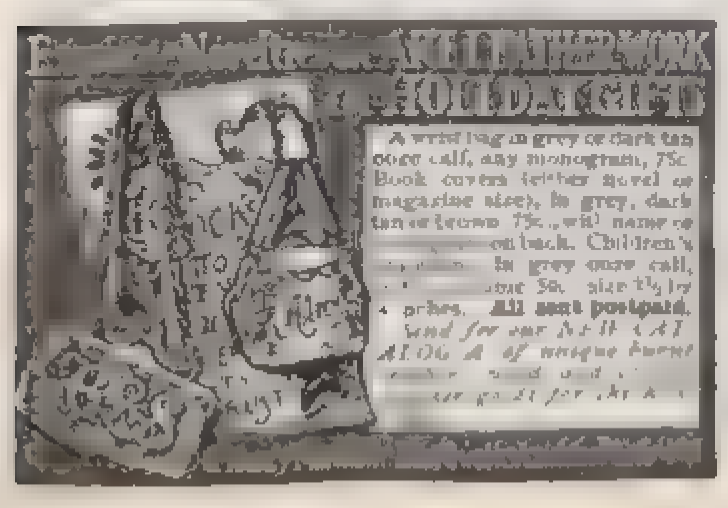

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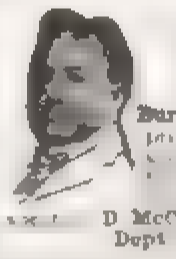

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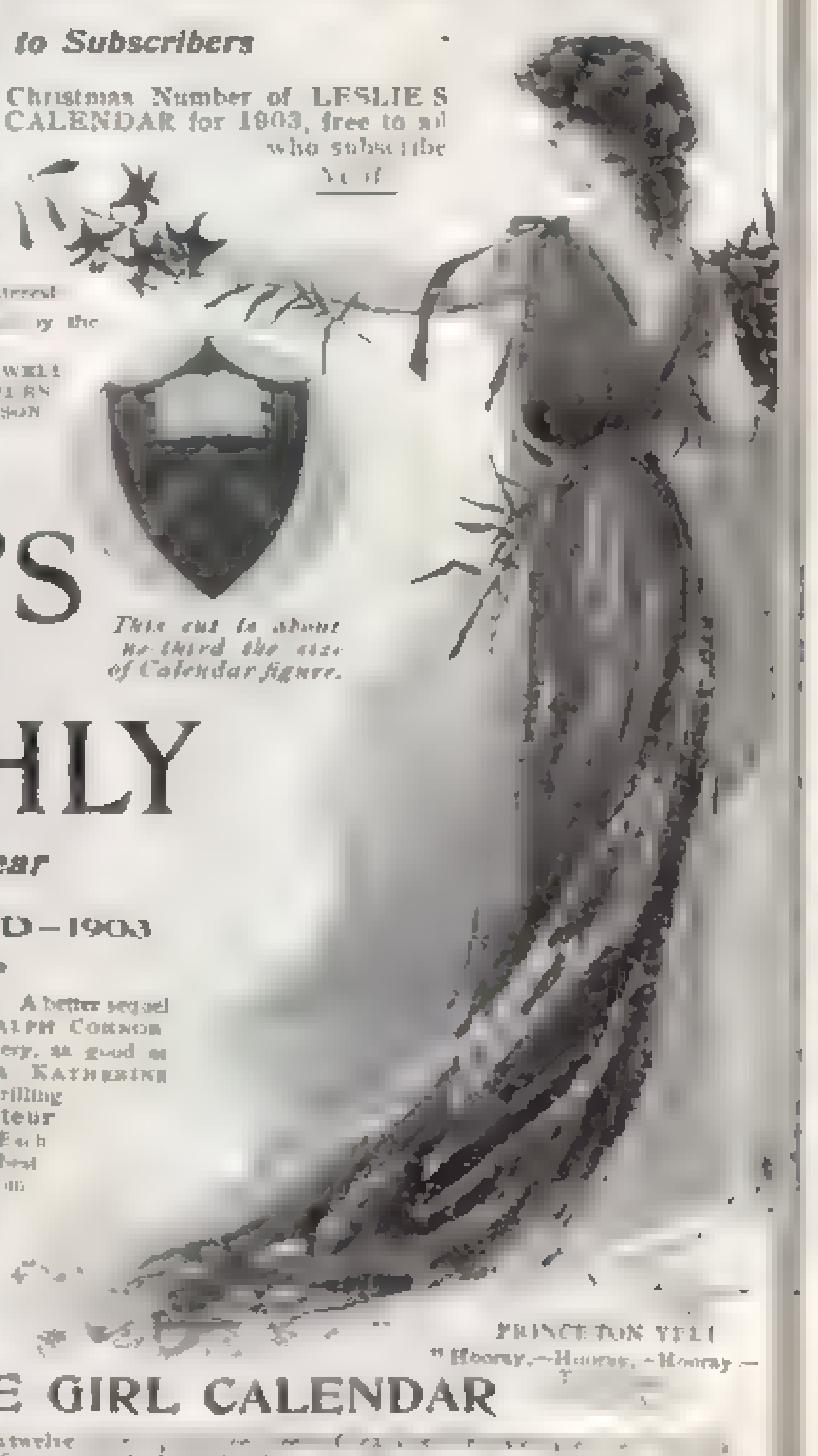

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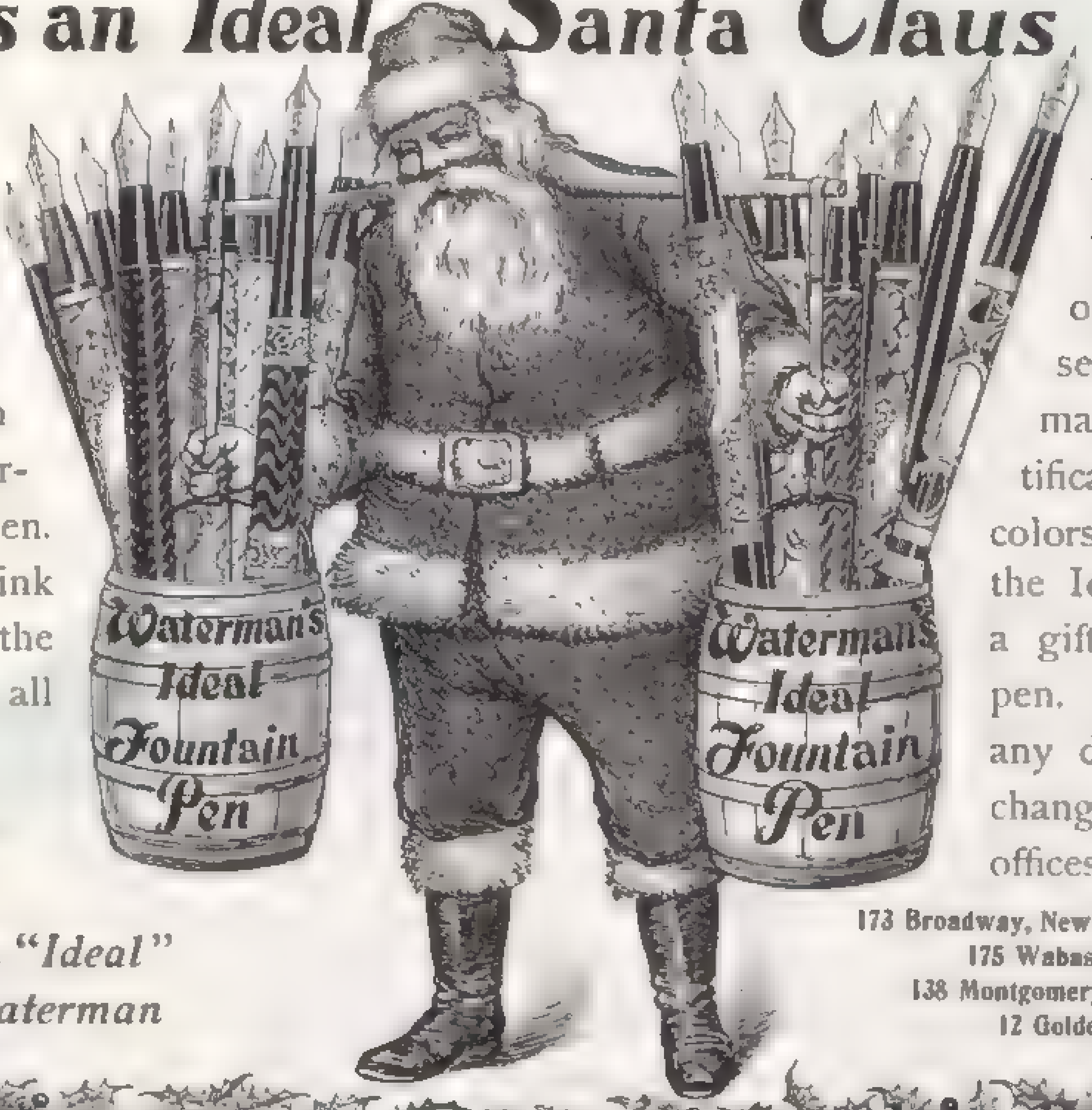

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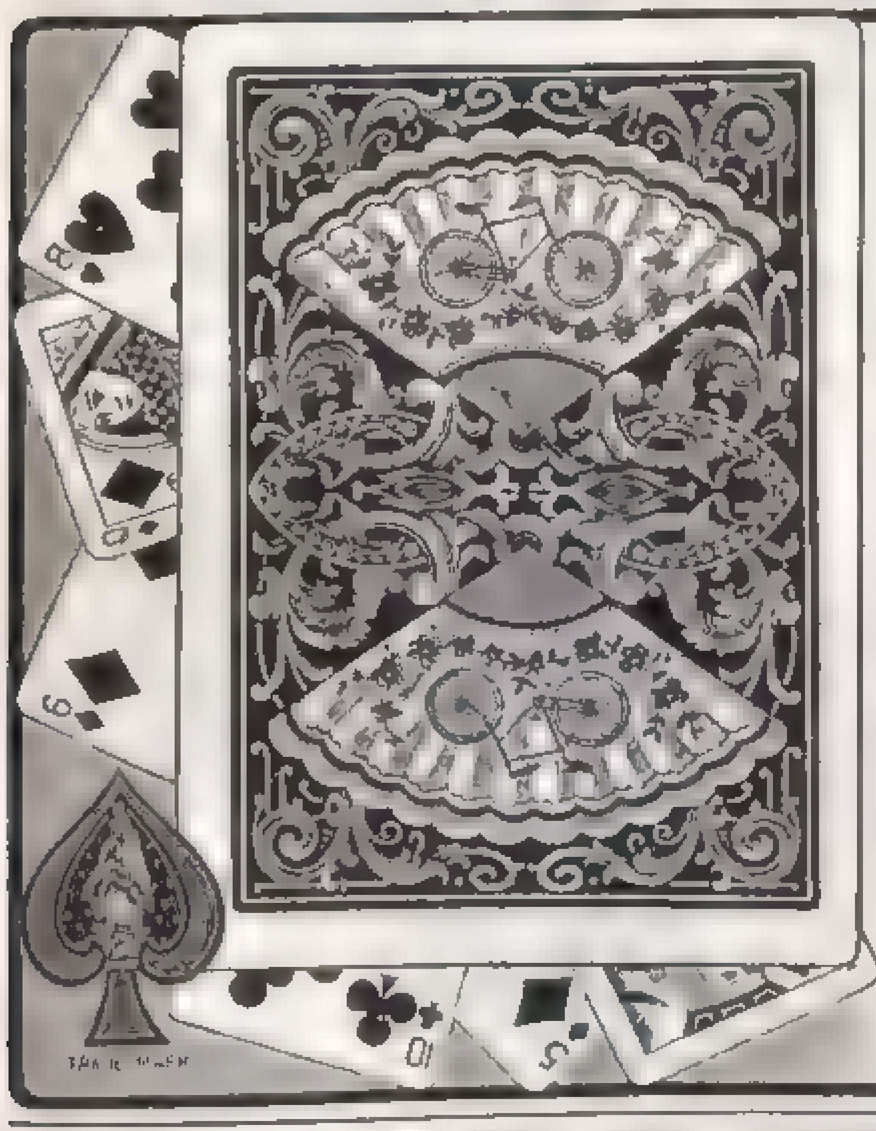

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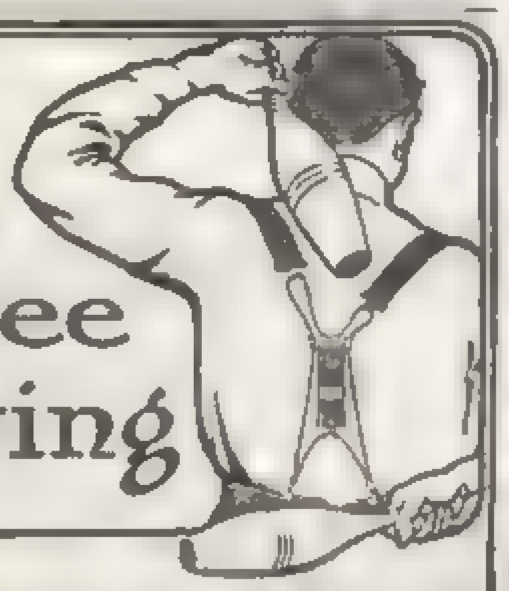

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Steam Tactics

(Continued from Page 4)

I put in fresh sparking plugs this morning) Salmon, take that steam-kettle home, somehow. I would be alone."

Filsey," I said to my man, " help Salmon home with my car."

" Home? Now? It's hard. It's cruel 'ard," said Filsey, almost with a sob.

Hinchcliff outlined my car's condition briefly to the two engineers. Mr. Pyecroft clung to our guest, who stared with affrighted eyes at the palpitating Octopod; and the free wind of high Sussex whimpered across the heather.

" I am quite agreeable to walkin' 'ome all the way on my feet," said our guest. " I wouldn't go to any railway station. It 'ud be just the proper finish to our little joke."

He laughed nervously.

" What's the evolution?" said Pyecroft, disregarding. " Do we turn over to the new cruiser?"

I nodded, and he escorted our guest to the tonneau with care. When I was in, he sat himself broad-armed on the little flap-seat which controls the door. Hinchcliff sat by Kysh.

" You drive?" Kysh asked, with the smile that has won him his chequered way through the world.

" Steam only, and I've about had my whack for to-day, thanks."

" I see."

The long, low car slid forward and then dropped like a bullet down the descent our steam toy had so painfully climbed. Our guest's face blanched, and he clutched the back of the tonneau.

" New commander's evidently been trained on a destroyer," said Hinchcliff.

" What's 'is wonderful name?" whispered Pyecroft. " Ho! Well, I'm glad it ain't Saul we've run up against — nor Nimshi, for that matter. This is makin' me feel religious."

Our impetus carried us half-way up the next slope, where we steadied to a resonant twelve an hour against the collar.

" What do you think?" I called to Hinchcliff.

" 'Taint as sweet as steam, o' course; but for power it's twice the *Furious* against half the *Jaseur* in a head-sea."

Volumes could not have touched it more exactly. His bright eyes were glued on Kysh's hands juggling with the levers behind the discreet backward sloping dash.

" An' what sort of a brake might you use?" he said politely.

" This," Kysh replied, as the last of the hill shot up to one in eleven. He let the car run back a few feet and caught her deftly on the brake, repeating the performance cup and ball fashion. It was like being dapped above the Pit at the end of your uncoiled solar plexus. Even Pyecroft held his breath.

" It ain't fair! It ain't fair!" our guest moaned. " You're makin' me sick."

" What an ungrateful blighter he is!" said Pyecroft. " Money couldn't buy you a run like this . . . Do it well overboard!"

" We'll just trundle up the Forest and drop into the Park Row, I think," said Kysh. " There's a bit of good going hereabouts."

He flung a careless knee over the low raking tiller that the ordinary expert puts under his oxter, and down four miles of yellow road, cut through barren waste, the Octopod sang like a six-inch shell.

" Whew! But you know your job," said Hinchcliff. " You're wasted 'ere. I'd give something to 'ave you in my engine-room."

" He's steering with 'is little hind-legs," said Pyecroft. " Stand up and look at him, Robert. You'll never see such a sight again!"

" Nor don't want to," was our guest's reply. " Five 'undred pounds wouldn't begin to cover 'is fines even since I've been with him."

Park Row is reached by one hill which drops three hundred feet in half a mile. Kysh had the thought to steer with his hand down the abyss, but the manner in which he took the curved bridge at the bottom brought my few remaining hairs much nearer the grave.

" We're in Surrey now; better look out," I said.

" Never mind. I'll roll her into Kent for a bit. We've lots of time, it's only three o'clock."

" Won't you want to fill your bunkers, or take water, or anything?" said Hinchcliff.

" We don't use water, and she's good for two hundred on one tank o' petrol."

" Two 'undred miles from 'ome and mother *and* faithful Fido to-night, Robert," said Pyecroft, slapping our guest on the knee. " Cheer up! Why, I've known a destroyer do less."

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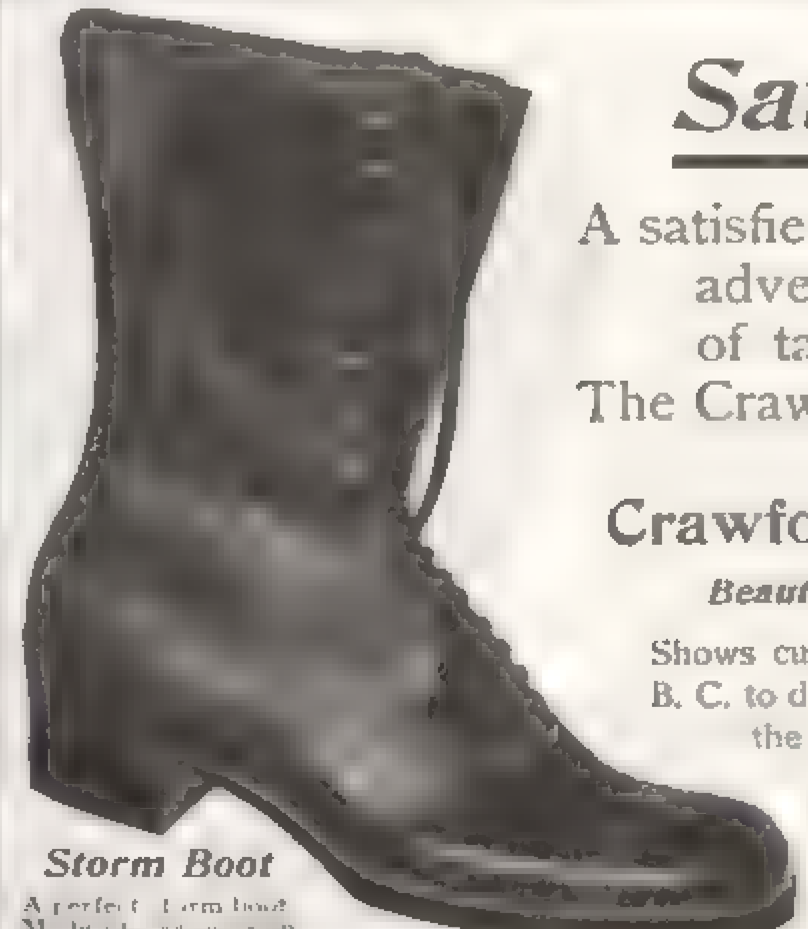

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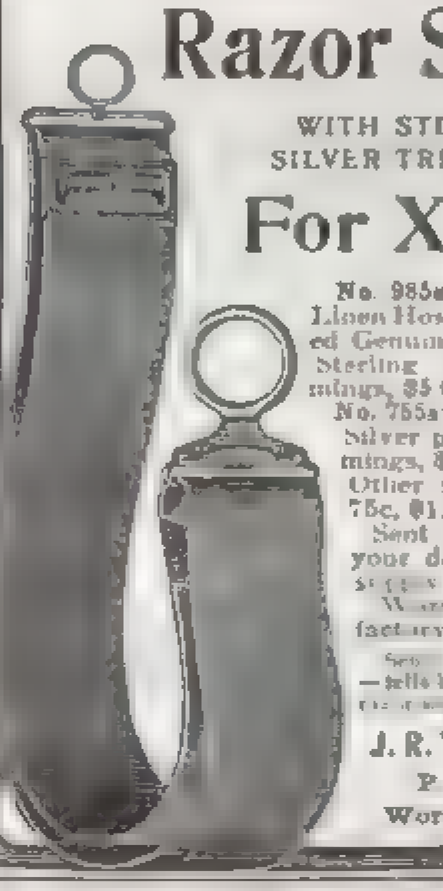

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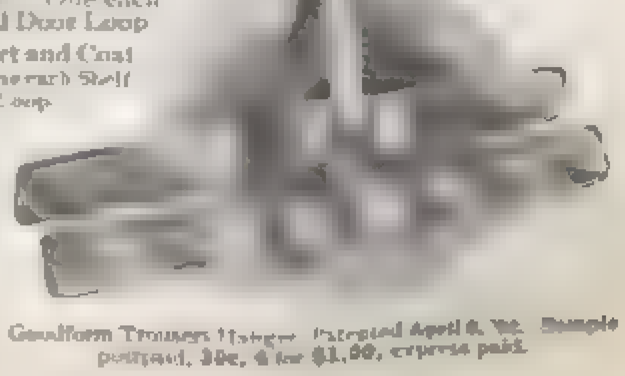

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We passed with some decency through some towns, till by way of the Hastings road we whirled into Cramberhurst, which is a deep pit

"Now," said Kysh "We begin."

"Previous service not reckoned towards pension," said Pyecroft. "We are doin' you lavish, Robert"

"But when's this silly game to finish, anyhow?" our guest snarled

"You'll fall in at six bells all right enough Don't worry about the *when* of it. The *where's* the interestin' point for you, sonny"

I had seen Kysh drive before, and I thought I knew the Octopod but that afternoon he and she were exalted beyond my knowledge He improvised on the keys — the snapping levers and quivering accelerators — marvellous variations, so that our progress was sometimes a fugue and sometimes a barn dance, varied on open greens by the weaving of fairy rings When I protested, all that he would say was "I'll hypnotise the fowl I'll dazzle the rooster!" or other words equally futile And she — oh! that I could do her justice! — she turned her broad black bows to the westering sun, and lifted us high upon hills that we might see and rejoice with her. She whooped into still hollows of elm and Sussex weed; she devoured infinite perspectives of grey split-oak park palings; she surged through forgotten hamlets, whose one street gave back, re-duplicated, the clatter of her exhaust, and, tireless, she repeated the motions. Over naked uplands she droned like a homing bee, her shadow lengthening in the sun that she chased to his lair. She nosed up unparochial byways and accommodation-roads of the least accommodation, and put old scarred turf or new-raised molehills under her most marvellous springs with never a jar And since the King's highway is used for every purpose save traffic, in mid-career she stepped aside for, or flung amazing loops about, the brainless driver, the driverless horse, the drunken carrier, the engaged couple, the female student of the bicycle and her staggering instructor, the pig, the perambulator, and the infant school (where that disembogued on cross-roads), with the grace of Lottie Venne and the lithe abandon of all the Vokes family. But at heart she was ever Judic as I remember that Judic long ago — Judic clad in bourgeois black from wrist to ankle, achieving marvellous improprieties

We were all silent — Hinchcliff and Pyecroft through professional appreciation I with a layman's delight in the expert; and our guest because of fear

At the edge of the evening she smelt the sea to southward and sheered thither like the strong-winged albatross, to circle enormously amid green flats fringed by martello towers

"Ain't that Eastbourne yonder?" said our guest, reviving. "I've a aunt there could identify me"

"Don't worry her for a little thing like that," said Pyecroft; and ere he had ceased to praise family love and domestic service, the Downs rose between us and the sea, and the Long Man of Hillingdon lay out upon the turf

"Trevington — up left — is a fairly isolated little dorp," I said, for I was beginning to feel hungry

"No," said Kysh "He'd get a lift to the railway in no time Besides, I'm enjoying myself . . . . Three pounds eighteen and sixpence. Dam' swindle!"

I take it one of his more recent fines was rankling in Kysh's brain; but he drove like the Archangel of the Twilight

About the longitude of Cassocks Hinchcliff yawned. "Aren't we ever goin to maroon the blighter? I'm hungry, too."

"The commodore wants his money back," I answered.

"If he drives like this habitual there must be a tidyish little lump owin' him," said Pyecroft. "Well, I'm agreeable."

"I didn't know it could be done. S'welp me, I didn't," our guest murmured

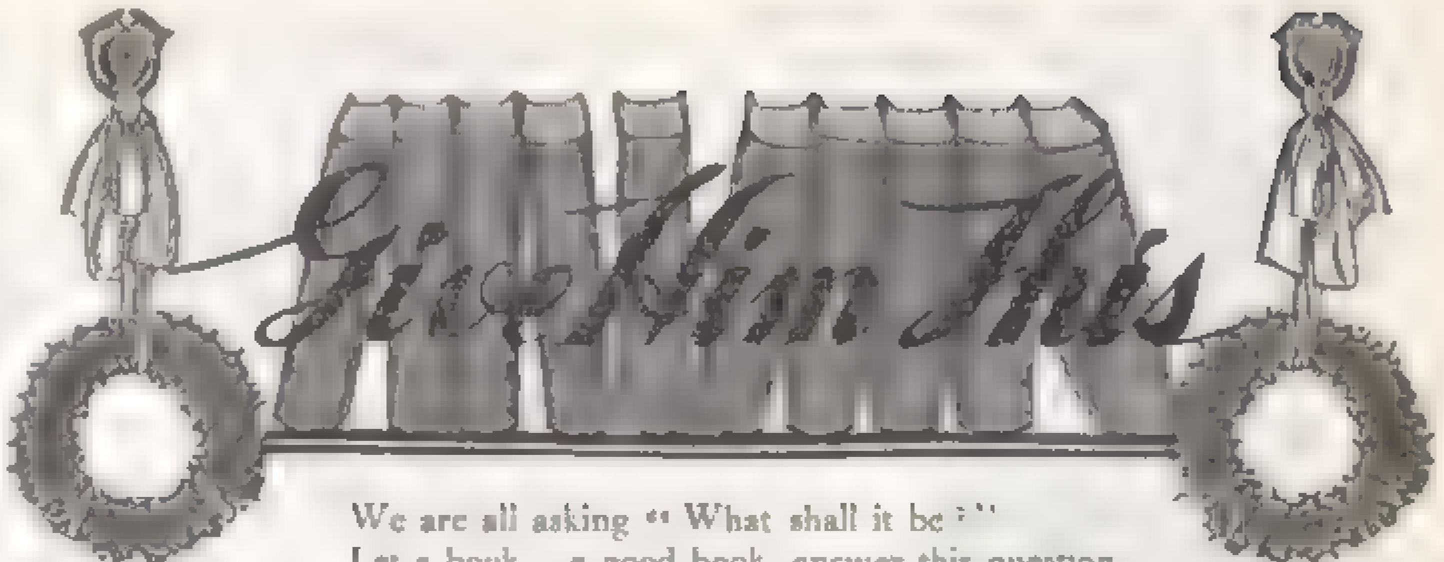
"But you will," said Kysh. And that was the first and last time he addressed the man

We ran through Penfield Green, half stupefied with open air, drugged with the relentless boom of the Octopod, and extinct with famine

"I used to shout about here," said Kysh, a few miles further on. "Open that gate, please," and he slowed as the sun touched the sky-line. At this point we left metalled roads and bucked vigorously amid ditches and under trees for twenty minutes

"Only cross-country car on the market," he said, as we wheeled into a straw-yard where a lone bull bellowed defiance to our growlings. "Open that gate, please. I hope the cattle-bridge will stand up

"I've took a few risks in my time," said Pyecroft, as timbers cracked beneath us and



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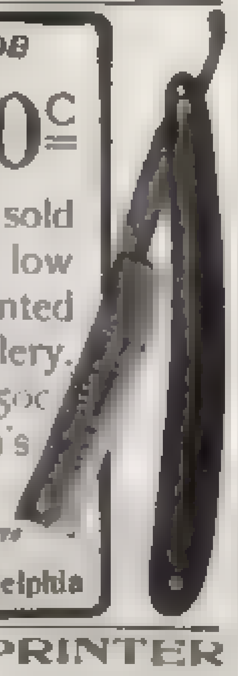

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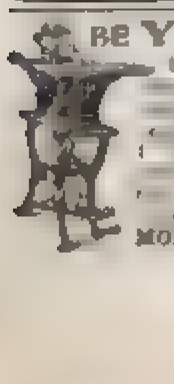

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we entered between thickets, " but I'm a babe to this man, Hinch."

"Don't talk to me. Watch '*im!* It's a liberal education, as Shakespeare says. Fallen tree on the port bow, sir."

"Right! That's my mark. Sit tight!"

She flung up her tail like a sounding whale and buried us in a fifteen-foot deep bridle path buttressed with the exposed roots of enormous beeches. The wheels leaped from root to rounded boulder, and it was very dark in the shadow of the foliage.

"There ought to be a hammer-pond somewhere," Kysh was letting her down this chute in brakeful spasms.

"Water dead ahead, sir. Stack o' brushwood on the starboard beam, and—no road," sang Pyecroft.

"Cr-r-ri key!" said Hinchcliff, as the car on a wild cant to the left went astern, screwing herself round the angle of a track that overhung the pond. "If she only 'ad two propellers, I believe she'd talk poetry. She can do everything else."

"We're rather on our port wheels now," said Kysh; "but I don't think she'll capsize. This road isn't used much by motors."

"You don't say so?" said Pyecroft. "What a pity."

She bored through a mass of crackling brushwood and emerged into an upward sloping fern-glade fenced with woods so virgin, so untouched, that William Rufus might have ridden off as we entered. We climbed out of the violet-purple shadows towards the upland where the last of the day lingered. I was filled to my moist eyes with the deep, instriking beauty of sense and association that clad it all.

"Does 'unger produce 'allucinations?" said Pyecroft in a whisper. "Because I've just seen a sacred ibis walkin' arm-in-arm with a British cock pheasant."

"What are you panickin' at?" said Hinchcliff. "I've been seein' zebra for the last two minutes, but *I* 'aven't complained."

He pointed behind us, and I beheld a superb painted zebra (Burchell's, I think), following our track with palpitating nostrils. The car stopped and it fled away. There was a little pond in front of us from which rose a dome of irregular sticks crowned with a blunt-muzzled beast that sat upon its haunches.

"Is it contagious?" said Pyecroft.

"Yes. I'm seeing beaver," I replied.

"It is here!" said Kysh, with the air and gesture of Captain Nemo, and half turned.

"No—no—no! For 'Eaven's sake—not 'ere!" Our guest gasped like a [illegible] child, as four efficient hands swung him far outboard on to the turf. The car ran back noiselessly down the slope.

"Look! Look! It's blighted sorcery," cried Hinchcliff.

There was a report like a pistol-shot as the beaver dived from the roof of his lodge, but we watched our guest. He was on his knees, praying to kangaroos. Yea, in his bowler hat he kneeled before kangaroos—gigantic, erect, silhouetted against the light—four buck kangaroos in the heart of Sussex!

And we retrogressed over the velvety grass till our hind-wheels struck well rolled gravel, leading us to sanity, main roads, and, half an hour later, the "Grapnel Inn" at Horsham.

After a great meal we poured libations and made burned offerings in honor of Kysh, who received our homage graciously, and, by the way, explained a few things in the natural history line that had puzzled us. England is the most marvellous foreign country in the world, but one is not trained to accept kangaroos or zebras as part of her landscape.

"An' you say there's three or four o' these amateur zoological gardens in England kep' up by gentlemen o' fortune for love o' natural history?" said Hinchcliff.

"We'll drink all their healths as public benefactors ranking with but after you, Mr. Kysh. Of course these Chillingham bulls you talk about (in Norfolk, ain't it?) would 'ave developed more power in continuous steamin', but for surprise parties you can raise steam quicker on kangaroos."

When we went to bed, Pyecroft pressed my hand, his voice thick with emotion.

"We owe it to you," he said. "We owe it all to you. Didn't I say we never met *in pup pup-puris naturalibus,* if I may so put it, without a remarkably 'ectic day ahead of us?"

"That's all right," I said. "Mind the candle." He was tracing smoke-patterns on the wall.

"But what I want to know is whether we'll succeed in acclimatisin' the blighter, or whether the keepers'll kill 'im before 'e gets accustomed to 'is surroundin's?"

Some day I think we must go up the Linghurst Road and find out.

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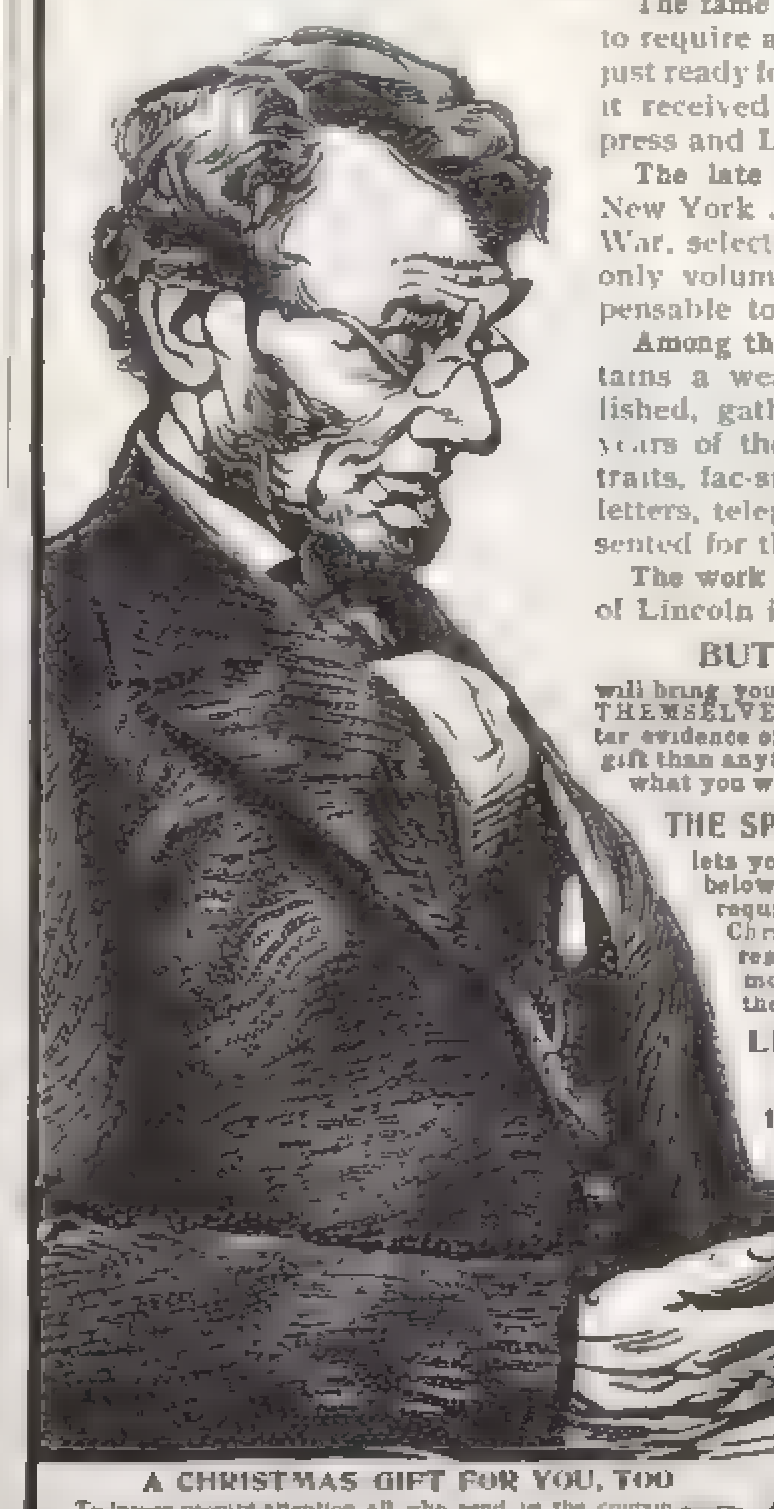

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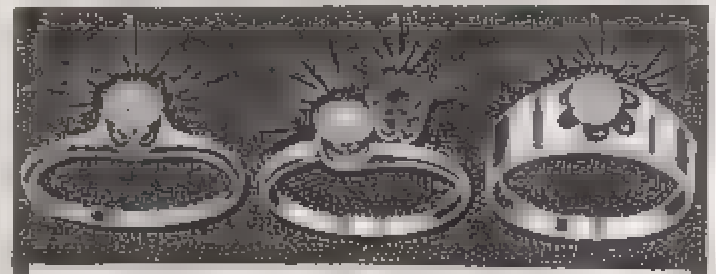

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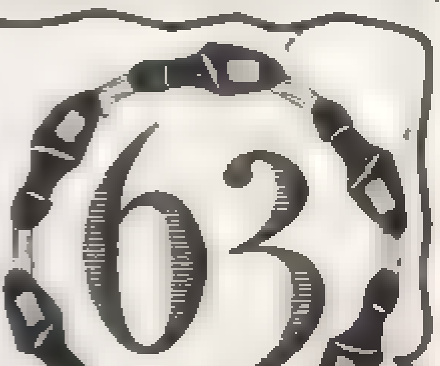

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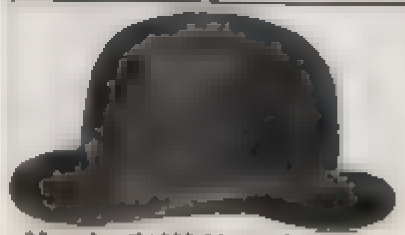

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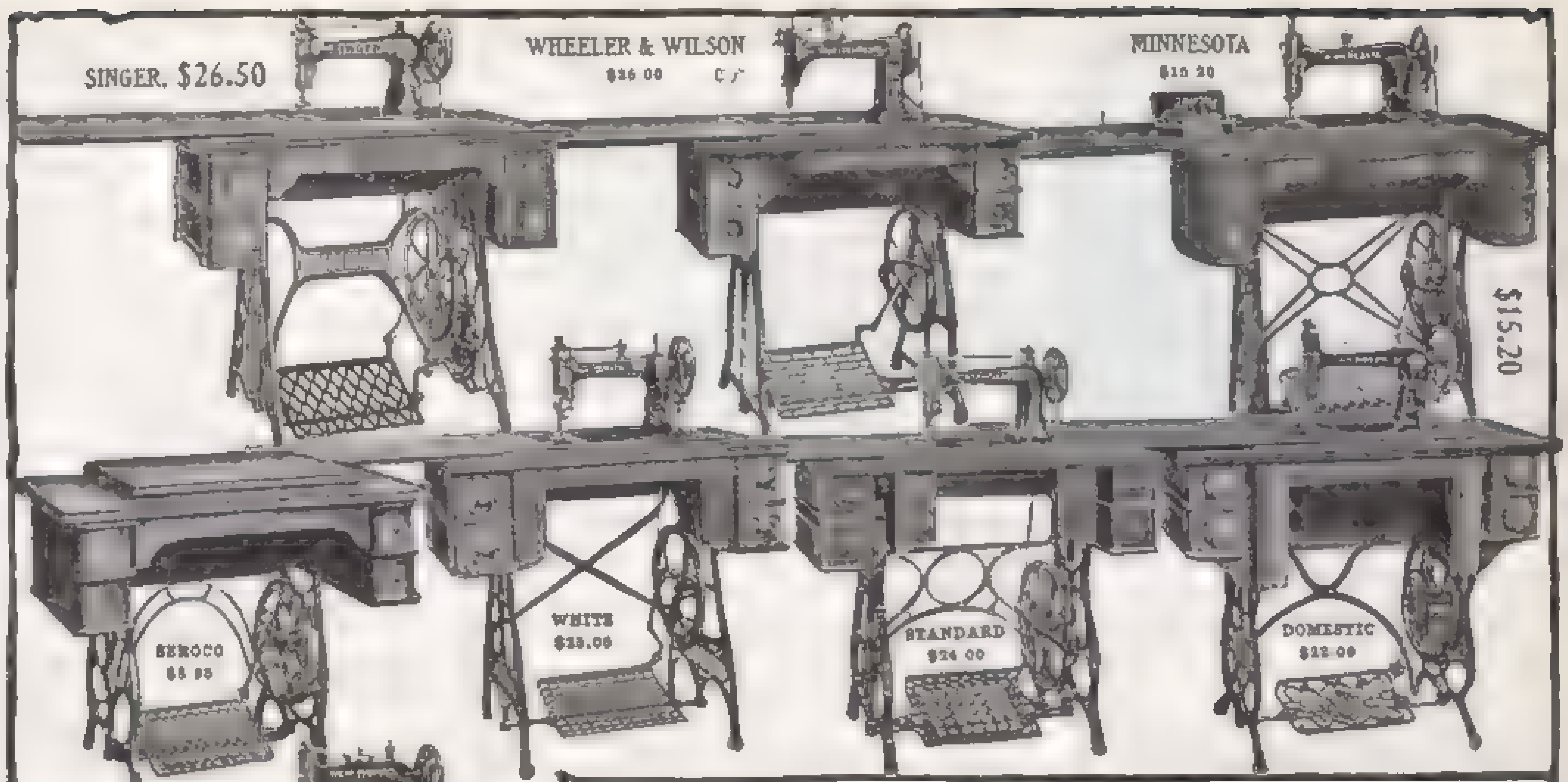

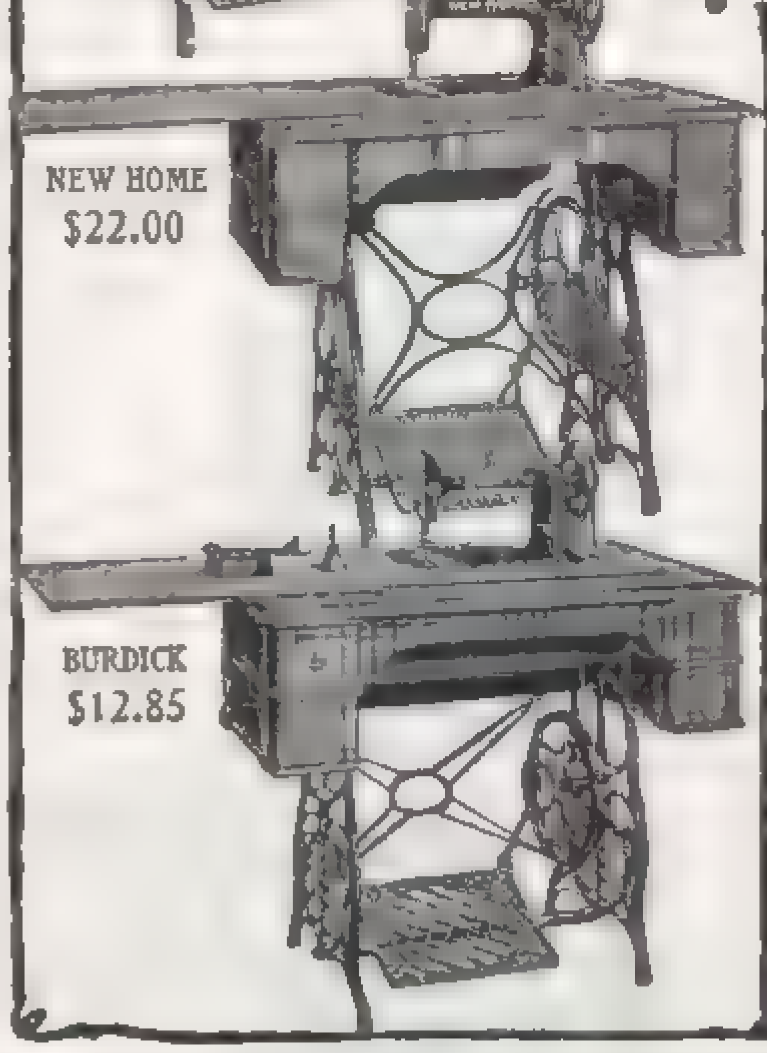

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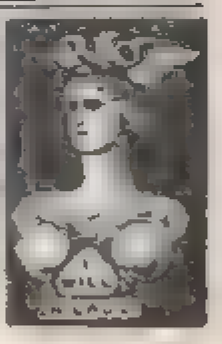

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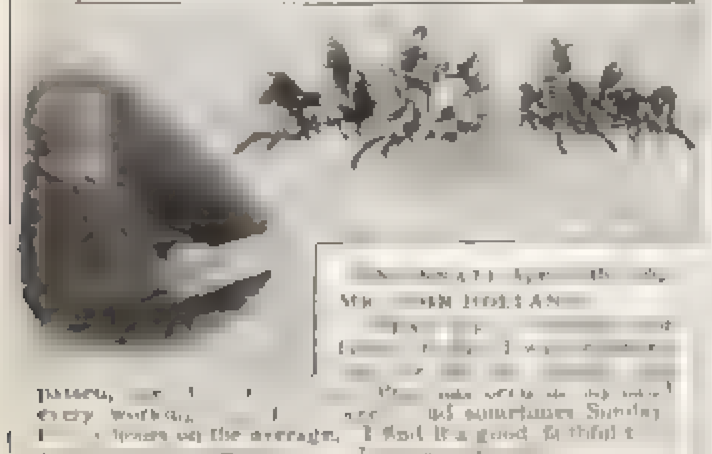

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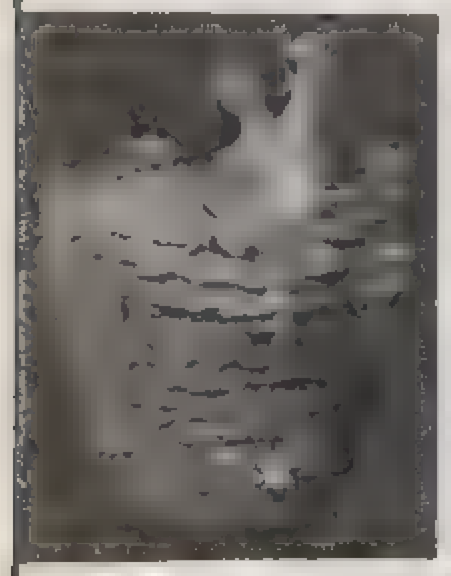

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Between the Lines

THERE is the same sense of shock and untimeliness at the death of Frank Norris which came to readers at the death of Stephen Crane and George Douglas Browne. He was only thirty-two. His first novel, McTague, was published six years ago. Three others followed, with magazine articles and stories, and then the promise shown in the uncompromising realism and wonderful observation of McTeague developed larger results in The Octopus. The crescendo is continued in The Pit, as the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are learning week by week. In these six years Frank Norris had become the most forceful and significant figure among our younger writers.

Personally he was not so well known in what are termed Eastern literary circles as many men who have done far less. He had early affiliations with the East through a year at Harvard, although he was born in Chicago in 1870, and the larger part of his academic training was obtained in San Francisco and at the University of California. Meantime he had written verses, had studied art in Julian's studio in Paris, and had written for the Argonaut. This journalistic experience was continued with the Wave, and then his experiences were broadened by a visit to South Africa as a war correspondent at the time of the Uitlander troubles in 1895-'96. His sympathies were with the English and by the mandate of the Boer leaders he was practically expelled from the country. It was in 1896-'97, while editing the Wave, that he wrote McTeague and that relentless study of the San Francisco dentist-murderer showed that a new force was making itself felt in fiction. The Spanish war added another experience as war correspondent. Two years ago he became connected for a time with the business of his publishers in New York, but he had returned to California and was anticipating a journey around the world when he died.

Mr. Norris' life in the East showed that the ease of clubs and the petty triumphs of literary salons offered him no temptations. He believed in realism and sincerity in art. He was real and sincere himself. In one of his short stories he pictured a young writer coming from the mountains to New York, winning one success and then succumbing to the cheap flatteries of the "literary shop." He was himself too strong and too much in earnest for such a fate. He might have been a mantelpiece idol, but he cared for none of those things. What he did care for was the soundness of his art. He was insistent in his theories when he cared to talk, but though he believed in himself as he should he had a true artist's modesty.

Current History in Fiction

Like Balzac and Zola, Mr. Norris contemplated the study of a cycle in fiction. The Octopus pictured production with the manifold action and reaction involved in modern combinations of land ownership and finance, transportation and politics. Men are crushed. The wheat remains. The trend of The Pit develops week by week with mounting interest. But The Pit will be his last word. The novel which was to follow these epics of production and speculation and complete the cycle will not be written. It is said that it was to have dealt with a grain famine in Russia. In a similar way, but with a very different theme and attitude, Mr. Winston Churchill is working out his cycle of American life. There was first Richard Carvel, with its pictures of an American family in the Revolution. In The Crisis, the family history was, as it were, continued through the Civil War. In his next novel it is understood that the thread will be continued. There is no question of sequels, but it is probable that some of the former characters will reappear or be suggested in the new novel of later American life. Assuredly American readers are fortunate in the choice made by these two novelists, doubly fortunate when one recalls the pathological cycle presented so relentlessly by Zola in the Rougon-Macquart series. Mr. Norris has always been realistic, in that he saw for himself and held to truth, and ignored literary traditions and conventions. His artistic independence was dear to him, but he was an Anglo-Saxon, and the point of view differs from that of the French novelist. Possibly his former novels may not have received so vibrant a popular acclaim as some of the romantic sword-clashings of recent years, but the reaction against the dagger has set in.

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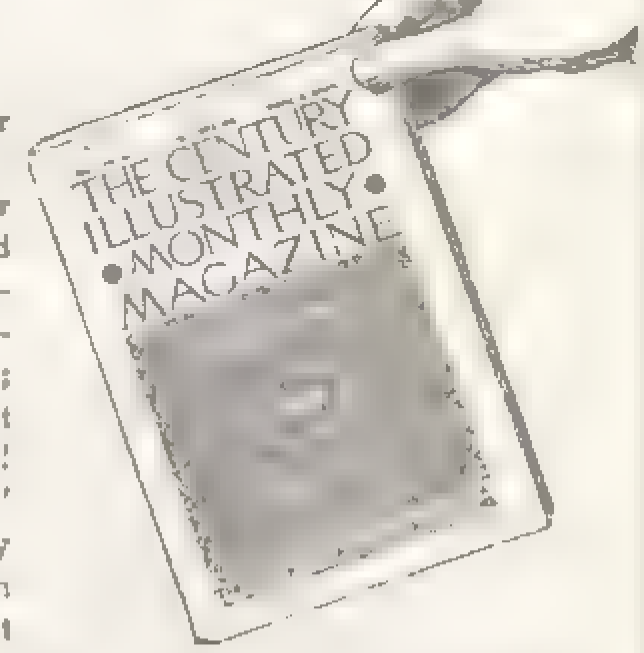

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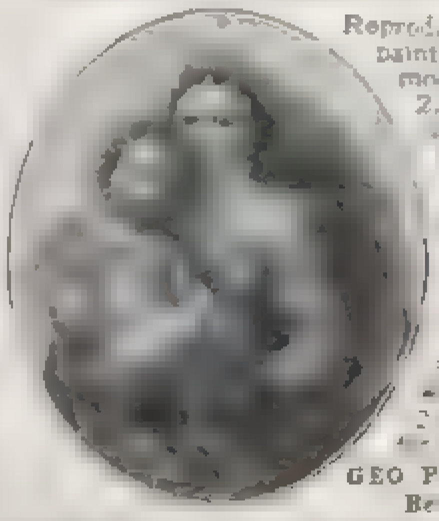

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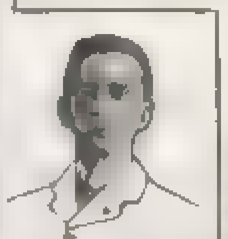

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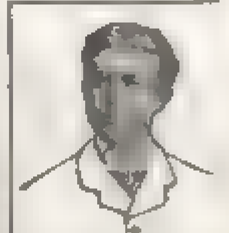

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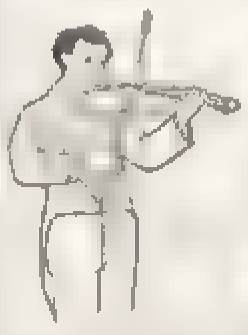

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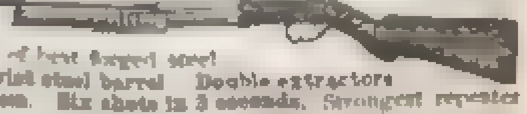

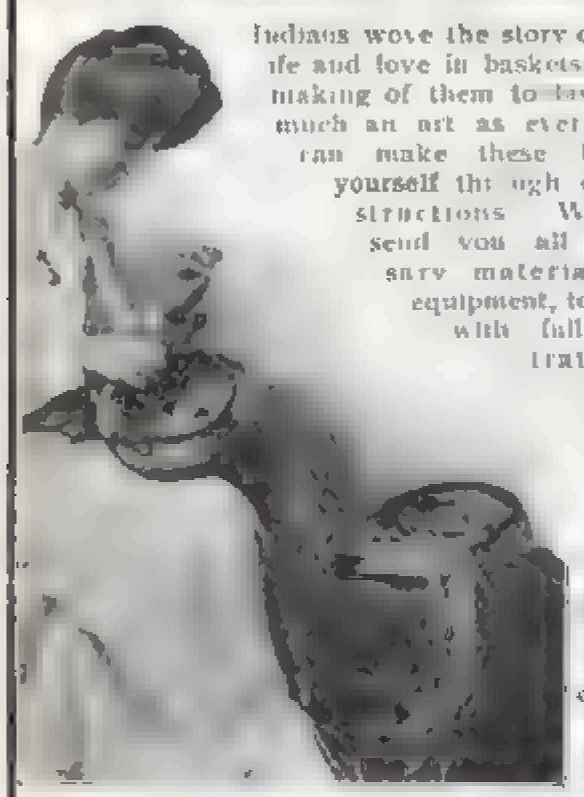

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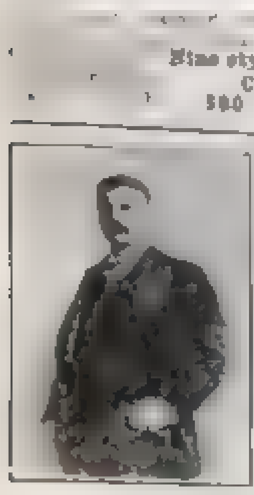

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The Novelist and the Buffalo

It belongs to the eternal fitness of things that ornithologists should labor for the preservation of birds, but at first sight there is an apparent want of relation attaching to a novelist's efforts to preserve the buffalo. Yet this effort forms a picturesque chapter in the life of the Chicago novelist, Mr. Emerson Hough. Mr. Hough is not a man of easy chairs and libraries. Born in the Middle West, his passion for outdoor life has led him after big game, from grizzlies in the Rockies to the black bears of Texas swamps

A few years ago it was discovered that the scanty herds of buffalo preserved in the Yellowstone National Park were being slaughtered by poachers. In the dead of winter Mr. Hough made the difficult journey to the Park duly equipped, and launching himself into the white wilderness on skees traveled up and down its vast stretches on the deep snow, noting the number of buffalo, their condition and the dangers to which they were exposed from marauders. They had been insufficiently protected. The prices which the heads and hides would bring had tempted various desperate characters into poaching on a scale which threatened speedily to destroy the last of the herd. For the investigator it was a matter of facing the merciless cold and a variety of perils from weather, snowslides, lack of provisions at times, and also from the men whose onslaughts he came to check. But the trying journey was carried through successfully. Armed with full reports and many photographs Mr Hough made the best of his way back to civilization and proceeded to write and agitate

There were worthy Eastern people who had preserved from the geographies of their youth a vague idea that large herds of buffalo still roamed the West. Mr. Hough made it clear that the beggarly handful in the Yellowstone was the only remnant with the exception of a few in parks and elsewhere. His agitation finally had its effect, and Congress was persuaded to pass an act throwing the ægis of the United States Government around the surviving buffalo of the Yellowstone Park

Mr. Hough is still a working journalist, the Western editor of Forest and Stream, but his literary career may be said to have opened with The Story of the Cowboy, an epic of the cattle range than which nothing better is likely to be written on the picturesque and vanishing life of the heroes of the cattle country. The vividness and dramatic quality of this Western saga made it natural that a novel should follow, and in The Girl at the Half-way House he told the story of the opening of the West after the War. His last novel, The Mississippi Bubble, a tale of Law with the West, London and Paris as contrasting scenes of the drama, has been much in evidence. A beguiling fisherman as well as story-teller, an excellent shot, and an outdoor man accustomed to the hardy life of camps in the Rockies, the author of The Story of the Cowboy is a vigorous type of the red-blooded writers who are staking out their claims here and there in the West. The profit which Mr. Frank Norris' claim is yielding to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST becomes increasingly evident

A Copyrighted Shakespeare

Since the German Emperor has been, as it were, copyrighted by a well-known writer it becomes a simpler matter to contemplate another copyrighting of Shakespeare. It is said to be the belief of a New York publisher that the Clarendon Press text is susceptible of improvement, and an American professor who has devoted himself to Shakespeariana is ready to undertake the supervision of the task which obviously is not a light one. What the publisher has in mind is a copyrighted Shakespeare of his own to be announced, of course, as the latest and definitive edition. Those who cling to former editions will be imbued if possible with an uneasy feeling that the wings of the "bard of Avon" are clipped in their editions, and that his perfect flight is to be followed only in the edition furnishing the latest results of scholarship Should the plan be carried out by an American publisher and under an American editor, this latest example of the invasion of England will be a sore trial to English patience. An American Shakespeare may be followed by an American Bible, a remote successor to the Indian Bible of John Eliot

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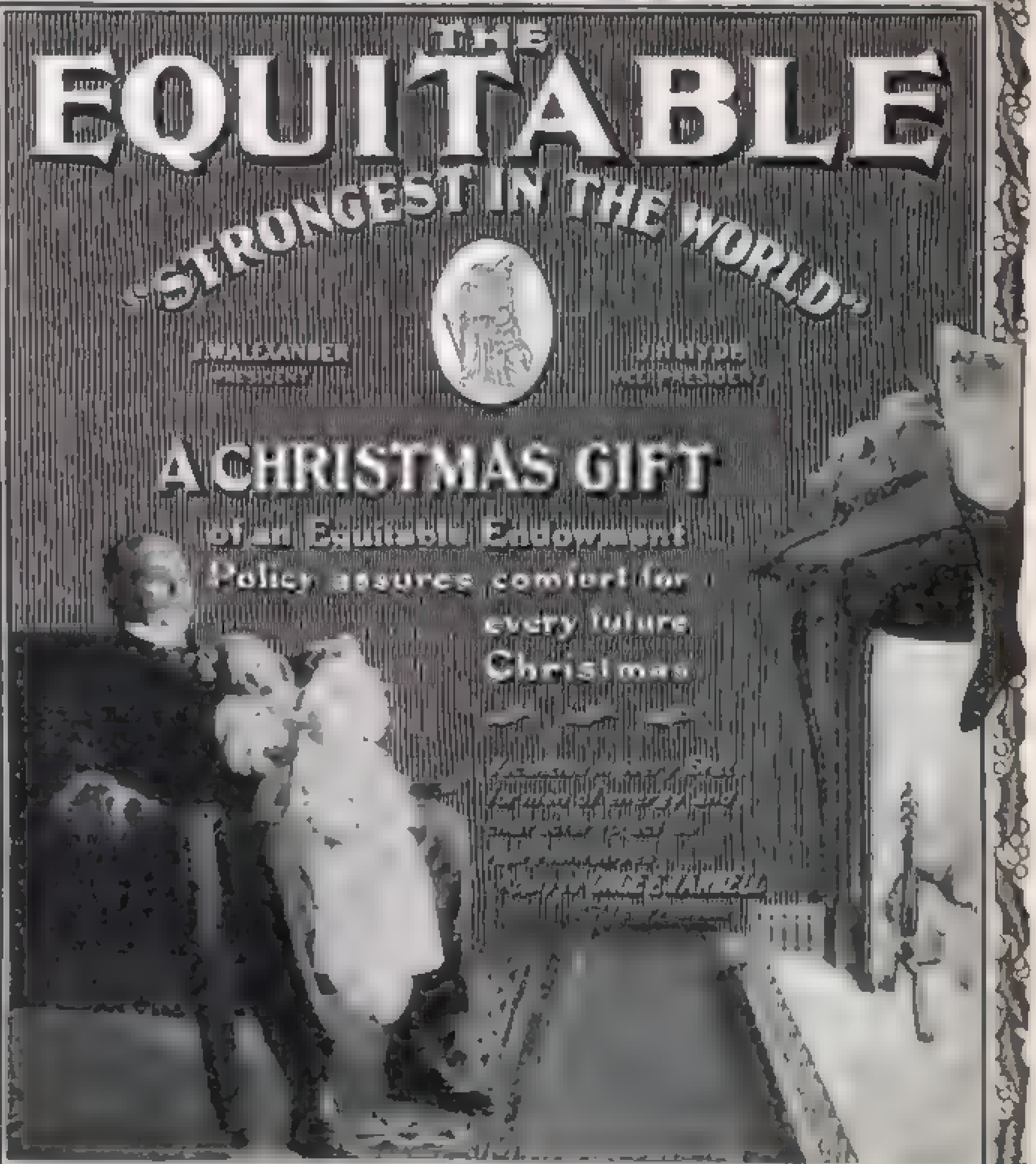

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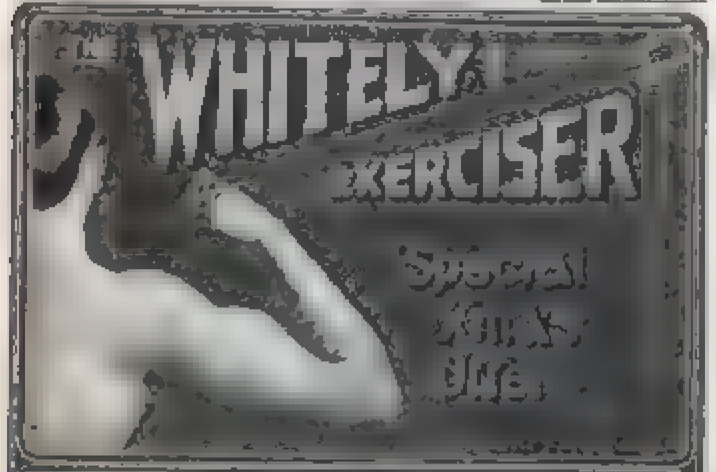

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Pest of White Ants

Chemists in the service of the United States Government are employing every effort to compound a poison which shall lure and slay the white ant *(termes)* which in Manila, where it is working wholesale depredation, is known as the anay. In its destructive powers it is the most formidable insect in the world.

It will invade a warehouse in force and in a single night destroy an entire stock of goods. Under its ravages thousands of United States vouchers and other documents in Manila are sometimes destroyed between sundown and sunrise as if they had been put through a gigantic macerating machine. Its plan of attack upon objects is first to soften the material with a fluid which it secretes in glands. Then it begins the work of demolition with its mandibles, which are hard almost as steel. No library or house is safe from its depredations.

Some of the woods of the Philippines are exceedingly hard. The molave, for example, it is said will turn to stone under water, and it becomes so hard that tools can be ground with it, and boats constructed of molave, in point of impenetrability, are not unlike ironclad vessels.

Notwithstanding the availability of this and other hard wood in the Philippines, the anay works its destruction undismayed. Captain George P. Ahern, of the Ninth United States Infantry, who is in charge of the Forestry Bureau in Manila, cites the testimony of persons who assert that even iron is not proof against the attack of the anay.

Various poisons have been sent to Captain Ahern, who has been experimenting in the hope of exterminating these voracious ants.

His report as to his success will soon be made public in Washington.

Up to the present time the only way to insure libraries or documents in archives from destruction is to insert the legs of the bookcase or shelving support into cans filled with kerosene, the oil surrounding the supports acting as a moat over which the insect freebooters cannot pass. Such precaution, though it will provide protection for books, is not practicable for the safeguarding of houses and the stored contents of warehouses. If science, therefore, can succeed in eradicating this insect plague or checking it in its career of destruction, it will confer a great blessing upon the people of the Philippine Islands.

Military Pigeons

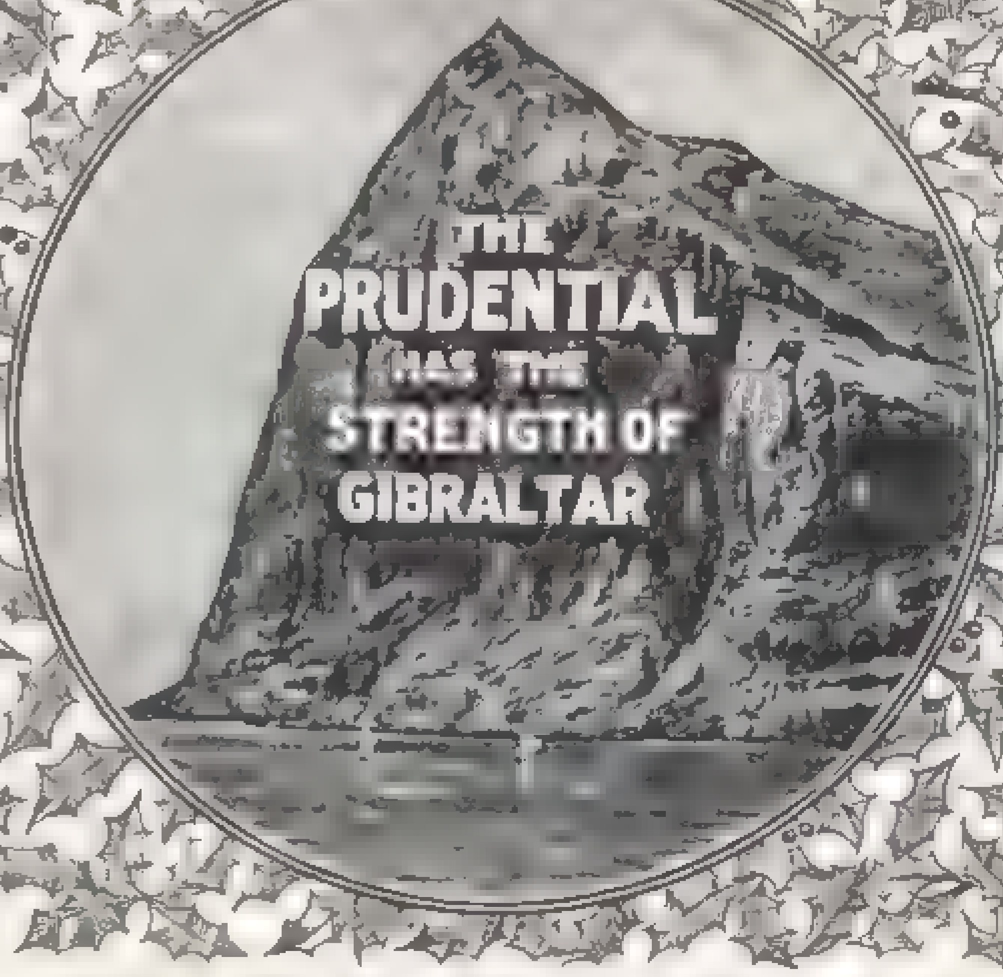
Nearly all of the European nations have an organized carrier-pigeon service in connection with their military establishments, and our own War Department is seriously considering the advisability of adopting the idea.

In France, where this kind of messenger service has been brought to the greatest perfection, the law places all pigeons raised by private owners at the disposal of the Government in case of war. Even the cavalry patrols carry from two to four birds in baskets of willow twigs lined with horsehair, fastened to the backs of riders. To each basket is attached a feed bag, into which the pigeons are put during halts for the night.

The cotes are so arranged that a bird, on arriving and pecking at the food sprinkled on the floor, rings an electric bell, thus calling a watchman, who catches the pigeon in a butterfly net, removes the dispatch from its tail, and places the feathered message-bearer in its own cage, where it can feed and rest. Dispatches are written on thin but strong paper, thrust into a goose-quill, and fastened to a tail feather of the pigeon by silk threads.

Trials of falcons and swallows as carriers have been made recently in France and Russia, but have not been successful. In France pigeons for fortress service are trained so that part of them shall fly to some central point, such as the capital city, and the rest to neighboring fortresses. It is found that a strong bird will travel 250 miles in six hours, or 621 miles in the course of a day, if released on a fine summer morning. The ordinary speed of untrained pigeons is not much over half a mile a minute, but with careful training a well-bred bird will travel considerably over a mile a minute.

The weather, and above all the shape of the earth's surface, have much influence upon the speed and safety of the pigeons. High mountains compel them to go out of a straight course; opposing winds divert their flight;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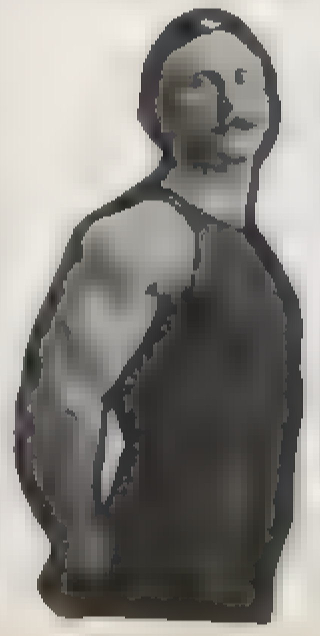

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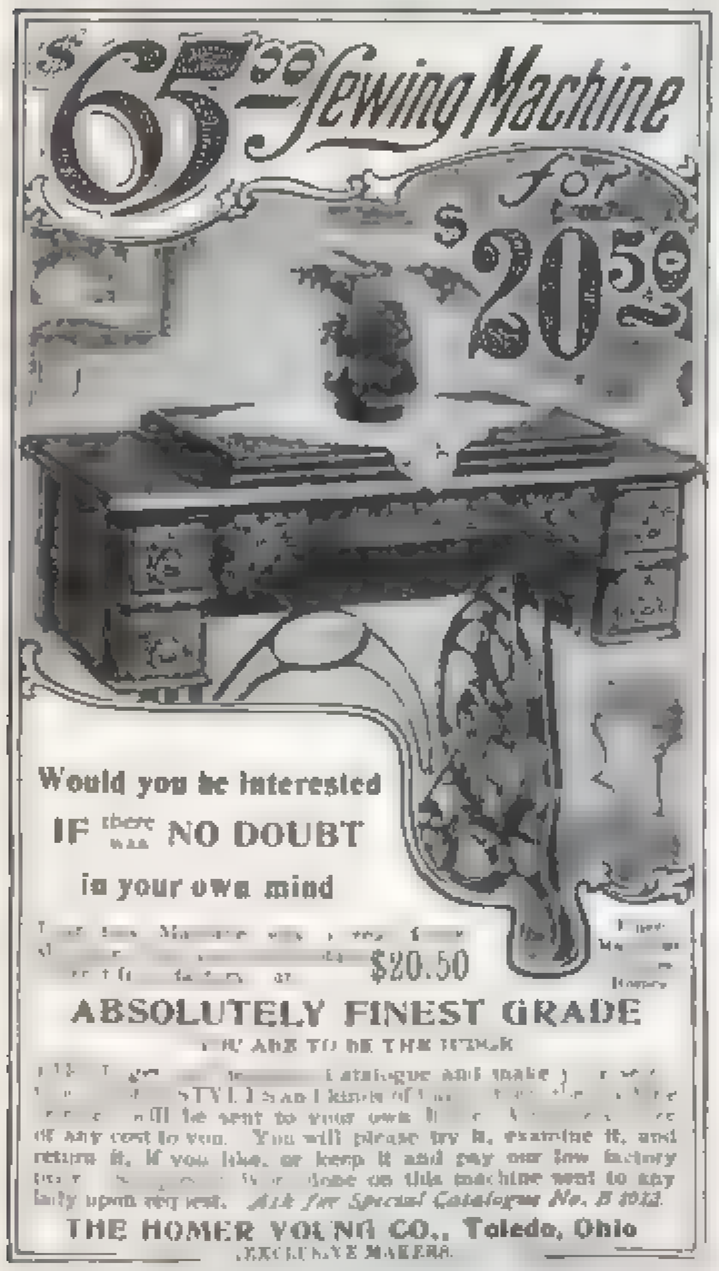

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dense fog and rain are impediments, and storms and snow act in the same way. Birds of prey inspire such fear in pigeons that they lose their way if pursued by them.

In Belgium an aluminum ring is placed on one leg of each military pigeon on the ninth day after hatching, so that it is impossible to remove the ring later. On this ring are engraved the number and initials of the pigeon-house. The dispatches are photographed on so small a scale that a microscope has to be used to read them, and the films used for the purpose are placed in a small aluminum case, which is attached to the bird's leg.

Fruitless Preserves

So many kinds of foods, as well as drinkables, are colored nowadays with aniline dyes that Uncle Sam's chemists have been making an investigation of the subject, with a view to finding out just how injurious these substances are, and to what extent they are employed.

It has long been known that they interfered with digestion; but some of them are much worse than others, and recent experiments with dogs and other animals have proved them to be actually poisonous. Unfortunately, foods treated with them attract by their brilliant colors, so that in many cases undyed and pure goods are driven out of the market by the competition.

Of sixty-three samples of fruit jellies examined, twenty-eight contained no fruit at all, being merely spurious mixtures colored. Strawberry jelly and raspberry jelly, for example, were starch paste flavored with artificial "fruit ethers" (laboratory products), sweetened with glucose, preserved with salicylic acid, and dyed. Raspberry jam was a similar falsification, into which timothy seed and vegetable fuzz largely entered.

Of ninety-two samples of soda-water syrups (chiefly strawberry, raspberry and orange), forty-five were colored. The quantity of dye in a single glass of soda water flavored with these preparations was sufficient to give to a square yard of woolen cloth (nun's veiling) a brilliant tint—scarlet, claret, magenta, orange or green, according to the syrup used.

Natural butter is of a light amber tint; but people are not satisfied nowadays with this color, and the market demands something more vivid—golden yellow, often verging on red. Accordingly, aniline dye is employed to contribute the requisite hue. Cheese is similarly colored; and ice cream, candy, pastry, cheap cordials, lemon extract, catsup and other sauces, mustard, and even sausages are among the articles of food supply most commonly adulterated in this way.

Rural Rapid Delivery

If the United States Post-office Department adopts an apparatus designed to supplement the work of the rural free delivery service, farmers will get their mail not at the gate post at a distance, and in some cases a mile or more from the house, but at their very door. The new contrivance provides both for receiving mail direct at the farmhouse and for sending letters therefrom, giving to rural homes distant from the highway a service almost as complete both for ingoing and outgoing mail as that enjoyed by city people in modern offices and homes.

As it stands now, the rural free delivery service, though of inestimable value to country people, frequently involves a long trip to and from the mail-box, which, in planting time or in the urgent season of large harvests, adds to the exactions of farm life.

This mechanism, intended to give the farmer quicker mail facilities than ever, consists of an endless cable which may be mounted on the posts of any fence leading from the roadway to the house. Attached to the cable are two cars, larger but not unlike those used to carry cash in the overhead change system in department stores.

When the carrier deposits the mail in one of these little cars he closes it, and by simply turning a crank, starts it whirling toward the farmer's house, the other car by the same impulse returning to take its place at the gate.

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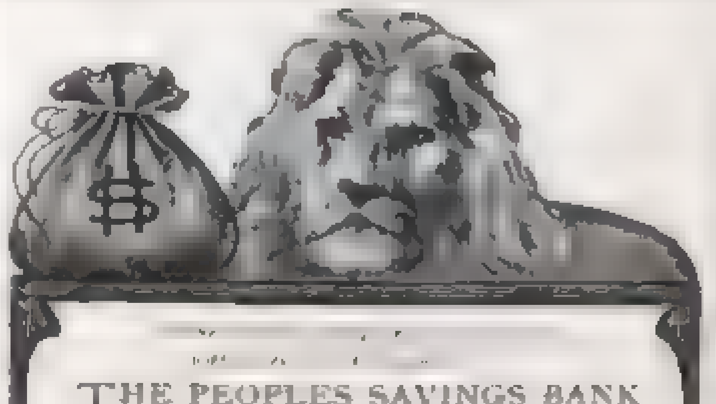

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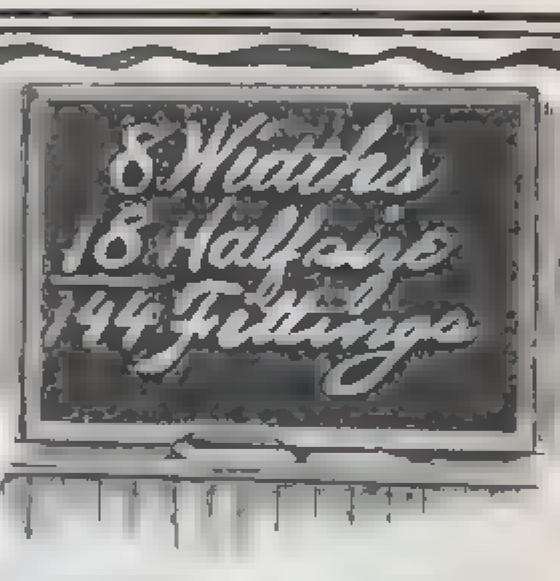

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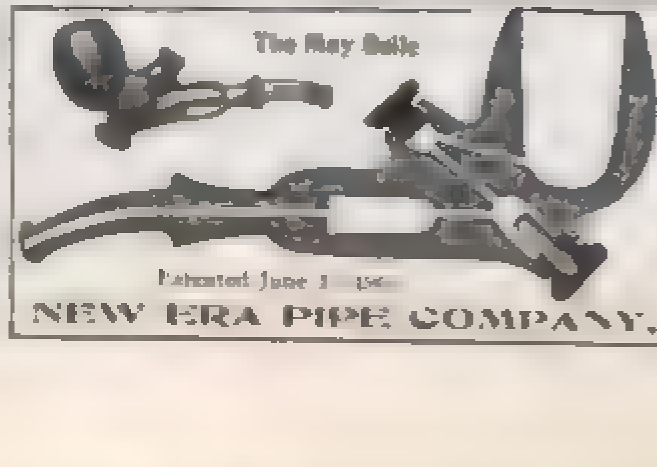

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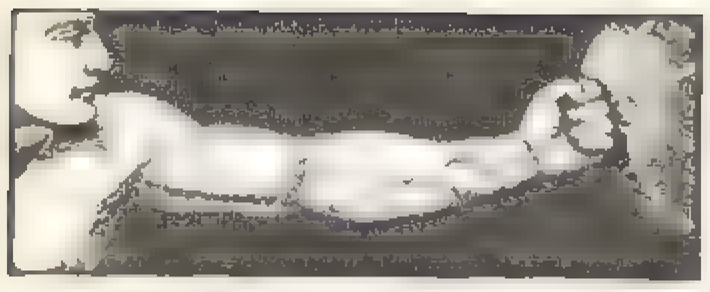

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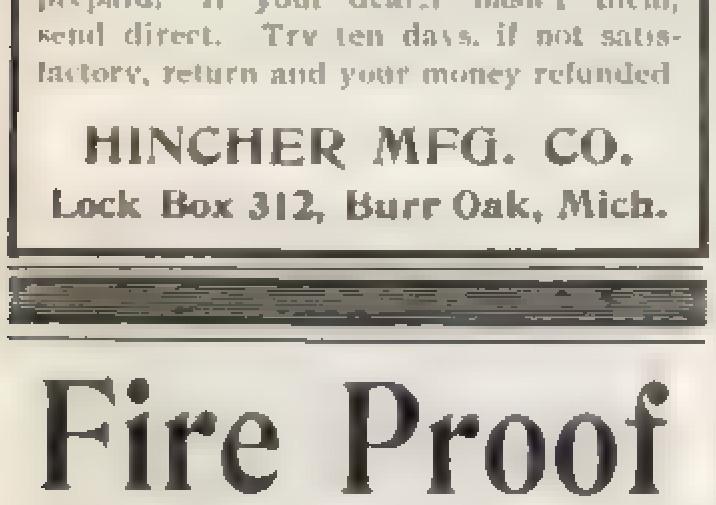

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The Crusade Against the "Week End"

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

THERE is nothing, one would be inclined to think, very objectionable or criminal in the Week End—as it has come to be called in England. During the summer months the Londoner has a unique opportunity of making the week end agreeably. Within a few minutes of London there is the prettiest part of the Thames; with scenery laden with beauty, poetry; the deep green of the English grass, the solemnity of the English wood; the commingled sun and shadow of the English summer. Often as I have seen the Thames in summer, I still never ascend it without feeling as if I had been suddenly transported to some realm like that of Tennyson's Idylls; its poetry and its entrancing beauty are inexhaustible. Imagine then the charm to a politician who has spent all his days and nights in the heated and enervating atmosphere of the House of Commons, having the opportunity of exchanging all this for the fresh air and the opulent magnificence of the Thames.

This is one of the reasons that has led to the institution of the Week End. There are others belonging to the modern changes in our methods of life. First, the introduction of the bicycle has sent to the country millions of Cockneys yearly who hitherto had never left the confines of the city. Then golf has drawn another section; and now there has come the motor-car—an innovation that is profoundly transforming life in London and that is about to raise in value all the country surrounding to an extent undreamed of even in the avarice of the jerry-builder.

These are the things which have given rise to the London Week End. As will be seen, they are not, as I have said, either criminal or even objectionable; and yet the fact remains that the words Week End have come to be something like a term of reproach and scandal. When Mr. Balfour in the recent session of Parliament made the short parliamentary sitting take place on Friday instead of on Wednesday—as had been the case for generations—his enemies at once raised the cry against him that he was a "Week Ender," which seemed to mean that he was one of the worst elements of society. Scorn was poured on him from many quarters to the battle-cry; and, in short, it was distinctly proved that in certain parliamentary circles to call a man a Week Ender was seriously to assail his reputation as a good citizen. Now the cry has been taken up by the religious. I find in the papers of this week a serious discussion in the Church Congress—the annual parliament of the members of the Church of England—and no man or woman has a word to say in defense of the Week End or the Week Ender. There must be something very wrong when so many different sections of society join in the attack.

The secret is simple: it is that country life in England has undergone a transformation in recent years which is not for the better. The observation, indeed, applies to more than country life. Luxury, self-indulgence, the worship of mean things, and especially the worship of Mammon, have increased; the integrity of men, the dignity and self-respect of women have diminished during the last ten years. And all this change shows itself especially in the life of the country house.

A Vicious Influence in London Life

Of all the vices which have increased in recent years in London that of gambling is the worst. England has always been more or less of a gambling country—for horse-racing for bets goes back almost to the days of the Saxon Kings; but gambling of that kind has usually been confined to limited circles. Now gambling is universal and everything is utilized for gambling.

A few weeks ago there was a sudden and almost unaccountable little scare when the fortnightly accounts were being made up in the South African market. Nobody but those on the very inside could tell what was the real reason; but after a few days whispers began to appear in some of the lighter financial papers that some West End speculators had gone out of their depths, and that their shares had accordingly been thrown on the

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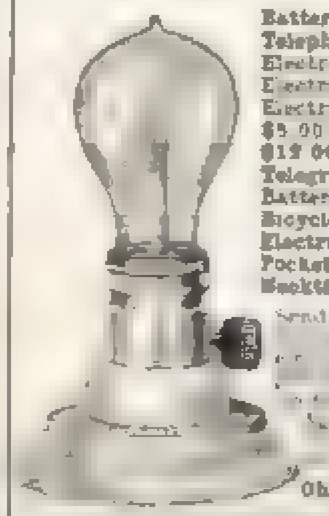

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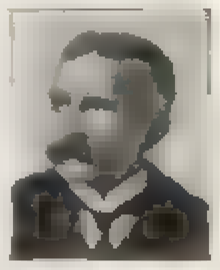

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Earning Money in Leisure Hours

Any young man or young woman willing to give up a few leisure hours can earn a lot of money this Winter by working for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Every bit of work done will be liberally paid for, and to the best workers we shall, *in addition*, give $5000 on February 1, and $21,000 on May 1. If you are willing to try it address

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Pendleton Indian Robes in beautiful [illegible] colors are the decorative fad, and have superseded Oriental draperies because of their [illegible] coloring and distinctly American tone. Special [illegible] for [illegible] and steamer rugs, [illegible] robes, veranda wraps, couch covers, trunk and box throws, bed and camping blankets, etc. More serviceable, more economical than anything heretofore employed. As a

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We are the only manufacturers of real Indian robes. Every Pendleton Robe is made of finest wool and dyed in the fleece. Ask your dealer or department store, or remit us $5.00, naming your choice of colorings, and mention your dealer's name, and we will send a genuine Pendleton Indian Robe, express prepaid.

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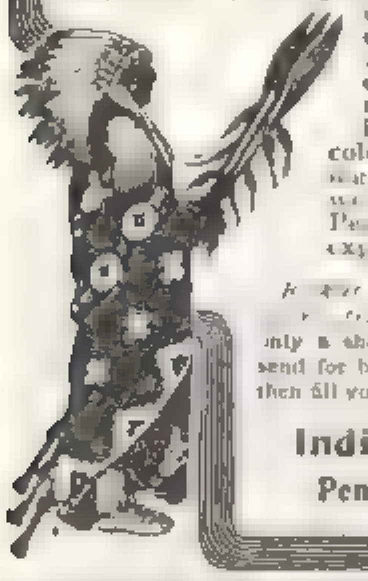

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market, and so had brought about a collapse of prices. I went up into the city and found the whispers take more definite shape; and then it was said that the cause of the market trouble was a certain well-known lady of high title and high position who had gone in for a big gamble in the expectation—which everybody shared—that the close of the war would bring about an immediate and big rise in the price of the South African shares. The expectation, as you know, was disappointed, hence there was nothing for it but to throw the very large number of shares this lady had bought on the market; and hence the slump. About the same time a young aristocrat, who had made £300,000 in six weeks on American railway shares, went in for a big speculation also in South Africans. The slump came instead of the boom, with the result that he lost all his money except £100,000 which he had been wise enough to settle on his wife.

This tumult of gambling is largely due to the fact that the leaders of the South African market with their enormous fortunes have become to a certain extent the leaders of London society. They as a rule do not encourage gambling, as a matter of fact. I should say that one of the pests of their lives is the constant demands upon them—especially from fair lips—for tips. It is always dangerous to give tips; but especially is it dangerous to do so to a lady of fashion. There is an underlying notion in the illogical but practical mind of women that in gambling she should get her winnings and not pay her losses. Hence the terror which Rhodes, for one, always had of women.

Gambling at cards is, however, still the prevailing vice. The introduction of the game of bridge has brought things to a climax. I need not say anything to you of the part that game plays in the social life of London. I hear you have got to almost the same point in America—that is to say, in certain classes. The scandalous thing about the whole business is that gambling for heavy stakes is not only permitted but encouraged in the houses of some of the men and women who ought to set an example to the rest of the world. I will not mention any names, but some of the leaders in the world of gambling are also leaders in the world not only of frivolous fashion but of serious politics. I asked a certain great lady once why it was that her name no longer figured in the house parties of one of the greatest of English country houses. Her answer was that she was so bored there that she could not stand it any longer. There was only one amusement—that of gambling; and as she never gambled she had to spend most of her time by herself.

The Disapproving Minority

Do not imagine that all this is going on unnoticed and unrebuked. The majority of the world in England—as I dare say everywhere else—worships the world, the flesh and the devil; but there is always a minority which holds out; and this minority, though it does not speak aloud generally, is yet ever there. Amid the general popularity which undoubtedly the King enjoys there is a minority which does not at all approve of him and expresses its views quietly but emphatically. Nothing struck me more during his recent illness than to see the calmness, not to say apathy, with which the news was received in quarters where it would, I thought, have excited feelings of apprehension and of tragic grief. Indeed, I found it difficult to understand how anybody could fail to be moved by the human tragedy which was being unfolded before the world of a man menaced with death just when the long delayed moment—for which he had waited for so many years—had come for his final glorification. But the streets of London were impassable with laughing and hooting crowds on the night of his operation, and big receptions were not interrupted; and in the Carlton Hotel there was a concert to which it was as much as one's life was worth to try to get admission. And I could not help thinking how different would have been the aspect of London if the old Queen had been in the midst of a dangerous illness. No one would have dared to raise the note of gladness if death hovered about her bedside; indeed, the impressive silence and solemnity of London when she was approaching the end was one of the most impressive things in the history of England. It looks as if with her there passed away something of the old reverence for Royalty; and as if Modernity were ready to treat that ancient institution with something of the merciless analysis with which France of the eighteenth century examined, condemned and destroyed her ancient dynasties and century-old institutions.

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We have been advertising Brooklyn lots for two years past, and we have sold probably a thousand to SATURDAY EVENING POST subscribers.

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$500 invested for a child will put him through college; $500 invested for a young married couple will come close to making them independent in their old years; $500 invested by a young man or a young woman will, in our opinion, pay them five times better than any life insurance they can possibly take out, and this $500 can be invested at six dollars a month.

Now, won't you sit down and give us the chance of telling you our story? It won't take long, it will be interesting; we will send you some astonishing facts about New York and its marvellous growth that will interest you. You don't object to getting this, do you? All right, sit down, right now, not to-morrow—"to-morrow" ruined Napoleon—to-day, now, this minute. A penful of ink, a postal card, a minute's time, may bring you a fortune. Isn't it worth the while?

Remember, our offer also carries a free deed in case of death, a non-forfeiture agreement, a guaranteed increase of 25 per cent. within one year from Nov. 1, 1902, a free round-trip to New York (east of Chicago, or like distance), the highest class of park-like improvements free, your money back with 6 per cent. interest if not found as represented. What more can we do? Send us your name to-day for full particulars.

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200 Egg Incubator For $12.80

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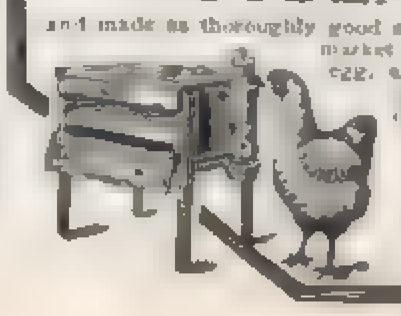

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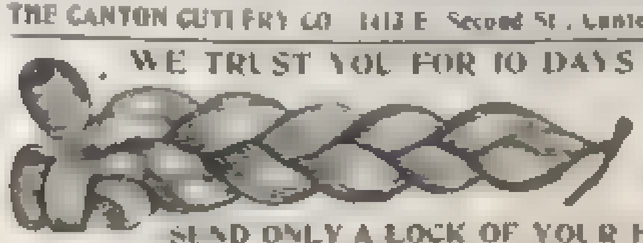

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THE PIT

(Continued from Page 15)

forty million strong, in the eddy which he told himself he mastered. The afternoon waned, night came on. The day's business was to be gone over, the morrow's campaign was to be planned; little, unexpected side issues, a score of them, a hundred of them cropped out from hour to hour; new decisions had to be taken each minute. At dinner-time he left the office, and his horses carried him home again, while again their hoofs upon the asphalt beat out unceasingly the monotone of the one refrain, "Wheat-wheat-wheat wheat-wheat-wheat." At the dinner-table he could not eat. Between each course he found himself going over the day's work testing it, questioning himself, "Was this rightly done?" "Was that particular decision sound?" "Is there a loophole here?" "Just what was the meaning of that dispatch?" After the meal the papers, contracts, statistics and reports which he had brought with him in his Gladstone bag were to be studied. As often as not Gretry called and the two, shut in the library, talked, discussed and planned till long after midnight.

Then at last, when he had shut the front door upon his lieutenant and turned to face the empty, silent house, came the moment's reaction. The tired brain flagged and drooped; exhaustion, like a weight of lead hung upon his heels. But somewhere a hall clock struck, a single, booming note, like a gong—like the signal that would unchain the tempest in the Pit to-morrow morning. Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat! Instantly the jaded senses braced again, instantly the wearied mind sprang to its post. He turned out the lights, he locked the front door. Long since the great house was asleep. In the cold, dim silence of the earliest dawn Curtis Jadwin went to bed, only to lie awake, staring up into the darkness, planning, devising new measures, reviewing the day's doings, while the faint tides of blood behind the eardrums murmured ceaselessly to the overdriven brain, "Wheat-wheat wheat wheat wheat wheat. Forty million bushels, forty million, forty million."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

Silver Counterfeits

MUCH annoyance is felt at the Treasury in Washington on account of a flood of bogus twenty-five-cent pieces which is coming into this country from the Philippine Islands. They are not manufactured there, but at Hongkong, being forwarded thence in quantities to Manila, where they are easily disposed of. American soldiers accept them readily enough; and, indeed, there is no obvious reason why anybody should reject them, inasmuch as they show no fault that could be detected by anybody not an expert.

These pieces are composed of exactly the same material as Uncle Sam's "quarters"—namely, nine parts silver and one part copper. Hence they have the correct "ring," and there is nothing seemingly wrong about them except that the figures of the date are not quite so fat as on the real coins, and, on close inspection, the counterfeits are seen to have a slightly "dished" appearance. These are not points that would strike the superficial observer, and that is why the imitation is regarded by the Secret Service as the most dangerous that has turned up for quite a while.

At the present price of silver there is a profit of more than one hundred per cent. on each coin of this metal minted by our Government. Hence it is a simple matter for counterfeiters to employ the same alloy as that used by Uncle Sam, and the Treasury is hardly surprised to find that this is now being done on a large scale.

Pretty nearly all of the counterfeit money made in the United States is turned out by foreigners. An iron pot, a ladle, some plaster of paris for a mould, and a small quantity of base metal are all the paraphernalia required in most instances to start a private mint. But in some instances excellent dies are employed, and by such means immense quantities of bad cents have recently been thrown upon the market. So many of them are extant that any handful of coppers is more than likely to include one or two of them. The manufacturers stamp them out of sheet copper, and the Government detectives usually discover the producing outfits by tracing the copper sold to foreigners of dubious occupation.

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Trade Mark [illegible]
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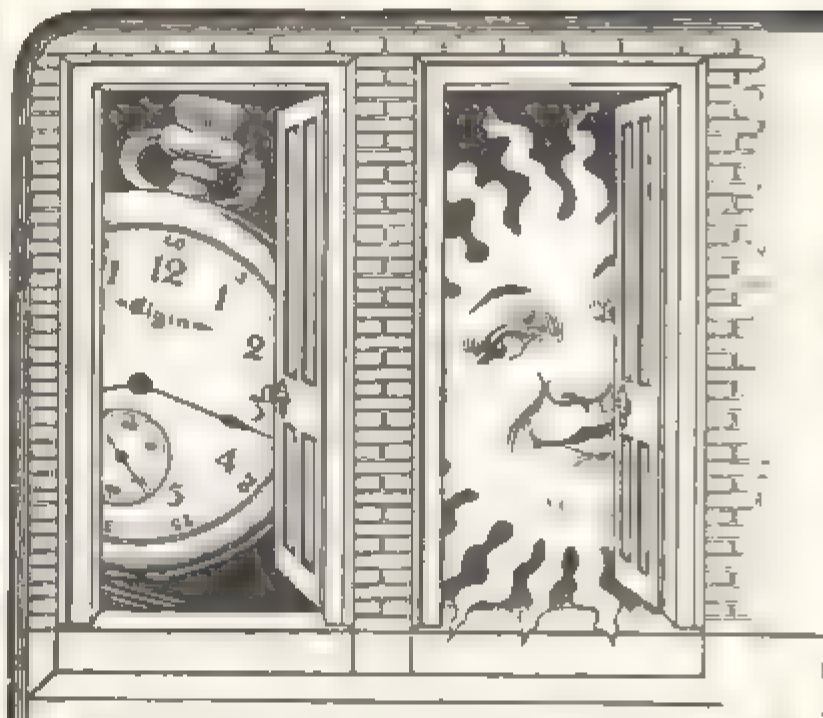
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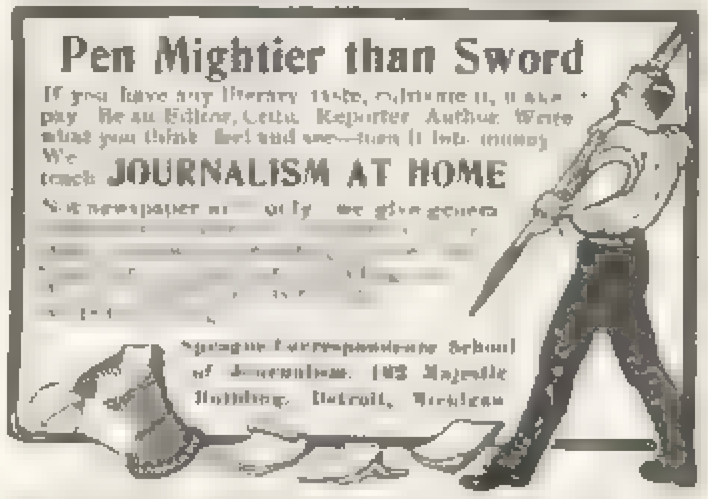
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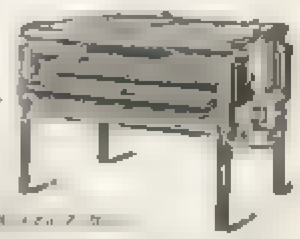
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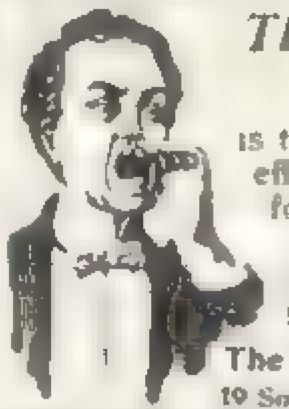
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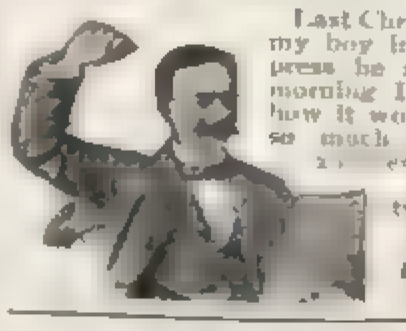
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The Christmas Mutineers

(*Continued from Page 7*)

"Sit down and tell us about it," said Grace. "After we all cry 'Merry Christmas' what's going to happen next?"

"Haven't time," said Eric. "The train's laid. Reports are made every five minutes to the Secret Central Committee who sit in continuous session. I must ask you to be initiated at once."

"Initiated?" I said.

"That's always part of a conspiracy," said Eric, producing a small, soggy bit of plum-cake.

"I didn't know you had to eat things!" exclaimed Grace.

"It's symbolical," said Eric.

"Wish you had a fresher-looking piece," I said.

"If you only knew the trouble we had taken to get it!" said Eric. "But of course you don't know and never will. Charley buncoed it out of a kid on Forty-second Street!"

"I don't believe I care to conspire," I said.

"Perhaps you'd rather be boiled in oil and the pieces flung to the wolves," said Eric.

"I almost believe I should," I said.

"Bring on your wolves," said Grace.

"Oh, come along and be a good fellow," pleaded Eric. "It's part of the game, you know. You really must do it." He forced a bit of cake on each of us as he spoke.

"I wonder if I'll ever see happy Bantong again," I remarked as I swallowed mine. Grace took hers in silence. You could have heard a pin drop. You don't get good plum-cake on Forty-second Street.

"Is there any initiatory ice water?" Grace asked.

"No," returned Eric, "but you take this piece of holly and draw it slowly across your heart saying 'O. F. C.'"

"I suppose that stands for 'orfully fearful cake,'" I said.

"'Old-fashioned Christmas'!" explained Eric. "You ought to be ashamed to be so stupid before a lady."

Grace took the holly and performed the rite. She handed it to me and I did the same. Eric heaved a sigh of relief and put the branch back into his pocket. He was turning to leave us when Grace caught him by the arm.

"Oh, tell us something more about it," she said.

"By Jove," said Eric, "we found everybody sick of this hiding in the dark and crazy for a real Christmas. Liversedge went scooting to the Waldorf for plum-pudding; Phipps and Lane raided a slum social on Third Avenue for mistletoe and crackers; Mrs. Santley's chauffeur knew a place where we could swipe a walloping 'Peace on Earth and Good-will toward Men.' Portheus started off in his whizz-cart to get holly or die. Maybe you think the committee hasn't worked!"

"They've laid up treasure in Heaven," said Grace.

"Not to speak of a possible rumpus on earth," I added.

"Well, it's done now," said Eric, not without a trace of uneasiness. "Don't forget the signal," he went on. "Three blasts of a kid's trumpet." And with that he departed with an apprehensive giggle.

"I hope he won't get us into a mess," said Grace. "It would be terrible if she were really offended."

"It serves her right for trying to cheat us out of Christmas," I said.

"I thought you liked sitting with me here alone," said Grace.

"Oh, I meant the principle of the thing," I returned.

Toot! Toot! Toot!

You'll hardly believe it, but the sound of that little tin horn made our hearts leap. The next room suddenly blazed up with lights and reverberated with the laughter and cheers of inpouring guests. I took Grace's hand and raced with her into the midst of it, arriving just in time to join in the mighty cheer of Christmas Forever! Mrs. Lee-Courtney had risen from the divan where she had been sitting with Roger Snow, and the pair, side by side, stood regarding us with amazement. I think for a moment she was good and angry, for she turned all colors and her black eyes flashed as she pressed closer to Snow's side. But he was quick to save the situation and burst out with a roar of laughter. It was a little forced, I think, but at that moment as welcome as a streak of sunshine through a bank of storm. The indignation melted from Mrs. Lee-Courtney's face, and somebody passing Snow a sprig of mistletoe he waved it above her head and gallantly kissed her.

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Suddenly the impressive and venerable figure of Judge Akershaw was seen to rise upon a chair. The Secret Central Committee, in paroxysms, demanded silence. Everybody peremptorily hushed everybody else. The judge took out from under his frock coat the toy trumpet that had originally called us together, and putting it to his lips, blew three tremendous squeaks. Then he bade us, in that booming voice that had been tuned for thirty years on the Supreme Bench, to form a lane and leave an open way from the door to where our hostess and Mr. Snow were still standing. This done, he got off his chair, backed with it into the front rank, looked about to see that everything was ready, and tooted another toot.

The door opened from without. There was a moment of silent suspense interrupted only by the faint sound of whispering in the hall. Then, as we were again hushed, a little boy appeared beating a toy drum, and behind him a smaller boy still, bearing a lighted Christmas tree bigger than himself.

There was a thundering roar of welcome, but the little fellows, well-drilled and undismayed by the noise, marched between us, deposited the tree at the feet of Mrs. Lee-Courtney and wished her a merry Christmas.

"Grace," I said, after the uproar had somewhat subsided, "I had nearly forgotten to give you a present," and I drew off the only ring I wore, an odd Chinese one with a single emerald that Li Hung Chang had presented me with. Her eyes brightened with pleasure, and she began to examine herself for some pin or trinket to give me in return.

"Oh, Evan," she said, "I don't believe I have a single thing, unless you'd have me come to pieces before your eyes."

"You know what I want most," I said, "though you did gag me with a promise."

"Are you still of the same mind?" she asked.

"More than ever," I said.

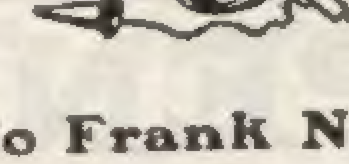
"Then I needn't look for anything if you're going to have it all," she said.

"The girl, too, of course," I said.

"Oh, yes, the girl," she returned.

I hope nobody saw me kiss her.

"It's so nice to give people Christmas presents that they like," she said.



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By Emery Pottle

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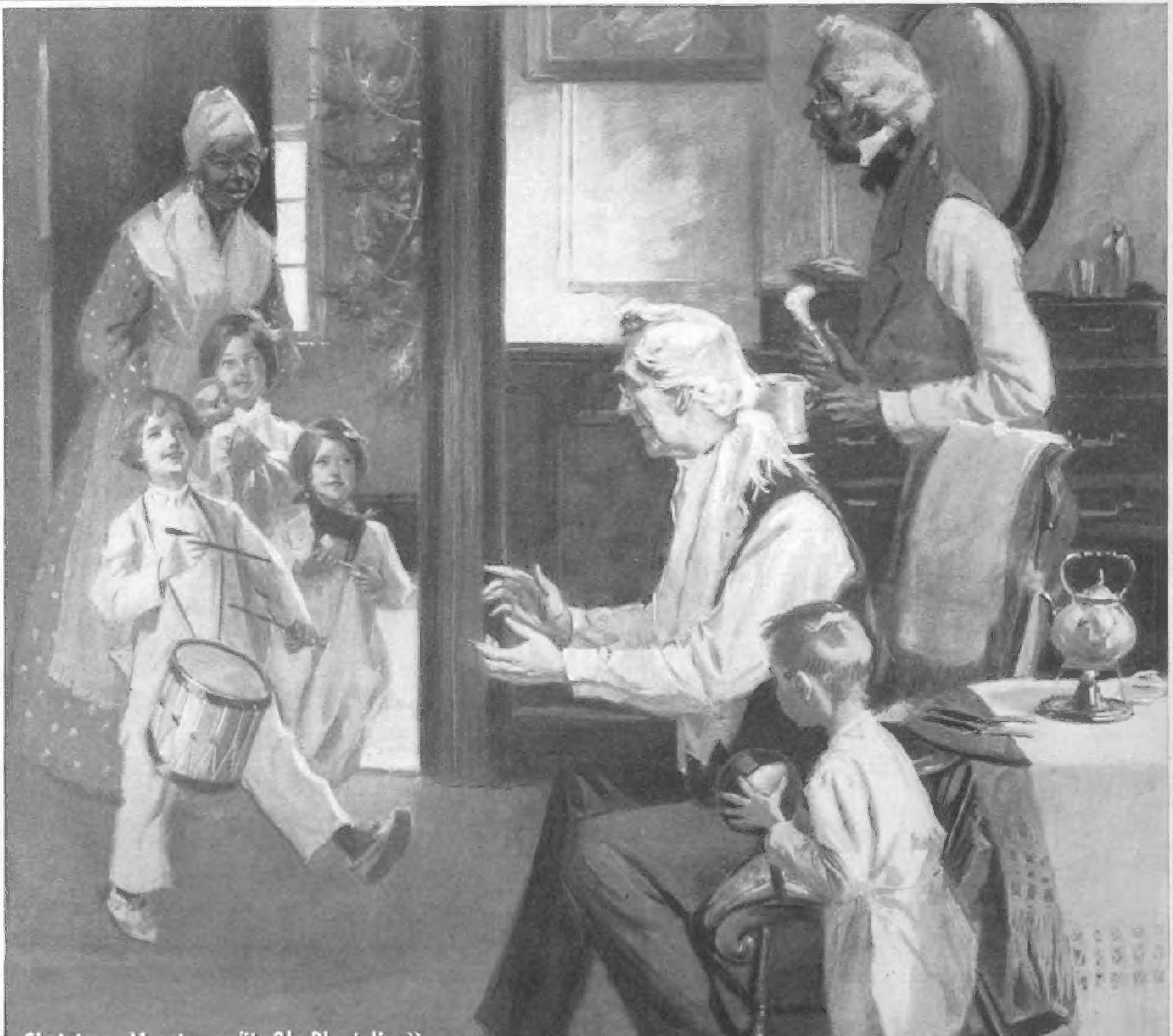

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